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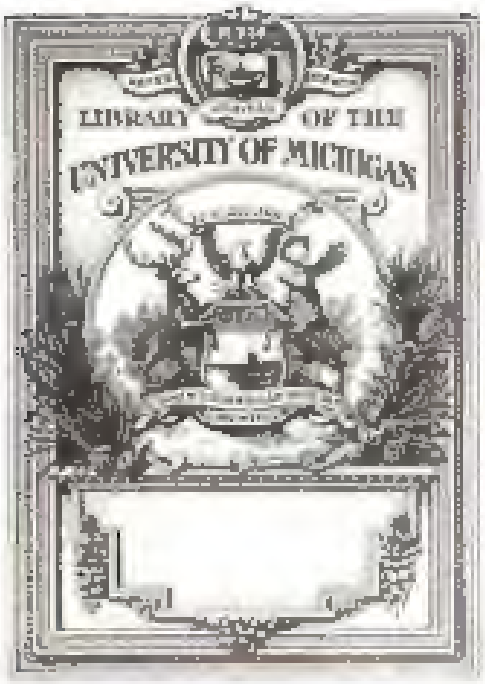

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. XI.

APRIL—JUNE 1903

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable or time for opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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JOHN INGLESANT

THE author of "John Inglesant" lived long enough to know that his book is not among the books that perish. Since its first appearance a whole generation has passed away, with all that distinguished it; a whole generation has sprung up, with thoughts as far removed as they could be from those of their predecessors. How short a remove after all that is in many ways, may be seen by any one who re-reads the book after twenty years: not only can the story, placed in an age already long past, never be further from the reader by any lapse of time, but the persons in it are among those who "living not can ne'er be dead," and the real drama is a drama not of persons but of forces that do not pass with the generations.

A novel without a hero, a drama without a plot. Such the author proclaims his book to be in the preface, which does not, however, tell the whole intention of what is to follow. A "Philosophical Romance" he calls it: though the story, as we shall see, is by no means a simple combination of Philosophy and Romance. But the description is true as far as it goes. Certainly John Inglesant is no hero. Not that he is never heroic—Lord Biron knew better than that, and so did the Parliament officer who stood by him on the scaffold—but he who is to be the hero of a romance must embody, potentially at least, either the writer or the reader: and John Inglesant does neither. He is not even a puppet, as we ordinarily use the

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phrase of a lifeless character in fiction. The Vicomte de Bragelonne, in the romance which bears his name for title, is a kind of wooden lay figure made up as a gallant gentleman, but moved stiffly and unnaturally by the force not of his own but his creator's will. John Inglesant is better dressed and far more graceful, but he is a degree further from life, in that the strings which work him are pulled not by the author but by the other characters and forces in the book. It is in this sense that we accept Mr. Shorthouse's own jest, that at times John was beyond his control. He "had decided that his hero was to spend the second volume in Italy, but John Inglesant would have none of it; and they two, creator and created, fought it out stubbornly for a week." No, no; if John hesitated about the Italian journey it was only because the influence of Serenus de Cressy was balancing that of Father St. Clare; and even then "from the moment the Jesuit began to speak he knew that he should go." As for the stubbornness, certainly he was stubborn enough at times, but only when his line had been marked out for him. We are once tempted to hope for better things, when Father Hall tries to persuade him to keep out of the battle at Edgehill, "saying he had different and more useful work for him to do," and John rides with Rupert notwithstanding. But this he must have done to remain an Englishman at all, and it is the puppet's first and last natural kick. Later, when the adept terrifies him with a vision in a crystal ball, he takes the weird commotion roused by his protest for an allegory of his own spirit, "perverse and headstrong under the pressure of the Divine Hand." This was pure self-deception; disobedient he might be, but only from weakness: he had not head enough to be headstrong, and his creator sees it clearly. "We call ourselves free agents;—was this slight, delicate boy a free agent, with a mind and spirit so susceptible that the least breath affected them?" The Jesuit had him entirely in his power, and Inglesant knew it. "I am not my own. I am but the agent of a mighty will, of a system which commands unhesitating obedience—obedience which is part of

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my very being. I cannot even form the thought of violating it." He was simply in a state of continuous hypnotism. Kneeling in church where he could see Mary Collet, and thinking more of her than of the prayers, he sees suddenly the Jesuit's messenger. "He got up quietly and went out. From his marriage feast, nay, from the table of the Lord, he would have got up all the same had that summons come to him." Generally, at a crisis, "his brain was full of confusion and strange noises." He hopes to meet and kill the Italian, his brother's murderer: but he takes no active steps to do so, and it is he that is dogged both in imagination and in fact by the assassin. When Malvolti does attempt his life "the state of his victim's brain" saves him; Inglesant, "strangely frightened and distressed," falls backwards into the coach, and the fatal blow is warded off by Agostino Chigi. Everything that he can be said to *do* he does unconsciously, unintentionally, or by mistake. In the affair of the Duke of Umbria's cession to the Papal See his conscience tells him that he is on a doubtful errand; he goes dreamily on, to find at last that "for some reason or other he himself was considered by the clerical party to have been instrumental in obtaining this result." Irresolute as ever he accepted the reward "with all the grace of manner of which he was capable." Shortly after, even when his hand is on his weapon, he foregoes his long-sought vengeance; and when the old priest to whom he surrenders his sword takes him for the blessed St. George, he is so confused and dreamy that he fails to understand, and confirms the error by totally forgetting in his excitement to name his brother, for whose repose he had spoken of offering daily masses.

There is then no hero to this drama, and, speaking strictly, no plot. But there is an intention, and the more it is buried with seeming carelessness beneath a tangle of history, magic, and byplay of all kinds, the more surely it makes itself felt and remembered. Here we encounter in Mr. Shorthouse some of that subtlety with which he so liberally endows his Jesuits. He will risk nothing by a direct claim, a direct statement, that

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might challenge a contradiction or a consideration too summary for his purpose. The premises of his great argument are brought forward one by one in haphazard order, and always in a half light as it were: they are passed in as harmless, quiet ploughshares, and it is only when the end is reached that they are seen as a line of flashing swords. To many a reader indeed it is only after a second or third reading; but the effect so slowly attained is the more lasting.

Man's desire, says this teacher, is for the mystic birth, for "that divine fact that alone can stay the longing which, since men walked the earth, they have uttered in every tongue, that the Deity would come down and dwell with man." The vicar of Ashley told John Inglesant in his boyhood "there is nothing in the world of any value but the Divine Light—follow it"; but he added, "what it is no man can tell you . . . it will reveal itself when the time shall come." Man's life then is to be a search, or rather a perpetual hope, that this Light may be with him during the journey on which he can do so little to direct himself. His first difficulty is that he is both flesh and spirit; his second, that he needs both freedom and guidance. The former of these two, the conflict between the Pagan and the more ascetic Christian view, is put with great skill. Serenus de Cressy, with his intense eagerness and pathos, entreats Inglesant to cast aside the delights of reason and of intellect—"the beauty of that wonderful creation which God made, yet did not keep," for the life of self-sacrifice, the teaching of children, the visiting of the poor, the duties of the household; the daily walk with Jesus, to end with "the deathbed of a saint." This renunciation "not of pleasure nor even of the world, but of himself, of his intellect, of his very life," he could not make, for he remembered that by the old vicar in England no such thing as this was required of him, and yet the heavenly light was offered as freely as by this man. In Italy the problem is put from the other side. That philosophic pagan, the Cardinal Rinuccini, sends Inglesant to Rome. "There is no solution," he says, "believe me, no solution of

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life's enigma worth reading. But suppose there be, you are more likely to find it at Rome." Not in religion of course. "Christianity is not of much use apparently to many of the nations of the earth. . . . What astonishes me is the interest you take in those old myths and dreary services."

Inglesant protests, but goes; and the life of Rome, with its Protean society, artistic, philosophic, antiquarian, devout, and pleasure-seeking all at once, works its effect upon him. The conflict becomes acute; he sees even the altars of Christ blazing with jewels and marble, while the poor starve around them in misery indescribable. Before the Apollo in the Belvedere Gardens he takes from beneath his vest a crucifix in ivory and holds it beside the statue of the god: the worn, helpless and dying head beside "the noblest product of buoyant life." His friend smiles: "The benign god has doubtless many votaries, even now." The Cardinal goes further, and maintains that

> the renouncing of all bound and limit is in itself a truth, when any particular good, though only sensual, is freed and perfected. . . . Surely it is more philosophical to take in the whole of life, in every possible form. . . . This is the worship of Priapus, of human life . . . of life ruddy, delicious, full of fruits, basking in sunshine and plenty, dyed with the juice of grapes, of life in valleys cooled by snowy peaks, amid vineyards and shady fountains, among which, however, "Sæpe Faunorum voces exaudite, sæpe visæ formæ Deorum."

Inglesant remembers de Cressy, and rouses himself from his delicious Alban wine to state the other teaching which he does not follow.

> "Your doctrine is delightful to the man of culture, who has his nature under the curb and his glance firmly fixed upon the goal: but to the vulgar it is death; and indeed it was death until the voice of another God was heard and the form of another God was seen, not in vineyards and rosy bowers, but in deserts and stony places, in dens and caves of the earth, and in prisons and on crosses of wood."
>
> "It is treason to the idea of cultured life," said the Cardinal, "to evoke such gloomy images. My theory is at least free from such faults of taste."
>
> "Why do they not burn you, Cardinal?" said one of the Oratorians.
>
> "They do not know whom to begin with in Rome," he replied.

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The introduction of the Spaniard Molinos enables the author to suggest very effectively and in exact accord with his wish, the solution both of this difficulty and of the other to which we have referred. Molinos assures Inglesant that renunciation is not demanded of all: there are some men whom God is determined to win by love, not by trials.

> Wherever you may find yourself, in Courts or pleasure-houses or gardens of delight, still serve Him, and you will bid defiance to imaginations and powers of evil, that strive to work upon a sensitive and excited nature, and to urge it to despair. Many of these thoughts which we look upon as temptations of God are but the accidents of our bodily temperaments. How can you, nursed in Courts, delicately reared and bred, trained in pleasure, your ear and eye and sense habituated to music and soft sounds, to colour and to beauty of form, your brain developed by intellectual effort and made sensitive to the slightest touch—how can religious questions bear the same aspect to you as to a man brought up in want of the necessaries of life, hardened by toil and exposure, unenlightened by learning and the arts, unconscious of the existence even of what is agony or delight to you? Yet God is equally with both of these.

After this burden had been lifted from his spirit, Inglesant saw much of Molinos and conferred with him upon "the greatest of all problems, that of granting religious freedom, and at the same time maintaining religious truth." The Molinists or Quietists are generally compared to our Quakers, but it cannot be doubted that it is the position and teaching of the Church of England which the writer is presenting in this last and most original section of his work. "It appeared for a moment," he says, in describing the growth of the new doctrine, "as if Christendom were about to throw off its shackles, its infant swaddling-clothes, in which it had been so long wrapped, and, acknowledging that the childhood of the Church was past, stand forth before God with her children around her, no longer distrusted and enslaved, but each individually complete, fellow citizens with their mother of the household of God." By the swaddling-clothes he means the practice of confession, by the shackles the rule of the priests. The Count Vespiriani, a native and a Roman Catholic,

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is characteristically chosen to express the darker view of the contrast. "It requires," he says,

"to be an Italian, and to have grown to manhood in Italy, to estimate justly the pernicious influence of the clergy upon all ranks of society. . . . The hold which the priests have upon the civil government is maintained solely by the tyranny which they exercise over the spiritual life of men. It is the opinion of Molinos that this function is misdirected, and that in the place of a tyrant there should appear a guide. . . . Now the importance of Molinos doctrine lies in this, that he presses the point of frequent communion, and asserts that freedom from mortal sin is the only necessary qualification. . . . I cannot tell you what a blessing I anticipate for mankind should this method be once allowed; what a freedom, what a force, what a reality religion would obtain! The time is ripe for it, and the world is prepared."

The movement for a time carried all before it: it was approved by a Jesuit father, the Pope was known to countenance it, the bishops were mostly in favour of it: directors and confessors preached it. Rome came near to being in reality the seat of a Catholic Church. "It would indeed be difficult," says our author, "to estimate the change that would have passed over Europe if this one rule of necessary confession before every communion had been relaxed." But the Jesuits and Benedictines became alarmed, the Inquisition stepped in, and the bright vision faded away. When two hundred arrests had been made, the Englishman made a bold speech in public; but "a sense of hopelessness and of contention with an irresistible power," says the writer with acute perception, "probably oppressed Inglesant as he spoke." Long afterwards, in his own country, we hear him sum up the case to a chance visitor, towards the close of a life spent in the service of the Roman Church.

"This is the supreme quarrel of all," he said. "This is not a dispute between sects and kingdoms; it is a conflict within man's own nature—nay, between the noblest parts of man's own nature arrayed against each other. On the one side obedience and faith; on the other, freedom and the reason. . . . This is what the Church of Rome has ever done. She has traded upon the highest instincts of humanity, upon its faith and love, its passionate remorse, its self-abnegation and denial, its imagination and yearning after the unseen.

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It has based its system upon the profoundest truths, and upon this platform it has raised a power which has, whether foreseen by its authors or not, played the part of human tyranny, greed and cruelty. To support this system it has habitually set itself to suppress knowledge and freedom of thought. . . . You will do wrong—mankind will do wrong—if it allows to drop out of existence, merely because the position on which it stands seems to be illogical, an agency by which the devotional instincts of human nature are enabled to exist side by side with the rational."

At last then, in the final pages of this long and changing pilgrimage, followed with a constant sense of a tremendous conflict of forces carried on unseen or half seen by the wanderer himself, we come plainly upon the conclusion of the whole matter. The Roman Church and the English stand forward, bidding against one another for the life of man. To this craving of his, the world's desire for the Divine presence on earth, the one offers the Sacrifice of the Mass: the other too "offers the supernatural to all who come; upon the altars of the Church the Divine Presence hovers as surely, to those who believe it, as it does upon the splendid altars of Rome." But there is a difference. "Thanks to circumstances which the founders of our Church did not contemplate, the way is open; it is barred by no confession, no human priest. Shall we throw this aside?" More lies behind; for he who can give or withhold the Divine Presence has mankind at his mercy: "it is not a question of religious freedom only; it is a question of learning and culture in every form." Paganism the English Church may know, but it will be without excuse: and lawlessness, but it will be a violation not of the letter merely but of the spirit: there will be no sin without sinfulness, no devotion without reward. "As a Church," the long argument concludes, "it is unique: if suffered to drop out of existence, nothing like it can ever take its place."

It would have been easy to write at equal length upon this book in other aspects; to have spent our time upon the romance, the history, the study of magic and the supernatural, the picture of society in the England and Italy of the seventeenth century. These are all true parts of the work, but they

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are not the vital part. The treatment of these would not have created the style for which the book is memorable, would not have left upon the mind of the reader that irresistible impression that the author's heart is in his work to a very rare and significant degree. He is said to have spent upon it some twenty years of labour: rather it was the outcome of all the years of his life until the moment when he finished it: for it contains, as we have tried to show, the persuasive utterance of his personal creed: the utterance of a profound desire for that life which is the imitation of the life of Christ, for the life which in the Sacrament feeds upon the Divine by faith with thanksgiving, for the life which unites itself in freedom with the Church that is of all yet known to the generations of men the most truly Catholic at heart.

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ON THE LINE

THE custom of reprinting in a volume a series of essays or a miscellaneous collection of studies which have already appeared separately in one or more of the magazines is no new one, though it is now pursued to an extent formerly unknown. It is not, perhaps, altogether an ideal method of writing a book, as we have before now pointed out, but whatever loss of breadth or of concentration may be risked by it, it is so convenient, and, in a niggardly world, so much more remunerative to the poor author that it would be useless to protest continually against it. Let us remember, too, that all depends on how the thing is done: a cluster of huts makes a poor palace, but the towers of Windsor or of Warwick are none the less stately for having been erected one by one at wide distances of time. Or, again, it may be rather a city than a palace that is building, where the houses are to exhibit not so much unity as harmony of style, and the final effect owes something to the unforeseen. Certainly there is, to a loyal reader, a distinct pleasure in finding again in a permanent form a piece of work some time ago admired and half-forgotten; and his pleasure is often doubled by re-discovering it in company with other buildings, if not of the same elevation, at any rate of the same stone and style.

To the editor this satisfaction comes in a slightly different form: it carries with it something of the parental or tutorial, something, we had almost said, of the sportive allegiance of

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the training-ground. These were pages once, now they are full-grown books; this is the real race, the real examination they must face, and we can do no more for them, except to applaud. And this we are entitled to do, for they have already secured our unbiased approval, when they entered with us in their youth. So far, indeed, as THE MONTHLY REVIEW is concerned, it is still a new school, and has not yet had time to turn out many fully trained candidates: but Tristram of Blent, the first of these, established a fine record, and has already had some notable successors. This month we are for the first time welcoming a team of no less than seven volumes recently published, all of which spent some part of their juvenile career under our tutelage. The first of these, we are happy to say, is all our own; Mr. T. A. Cook's **Spirals in Nature and Art** (Murray, 7*s.* 6*d.* net) spent no time at any establishment but ours. It was known to our readers as *The Shell of Leonardo*, but has taken its present name in consequence of a considerable accession of property, chiefly of the nature of scientific collections and art treasures. These additions and the re-arrangement of the whole have made the essay not only more convincing, but, what was not so easy to imagine, more delightful than before. Architecture, conchology, folk-lore, botany, mechanics, natural history, mathematics, and decorative art—these are some of the points at which this strong, fine-spun web touches the world of beauty and of thought. Or, rather, Mr. Cook's argument is itself a spiral—a double spiral, like that in one of his own shells. The main stem of his fabric is to be the search for the source of the design of the open staircase in the wing of François I. at the Château de Blois: to complete this the inquiry winds round in two equally beautiful parallel curves; one tending to show that the staircase is consciously copied from the natural form of a left-handed shell, the other tending to show that it was built from the plans of no less an artist than Leonardo, who was living near Blois at the time, and was a friend of François I. Either of these two propositions might be true or false inde-

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pendently of the other, but the probability of the truth of both is enormously strengthened by the fact that the two lines of argument are, as Mr. Cook most ingeniously shows, closely intertwined. Leonardo, the one man known to us who satisfies the historical and artistic equation, is also the only one in whom were united the scientific knowledge, the special interest in spirals, and even the left-handedness, which are necessary for the other member of the inquiry. It remains only to add that the argument throughout is not only brilliantly suggestive, but on the scientific side soundly based; for Professor Ray Lankester, who contributes an interesting preface, assures us that he himself is "not aware that Mr. Cook has indicated anything that is in itself improbable, or that may not be eventually rendered possible when the scope of our experience and knowledge is enlarged by further study." The sixty illustrations include a fine series of shells on wood and seven reproductions of drawings and MSS. by Leonardo, from the Royal Collection at Windsor.

In Mr. Edward Hutton's Italy and the Italians (Blackwood, 6s.) we find Leonardo again, but a significant point about the book is that the author gives less than three pages to Leonardo, twenty-three to Gabriele d'Annunzio. "The Cities of Italy" are but secondary here to "Impressions of Italy of To-day." There is no attempt to recreate the past, to make the dead bones live again; the journey is from first to last avowedly sentimental, a modern pilgrimage, a personal view in which it is always the present that is looked at, under the enchantment of an imagined past that is as unnatural as moonlight and as unreal as its shadows. Mr. Hutton loves Monarchy, Papacy, and the beautiful so far as it is perishing; he hates wealth, industrialism, and contemporary life in general, personified as "the Great Beast," and regarded, oddly enough, as the guilty cause of the fall of the Campanile and the gradual subsidence of Venice. His political notes are inadequate, his itineraries and time-tables for sightseers absurdly

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naïve and out of place. In short, the plain man, the robust lover of a good healthy book with no nonsense about it, will find here only an opening for wit or unintelligent solemnity. But he will be in the wrong, for Mr. Hutton has one supreme merit. His sense of style, though imitative and uncertain at times, is so strong that it gives him a really creative power, and enables him successfully to achieve the personal transfusion at which he aims: to enthrall the reader, willingly or unwillingly, so long as he reads at all. This is a rare gift, and we can only hope that Mr. Hutton will cultivate it with judgment. We entreat him to go on writing his impressions, but to forget Mr. Hare and to remember Walter Pater.

The part which we can claim as our own in **Studies of a Biographer** (Second Series. Duckworth, 12*s*.) is not so large as we could wish, but it is the best part of all. Without the pages "In Praise of Walking," which first appeared in this REVIEW in August 1901, no autobiography or biography of Sir Leslie Stephen can ever be complete; and delightful as his two new volumes are throughout, they contain nothing else quite so personal or so characteristic. "Nowhere," he says, "have I found talk flow so freely and pleasantly as in a march through pleasant country." We are with him at once. Again, "my favourite passage in *Pilgrim's Progress*—an allegory which could have occurred, by the way, to no one who was not both a good man and a good walker—was always that in which Christian and Hopeful leave the high road to cross a stile into 'Bypath Meadow.' I should certainly have approved the plan." We do approve it, literally and figuratively. We follow with joy into every bypath to which it pleases this pilgrim to guide us. Now and then we venture to disagree with him—*marchant toujours*—over Donne for instance, who always has been and always will be the subject of much cross-voting. Sir Leslie has Francis Palgrave and Dr. Jessopp on his side, but he candidly names on the other Coleridge, Lamb, Browning, Lowell, Mr. Gosse and Canon Beeching—a

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pretty formidable nucleus for a jury. Standing at the back of the court we can only wish we might give a little evidence of our own in Donne's favour. But when Sir Leslie is treating of a later age, most of whose prophets he knew in person, we are almost entirely content to "leave it to him." Ruskin, Bagehot, Huxley, Froude, he discusses with a genial but ironical humour which verges at times on cynicism. He would not trouble to dispute the word. Of Bagehot he says "the letters show the real value of good, sweeping, outrageous cynicism." He has "no quarrel with" Froude's method of history, founded, as he shows, on "a thoroughgoing historical scepticism." "Any philosophy of history can be proved: we may show with equal ease that the world is, or that it is not, under a moral government; that mankind has always been progressive, or always stationary, or steadily degenerating." Thus all historical theories "vitiate the observation of facts." But, *per contra*, observation of facts invariably leads to a misunderstanding of the motives of the actors. The position seems difficult. Froude's consolation is that "Two kinds of truth form the warp and woof, the coloured web which we call history"—truth of fact and truth of poetry. So we arrive at a theory of "dramatic history"; Shakespeare is almost perfect as an historian, Froude perhaps quite so. Anyway the subject exactly suits the humorous casuistry, the delightful battledore and shuttlecock of Sir Leslie's method. He is equally happy with Ruskin, whom he "handles" as Sir Frank Lockwood might have handled him in another place. "You say that the merit of a work of art is measurable by its 'truth.' Does not the employment of the word 'truth,' when what is really meant is 'likeness,' lead to as many fallacies as any known misuse of language?" And again, "After all, is the 'love of nature' so clearly a religious or moral sentiment?" He then generously admits that "Whatever may be the true way of stating the relation between art and morals, there is a close connection between good art and sound social conditions. . . . I cannot doubt that Ruskin's vehement assertions were at least approxi

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mations to a most important truth," but most characteristically passes on to "He was thus in face of a dilemma"! It is the finding oneself, under such guidance, continually in face of such dilemmas that is one of the chief pleasures of a walking tour with the "Biographer."

The Minor Moralist (Arnold, 4*s.* 6*d.* net) is in one way the antithesis of Sir Leslie Stephen; if the latter pleases by dealing lightly with the great, Mrs. Hugh Bell excels in the serious treatment of the comparatively small. How to live is her problem, not "Is life worth living?" Whether it be or not, as she wittily says, it is the only way we know of spending the time. And the conduct of it is, therefore, worth more trouble than is often spent upon it. We get so little help from outside. There is only "the criticism incidental to daily family life, where, however, the wear and tear of circumstance, and the fact that such criticism is usually engendered in moments of collision, deprive it of some of its permanent value." They do indeed, and Mrs. Bell might have added—she does, in fact, hint—that about even those qualities or habits which are "highly expedient"—in the eyes of our neighbours, there may justly be a difference of opinion. Is a certain way of taking things to be praised as "leisurely" or branded as "idle"? When we spend money are we open-handed or extravagant? When we save it are we thrifty or hoarding? So the Minor Moralist becomes a casuist too, but rather under her breath: aloud she tells us only what keen observation and a very happy experience have shown her to be useful. Some of her precepts are more true than new. When we are told that "if we would keep ourselves up to the level of our best possibilities, impulse, intention and effort require to be renewed day by day," we hear wise and penetrating words, but we hear them as a translation. *Omni die renovare debemus propositum nostrum, et ad fervorem nos excitare.* But though a good deal of what the Minor Moralist has to tell us would have seemed elementary Christianity to the author of the *De Imitatione*, this

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implies, she would say, no fair criticism of her book; she is concerned with particulars, not principles, with a method, not a sanction, and even among particulars "not with the seven deadly sins, but with the hundred and fifty peccadilloes."

> The wisdom of the ages is our inheritance, the cardinal virtues our daily companions, or at least we believe they would be, if we found any cardinal occasion. Justice, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude—Faith, Hope, Charity—with their attendant train of generosity, unselfishness, sympathy, and all the rest—these are the attributes which we imagine quite honestly to be part of our available equipment: our consciences may slumber securely under the guardianship of so stately a host. We should stare with amazement if our belief in them were questioned; we acclaim them with admiration as the mainsprings not only of the ideal conduct, but of our own. But in the form in which the ordinary mortal has to deal with them they present a strangely less attractive aspect. It does not seem easy to get a firm hold of the tiny fragment of eternal Justice necessary to recognise one has been mistaken in some small household matter—of Prudence to be silent in season—of Temperance to refrain from fretting about food—of Fortitude to endure uncongenial companions. It may seem hardly worth while to bring the loftier teaching to bear upon such minor results as these. But it does bear upon them nevertheless, whether we will or no; and we shall do far better frankly, wisely, and unheroically to recognise the fact that the peace and harmony—and therefore the welfare—of the world depend to an incomparable degree upon the minor moralities of every day.

It is a common belief that just in proportion as our fellow countrymen have "the best qualities of the Englishman," so they are dull and abandoned to solemnity. It is also commonly said—and hoped—by our rivals in both hemispheres, that the old English breed is played out. Mr. Lionel Portman, the author of **Station Studies** (Longmans, 5*s.* net), is an instance contradictory of both these fond theories. His account of the British official's daily life and day's work in Central Africa is brimful of the humour and the vivid enjoyment of youth; the youth not of an individual only but of a race. No decadence ever heard this gay brave ripple of laughter, breaking continuously over the rock-bed of duty in wild and lonely deserts. And if the writer laughs till the reader laughs with him, it is not because he does not realise

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the terror of the claws that prowl velvet-padded in his wilderness. To-day he is merry and superhumanly supreme—"Honoured Enormity" his men call him—to-morrow he may be as the hero of "A Coward and his Courage"; and outside Kipling's India we know of no more terrible story than that. We shall be eager to meet Mr. Portman again, for he has qualities which make up a combination of rare promise: powers of vision, of imagination, of description, touched not only with humour but with a sense of the poetry of Empire worthy of a West Countryman. We need only cite for proof of this the fine poem, reprinted from the *Spectator*, to serve as *Envoi* to this volume. It is headed "A Toast: The Civil Servant—India, Africa, the Colonies," and these two stanzas are not the best but merely the best for quotation.

Never a word of his great work cometh
Out to the world where the fame-wind blows;
Never a whisper winged with courage
Into his desert prison goes.
Lonely and burned, in temper tameless,
Recking of nought so his work be blameless
Bravely he fares
Worn with cares,
Linked to a life and death of prose.

. . . . . .

Honour him, honour him then, that hear me;
Honour of yours is in his hands.
Think of him where 'mid change and tempest
Hazard and plague, alone he stands.
Spirit of England, cheer him, guard him;
Proudly with pride of work reward him—
Sentinel, judge,
Sovereign, drudge,
Sower of right in your broad brown lands.

It is a poem after Lord Cromer's own heart.

Is Man alone in creation? Does he differ not in degree but in kind from any other living thing on earth? Or is his mind merely the longest branch upon the tree, the one which has

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shot up highest towards the light, the only one which has yet flowered in speech and reason? The doctors of science and of religion have long been debating this question, and the time has come for it to take its place also among the riddles of the poet. It could hardly be better put in poetic—that is in concrete—form than it is by Miss Richmond in her recent volume of **Poems** (Mathews, 3*s.* 6*d.* net). In her "Irish Terrier," she sums up the resemblances which have so often driven lovers of dogs to fond unorthodoxy.

> Poor little mortal! In that wiry frame
> Reason and energy are well expressed,
> And memory and faithful love confessed;
> Thou hast a central will, a special name,
> A moral nature, shown by sense of shame
> When, different motives battling in thy breast,
> Thou hast preferred the worst and left the best,
> Knowing full well the act that merits blame.

How easy to see Man's image here, too easy perhaps; "il est dangereux," says Pascal, "de trop faire voir à l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes." Better to keep to the dog's side of the question, as Miss Richmond does.

> If all thy hopes are in this earthly span
> Of fleeting life, thou art a charge indeed;
> Thy all depends upon thy master, man.
> But if in thee is strong immortal seed,
> If thy feet press the course we lately ran,
> Then let us help a brother at his need.

This is in its own sphere a masterly statement of the problem, at once lucid and suggestive: it leaves to others the fuller exploration of a wide artistic field. Into this territory Mr. Alfred Ollivant, the author of "Owd Bob," made a long expedition some two or three years ago. He dared so far as to write an epic, of which the hero was a dog as blameless as Hector, and the villain, a dog too, so gigantically wicked and so tragically defeated that, like Milton's Satan, he stormed the hearts of all readers, in spite of his

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creator. In that wonderful story the men are frequently the mere satellites of the dogs: women there are practically none. Obviously there was still left the region of the affections to explore: the land of love and lost love. Mr. Ollivant has annexed this too, and has come home in triumph. In Danny (Murray, 6*s.*) he has made a dog the centre, not of an epic but of a romance, and he has gone more boldly to the heart of the matter by treating the dog not as superhuman or subhuman but simply as human. It would be easy to slip on such difficult ground as this: the grotesque yawns on one side, the sentimental on the other, but of these the first is infinitely the more dangerous. In the serial version of the story Mr. Ollivant leaned rather to the other side, and he was right: he took a high pitch and, though he may have strained his voice a little now and then, he kept the note true. In the revised and shortened form in which the tale now appears not only does he never approach a bathos, but he tells his story with more certain touch and without the sense of effort. His portraits are all vivid and memorable: the fierce, gnarled old servants, the grim, cowed villagers, like iron bound by iron, the tender, fragile girl-mistress, adored by the gaunt old Laird and her grey knight Danny; and these two lovers themselves, both fast in the net of the same tragedy. After Missy died, they were strangely one: the village came to Robin at dead of night to ask "*Is His Honour whiles himself and whiles Danny? Is there one soul to the two of them?*" and they might well doubt, for at the end when Robin sobbed over Danny stiff and stark "He was my son to me," the stern Laird echoed with "'He was my soul to me,' and pushed by them as they babbled." It is a fine piece of work, unique of its kind, and in a day of much neurotic fiction as refreshing as the Highland air itself.

The inspiration of History is a popular theme; and we are all fond of the caitiff who, when once the great deeds of his forefathers are brought home to him, will arise and do even as they.

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How many English fights were won at Agincourt, how many at Trafalgar, who will ever know?

> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interrèd with their bones,

may be true of individuals, but it is not true of generations. They are, rightly and gloriously, taken *en masse* by a nation that counts the battle of Inkermann a victory, and has remembered to forget the French invasion of Ireland. As in the world of action, so with the intellectual world. We reckon our discoveries, our achievements; the periods of stagnant thought, the retrogressive movements, are ignored. Why study these, when a lifetime of study cannot exhaust the fruitful conquests, the triumphs of the race? And this is the correct attitude. We shall learn more of success than we could ever learn from failure. Yet History, if she inspires, warns also. When, here and there, a wise man holds a mirror up and shows, reflected in it, the consequence to other nations of certain behaviour in certain circumstances to some extent resembling our own, it becomes us to ask ourselves in earnest and unfeigned humility, why these things have not, as yet, happened to us, and if they never will.

Such a mirror is **The Reaction in France**, by George Brandes (Heinemann, 9*s.* net). It is the third, and so far the most interesting volume of a fine series, "Main Currents in XIXth Century Literature"; and it has found an excellent translator. Chateaubriand, De Maistre, Bonald, are the chief characters of the earlier part. Chateaubriand took great credit to himself for what he called the restoration of Christianity.[1] De Maistre restored the Jesuits. Bonald restored the inviolability of marriage. And every one—Napoleon first and foremost—restored the Pope. *Order* was the favourite word everywhere. They became almost as fond

[1] There is an odd slip with regard to Chateaubriand. It seems to be thought that he invented the metaphor of the elders who washed their robes and made them *white* in the blood of the Lamb. Further on a Marquis appears as a Marquise, and Fénelon with two accents.

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of order as the ancient Greeks, though for a different reason. They were weary of restlessness, confusion, the sound of the drum. A world governed by police, legal and spiritual—there was a world indeed. *Authority*—this is the sword of Alexander that cuts the Gordian knot of existence. Away with freedom from the face of the earth; she has been weighed and found wanting. Give us again our miracles and our Madonna! And at that prayer the miracles and the Madonna came back. The kingly sense of wonder, drugged heavily before, awoke from its long sleep; but it awoke to gaze on childish dreams, on old and feeble superstitions. The tale of its mighty deliverance will be told later on. As yet we see but the gray glimmer of dawn in the revulsion of feeling that came upon Lamennais after his visit to Rome; in the pure, pantheistic faith of Lamartine; in the quick changes of the Chameleon-like genius of Hugo. Power, at the moment of its deadly conflict with thought, must have a victim; and the victim of the Roman Curia was Lamennais. There is all the fine stuff of tragedy in his acceptance of the priesthood, while he defied the cries of his own heart, in his magnificent championship of orthodoxy, until he found out what orthodoxy meant. Some parts of the book are painful reading. The excesses of unbelief are sketched with a light hand; yet —ever so lightly sketched—they are, and must be, terrible. The excesses of the reactionary belief that followed are, to the thinking mind, more dreadful still. Religion stifled and gagged is worse than religion insulted. Let us take the warning of History while we may! *Authority* and *Order* are two strong words; and we have need of both. England hath need of them at this moment. Her Church and her Government know it. Her people know it also. But woe to us, if we forget as France forgot, words that are stronger yet—*Liberty, Truth.*

A most depressing book is **Youth** (Conrad. Blackwood, 6*s.*), full of power, of life, of terrible adventure, of a kind of grim

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poetry. It seems to be etched rather than written; the relentless cruelty of nature to man, of man to natural man, is bitten in with an acid. The magic is all black magic—a sense of weird unholiness poisons the air. Strength and endurance are put to the torture; they emerge conquering, but with little joy of their conquest. Of the three heroes of these three stories, the first, as if in mockery of the title, is a man of sixty, and the last has seen sixty-five. The spirit of youth is in them yet; there lies the tragedy. Wonderful is the figure of the fine old captain who was always sailing for, and never sailed to, Bankok; but the figure of Captain Whalley looms finer still. "The End of the Tether" is a masterpiece. We have no words in which to express our admiration. Books that are more superficially pathetic may provoke us to cry; this leaves the reader dumb and tearless. There is in the author that sympathy with the very elements of emotion which distinguishes a mind of true, original force. The sacredness of a man's love for his daughter is not a common theme, it needs a delicacy of handling that is rarely even attempted. Mothers are more common in fiction; or the father devoted to a son, as Colonel Newcome to Clive; or the father devoted to, and annoyed by, a son whom he cannot understand, like the Squire in "Wives and Daughters." One pang Mr. Conrad spares us. The glorious old captain does not suffer as Lear and Père Goriot did. His daughter is not unworthy of him. She is described, with perfect cunning, in a few words. We scarcely see her, but what we see we never can forget. We know that in the end, in spite of the unlucky husband, she made that boarding-house pay; and in the end her sons were not unworthy of her father, and sailed the seas like him. *In the end.* Strange words with which we pay ourselves for the undeserved, causeless misery of the good and the true. The author has not written that end. He is too much of an artist, he dared not come so near painting a moral. But there are certain stories, the last page of which is not, and cannot be, *Finis.* End them ourselves we must, if we are any way to endure them.

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State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand. By W. P. Reeves. (Grant Richards, 24*s.* net.)—In these two volumes Mr. Reeves has given an exhaustive account of some phases of the political progress during the last twenty years, and especially during the last ten years, of what may fairly be described as the most progressive communities in the world. The Australians have made up their minds decisively how to deal with many vexed questions that in the mother country are hanging fire, and never seem likely to emerge from the stage of discussion by Royal Commissions, the press, and Conferences. While legislation has been pending for years in our House of Commons on the subject of alien immigration, the seven Australian colonies have tackled the far more difficult cognate question affecting themselves, and have declared that Australasia is to be kept for potential Australian citizens, to the exclusion of coloured aliens and white undesirables. In tropical Queensland the bold experiment is being made of acclimatising the European race and excluding Kanakas, who are ready to flood the labour field. Neither Chinese nor pedlars nor coolies from India are to be allowed to gain a footing on the soil. In the last ten years we have had two Royal Commissions and one Treasury Committee on the subject of Old Age Pensions without legislative result. In November 1898, Mr. Seddon passed his Old Age Pensions Bill in New Zealand, and it has worked with success. In 1901, 12,405 men and women over sixty-five years of age, whose yearly income was less than £84, drew State pensions (of which the maximum is £18 a year) to an aggregate value of £197,292. The lead of New Zealand has been followed by New South Wales and Victoria. Labour bureaus and labour departments in all the Colonies render impossible processions of unemployed. In strong contrast with our Conciliation Act of 1896, the Compulsory Arbitration Act of 1894 in New Zealand, followed by Acts on the same lines in New South Wales and Western Australia, has been effectual in putting an end to the almost incalculable waste involved in strikes and lock-outs. Victoria

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and South Australia have gone so far as to enable minimum wages and piece-work rates to be fixed in factories on the recommendation of a Special Board representing employers and employés.

On these topics, on the conditions of life and the causes that have led to legislation in each case, on the details of the measures passed and their working in actual practice, Mr Reeves writes with unrivalled authority. In addition, he discusses the federation scheme of the Commonwealth, peculiarities in the franchise, and the important land questions. He has the art of making intensely interesting and attractive subjects which are too often wrapped up in such a blue-book atmosphere as to repel non-professional readers. His opening chapter, called "A Continent and Some Islands," is a masterpiece of concise and picturesque description of physical features and social and political life. In every page Mr. Reeves gives strong reasons for the faith that is in him that State interference carried to its furthest lengths is conducive to the maintenance of a high standard of well-being in Australia. There is a refreshing note of strength and confidence about his writing which is in strong contrast to the despondent tone of recent publications in England on the same subjects. If under the pressure of State regulations the seamy side of industrial life is disappearing in these little States, are not our methods condemned as slow and tentative? We know of no book better calculated to assist social and industrial reformers to a solution of this question than this suggestive work by Mr. Reeves.

Sons of Francis. By Anne Macdonnell. (Dent, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—Among the numerous artists that haunt the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan one painter may sometimes be found who does not attempt to copy the whole of the divine Cenacolo, that once was Leonardo's, but who treats each figure as a separate study. The design of the whole group is lost, but a clearer conception of each individual Apostle is gained.

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Somewhat similar to this is the task that Miss Anne Macdonnell undertakes in the volume of studies to which she has given the rather ambiguous title, "Sons of Francis."

With strong, graphic touches she draws the lineament, both of the earliest disciples of the Saint, *Nos qui cum eo fuimus*, and of some of his later followers. "Sons" she calls them all indiscriminately, including under this title, to the reader's no little amazement, some figures of very doubtful spiritual descent from the "Poverello," and also two holy dames: Giacoma dei Settisolè, and the mystical bride of Francis, Madonna Poverty herself.

This plan of detaching individual figures from a well-known group has its obvious disadvantages. Repetition is inevitable, and there is no unity of design. Yet those readers who best know the "Fioretti," the "Mirror" and the "Three Companions" are those who will most warmly welcome Miss Macdonnell's studies. Her methods may not always be artistic, the construction of her sentences is sometimes loose but her portraits are unmistakable. They have, moreover, this essential quality of good portraiture: the likeness interprets the original, and reveals its hitherto unnoticed characteristics: "I have known the man for years. Why did I never notice that before?"

Francis himself, "the great adventurer, not of religious thought, but of religious life," with skilful reserve Miss Macdonnell does not draw. Instead, she shows us his personality through the eyes of the men who loved him.

> He and his first followers were like boys daring each other to feats, he himself the most impulsive, headlong and audacious. There was nothing reasonable or sensible about him. He never learned to grow old, or even middle-aged. . . .
>
> The sign mark of true vocation in his company was *joie de vivre*. The foundation of this in Francis was his own lusty nature; but if a man had to be persuaded to rejoice, there were excellent reasons to be given.
>
> He had a genius for coming near men's souls.

Later on, there is a wonderful glimpse of "the pale, aching

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yet radiant shadow," the frail man whom even Brother Elias, who led every one else, could never lead.

Francis, after his death, lives on in Leo, the "Peccorelli," the "little sheep of God," "the faithful shadow of Francis while Francis lived, his faithful echo ever after."

> To Leo, Francis was not dead and to make manifest his living spirit was henceforth all his own life. . . . He was that rare and inconvenient person, the Idealist in Action, the only idealist worth considering.
>
> Leo tells the tale of no saint in a niche, but of a man with whom he had walked the roads in gay humour and sad, with whom he had kept vigil for nights together, whom he had known in the common intimate things of daily life, and watched with awe on Mount Alverna. But of Alverna he does not speak. . . .
>
> Leo tells of no miracles, save the miracle of his master's marvellous love.
>
> But with every step of love pain keeps pace, such is the inexorable law.

An excellent foil to Leo is Masseo, "a big, handsome fellow, well-endowed, ready of speech, with a personality written on his face, and since later he had an overpowering desire to be humble he must at one time have thought a good deal of himself." We feel we should know Masseo if we met him. Perhaps we do know him already.

Then there are the three saintly mystics, Giles the Ecstatic, "Knight of my Round Table," Francis called him, who in his visions "reached where there are no such things as creeds," but who was nevertheless considered by his contemporaries "a very simple man"; and Blessed John of Parma, about whom the "essential fact" is that he "drank the whole chalice ot life. The draught is very bitter. He called it sweet"; and Pope Celestine V., in his happy hermit days, when

> An awe-struck guest saw him hang his cowl on a sunbeam. Every morning the bell of no visible church, echoing among the hills, called him to a new day and its prayers. But a pious woman gave him a cock. She said it would wake him in the morning, and be cheerful company. It waked him, but he heard no more that mysterious bell echoing in the mountains.

Very different from these mystic "Sons of Francis" is the figure of Salimbene of Parma. If a son at all, surely a prodigal he, for the spirit of the master was not in him. Rather he

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seems like a modern journalist playing truant in the Thirteenth Century.

> Running up and down the roads of Italy and France, with eyes and ears wide open, the rumour of awakening Europe is on his tongue. The insatiable curiosity, the impartial observation that became the Renaissance, speak through him. . . .
>
> In his repertory there is equal room for holy hymns and drinking songs. He is alert and alive to his time and its chances, rather than beyond it—a man of the Middle Ages, but a contemporary of Roger Bacon; and Giotto and Dante were over twenty when he died. Something of the strange incalculableness of his age is in him—an age that had begun a cold, dispassionate examination of the world; that was framing ideals of ineffable sweetness and was living them; that was racked and torn by brutal selfish strife; that was rearing the great basilicas, yet scorning all the structures of men's hands, and fleeing for refuge and joy to the City of God eternal in men's souls; an age of unnamable ferocity and of childlike freshness, of blind credulity, of dark shuddering Pagan terror, and of outspoken criticism; an age that perfected ecstasy and invented gunpowder; an age of troubadours and of torturers; the age of the *Opus Majus* and of the *Golden Legend*; the age of Francis and of Ezzelino. My Salimbene did not embody all these; but in the mirror of his chronicle something from each is reflected; and his mind was large enough and keen enough for him to be a conscious observer of a goodly number of the contradictory features of his time, and muddled enough to house quite comfortably not a few. . . . Let us welcome him, too, as witness of a most consoling human fact: in an age whose history, in spite of all its interest, sends most students shuddering back to the smuggest self-gratulation on their own, Salimbene enjoyed himself magnificently.

These are memorable portraits, and in such the book abounds. Yet, in more ways than one, it lacks unity. Miss Macdonnell does not seem clear in her own mind what class of readers she is addressing, or rather she addresses very different classes at different times. The story of St. Francis preaching to the birds at Bevagna, for example, can never be told too often; but the reader to whom it needs telling will find himself considerably out of his depth when he comes to "Madonna Poverty" later on in the volume. This is not really an essay at all, but a scholarly note on the authorship of the interesting Treatise "Holy Commerce" which follows it.

The text might also with advantage have been relieved of

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many other criticisms of MSS. codices and editions. Valuable as these are in themselves, they would have been more in place as foot-notes or in an appendix, than when, as on p. 260, they follow in the next sentence to that describing the "great mortality in men and hens" whereby one good lady "lost forty-eight chickens," and "God seemed angry with the gardeners." But though Miss Macdonnell's sense of form is not faultless, she has the true artist's love for half-tones. Very subtle are some of the shades she distinguishes upon her palette, the "chilly peace" of the reign of Bonaventura and the "disdainful peace" of the closing years of Dante's life; the "quiet patient obstinacy" of Pope Celestine. And, in the worried hurry of modern life it is good to be reminded once more of the "glad haste" that was the "note of all the early Brothers Minor."

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RESETTLEMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL

NOW that the burgher camps are closed, the Boers back on the land, and the mealies growing tall, it is possible to look back on and appraise the methods adopted by the Transvaal Government to effect that part of their work known here as "repatriation."

Article 10 of the terms of surrender is our contract with the Boers: "As soon as conditions permit, a commission, on which the local inhabitants will be represented, will be appointed in each district of the Transvaal under the presidency of a magistrate, for the purpose of assisting the restoration of the people to their homes, and supplying those who, owing to war losses, are unable to provide for themselves, with food, shelter, and the necessary amount of seed, stock, implements, &c., indispensable to the resumption of their normal occupations. H.M. Government will place at the disposal of these commissions £3,000,000 for the above purposes, and will allow all notes, issued under Law I. of 1900 of the Z. A. R. and all receipts given by officers in the field of the late Republics, to be presented to a judicial commission, which will be appointed by the Government, and if such notes and receipts are found to have been duly issued in return for valuable consideration, they will be received by the first-named commissions as evidence of war-losses suffered by the persons to whom they were originally given. In addition to the above-named free

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grant of £3,000,000, H.M. Government will be prepared to make advances as loans for the same purpose, free of interest for two years, and afterwards repayable over a period of years with 3 per cent. interest. No foreigner or rebel will be entitled to the benefit of this clause."

Before looking at the question of how this somewhat curious contract affected the administration and the Boers, some account must be given of the conditions of the country and people after the general surrender.

The "guerillas" who then surrendered numbered 22,000. Many had their families with them in the field—families that had been playing hide-and-seek with the columns, in Kaffir huts, the long grass, or a waggon. These were then sitting on their farms and begging food from the nearest military post.

Thirty thousand prisoners of war were away across the seas. Their families were in the burgher camps, together with those of the voluntarily surrendered burghers and joiners—some 80,000 in all. The surrendered burghers themselves in these camps numbered 5000. The "joiners," as national scouts, guides, and intelligence agents are dubbed by those who fought to the end, were, of course, with the troops, but the majority drifted soon afterwards into the camps. I should mention incidentally that the scouts have been very effectively looked after by their own commanding officer. They have had stock at cheap rates, and were transported to their homes long before other ex-burghers. In cases where they were afraid to return home, they have been provided with holdings in congenial settlements.

There were other discordant notes to harmonise. The old official—the foreigner, whether German, Jew, or Gentile—the old British resident. Of the old officials, some, perhaps half, have been absorbed into the new *régime*—placed in subordinate posts. While they would undoubtedly be a source of danger politically, if entirely neglected, yet as officials they are far more unpopular with the farmers than men fresh from home. Being inhabitants of this country, they have taken a definite

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side, and are therefore detested by one half of the population. It is amusing to hear the sigh of relief with which a Boer learns that an official cannot speak his language, and the distrust with which he is regarded if he can. All these old landrosts and other officials not provided with Government berths are now flourishing as lawyers or general agents—professions for which their experience well suits them.

The foreigner has found some difficulties—not always of nature's making—in coming back; but nothing of course could stop the foreign ex-burgher, that is, the foreigner who had long since accepted burgher rights. He is to be found more especially in all garrison towns, flourishing in small stores, "waving the Union Jack" in all the bars and crying out for compensation. He has resettled himself; the place was too good to lose. The British subject resident here before the war has, like the foreigner, worked his way back, up from Natal, and he too makes compensation his principal interest. A man who has seen the army he has had to pay for wantonly looting his store and burning his household gods, might well be excused a certain bitterness against his own country. On the whole they take it well. "We settled here knowing the war would come; we wanted war; we got it; and if we have lost, at least others have lost more." That is their attitude, and they can contrast their lot with that of the Britisher who by lapse of years had become a burgher. This man is indeed unfortunate. Reckoned by the Boers as a Briton, by the Britons as a Boer, pillaged and insulted by both parties, his loyalty has wonderfully stood the test. Half the Britishers in the country districts come under this category—the better half, and it is sheer pleasure to learn now, at the eleventh hour, that their treatment is to be on all-fours with that of British citizens. Genuine British Uitlanders can get an advance of 25 per cent. of the assessed value of their claims. The chief obstacle is their ignorance of how to apply for the loan and inability to get to that particular magistrate who has to examine them on their claim. It is only recently that their

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claims have begun to be examined, because for many months they were under the consideration of military boards. It was only in December that the military decided to repudiate their liabilities, and enabled the unfortunate claimant to put in his claim in the right quarter.

As for the country into which all these heterogeneous elements had to be repatriated, two years of guerilla warfare had reduced a great part to a desert. Along the railway lines, indeed, flourishing towns surrounded various military camps, and a few off the railway, such as Lydenburg, Rustenberg, Zeerust and Wakkerstrom, had been continually garrisoned, and were in fairly good order. Elsewhere not more than 5 per cent. of the buildings had escaped the attentions of the troops. Once prosperous towns, such as Ermelo, Bethal, Bloemhof, Wolmaranstad, Carolina, were uninhabited ruins. The destruction did not extend to the great bush veld. North of a line drawn from Mafeking to Lydenburg little damage had been done; but this is not a white man's country, and there was little to be damaged. It was out of this bush-veld that many of the burghers, who fought (?) to the end, brought back cattle from hiding; but this stock did not amount to much. One particular district of 8000 square miles started business with 500 head of stock, besides their commando ponies; and this was probably a fair average of the high-veld.

If the guerilla had little stock, the surrendered burgher had less. What stock he had managed to get in with to the British lines the military had taken, and what was left behind the Boers had confiscated and sold. The surrendered burgher—"handsopper" to give him his usual name—had, however, his receipts, signed by the British officers; and his claim pigeon-holed with the military compensation boards for all property destroyed, and for such stock as had been taken from him after his surrender without a receipt having been given. It is unfortunate that the receipts of these people have not yet been paid in full, while the military have declined so far to make any

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award on their other claims. This, however, has little to do with resettlement, except as explaining why the surrendered burghers have not been able to get under weigh, even so well as the guerillas.

The season of the year was another important factor in considering the condition of the country. When the Boers surrendered, they surrendered because winter was come. It was not the cold they were afraid of, but starvation. By the end of May there is no longer grazing on the high-veld for horse, mule or ox. Till the end of September they must be fed. The mealie crop is gathered in April. The fortuitous crop of 1902 was already exhausted by the end of May. When therefore the country is called a desert after the war, that is true not only so far as man, but also so far as Nature was concerned. For the first four months of resettlement, an uninviting country gave no helping hand to man or beast. Few farming operations are possible during the first three of these months—months which the farmer usually spends picnicing in the low, or bush-veld, in winter quarters with his sheep or cattle.

Lastly, the Boer people, who had to settle down together, who rented each other's ground, intermarried, and borrowed each other's money, were divided into two parties. The guerilla—especially the guerilla's wife—refused to recognise the handsopper; no conversation was possible between them, they would not sit at the same table. Fortunately for himself, the handsopper was often the man of greater local standing, and soon the guerilla left at home his black and white badge of superiority, and greeted his enemy effusively—especially if no one was looking. It needs a sturdy conscience in a time of general shipwreck to keep one from clutching at an enemy's spar.

The only things definite in the above-quoted article of surrender were, that three millions were in some way to be spent in helping the Boers to start afresh; that Z. A. R. notes and commandeering receipts were to be taken as evidences of losses

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suffered; and that such losses were to be examined into by the local commissions in each district; which commissions were also charged with the duty of repatriating the former inhabitants.

There are 16 districts in the Transvaal, varying from 2000 to 30,000 square miles in area. In each of these districts a local repatriation commission was nominated—presided over by the resident magistrate for the district. It was to be a representative commission—both handsoppers and guerillas were to sit on it. Nothing but careful diplomacy and the pay attached to the work could induce the influential guerilla to join. However, in most cases they did join, and thereby set an example which they were not long in enforcing on their subordinates.

To these commissions was somehow left the duty, subject to the approval of a central judicial commission, of estimating the total losses of every ex-burgher in the district. In the words of their instructions: "as all losses are to £8,000,000, so are A.'s losses to the amount he will receive from the Government." It will be seen that this method of disposing of the £8,000,000, though mathematical, is not precisely that foreshadowed in Article 10, but then that is not the only article in these terms that lacks precision. To the local commission too was left the decision as to who should be fed, who have stock, and how he should pay. An enormous amount of work for a commission composed of such untrained constituents, and which they—as was possibly intended—neglected to perform, leaving the greater part in the hands of the Chairman and Secretary.

At Pretoria meanwhile, and immediately after the close of hostilities, a repatriation department was established. At the head was Mr. Patrick Duncan, Colonial Treasurer, with Mr. A. M. Hughes as Secretary. On this department rested the actual business of getting the families out from camp, as well as providing and selling the necessaries for their new start in life. Depots, averaging two to each district, were started all

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over the country—not only on the railway lines. An enormous staff was engaged, horses, mules, oxen, food, seed, ploughs, and building material ordered. It was a brand new department, doing brand new work, with a staff who had never seen each other, and had no idea of what the work was that they had to do. Food was being clamoured for all over the country before they had got into harness. Imbued with the commercial spirit of Lord Kitchener, the military—from whom they were forced to buy at first—drove hard bargains. Two-thirds of the available truckage from the coast ports were taken up with the military supplies. The repatriation took their chance of the other third in company with the ordinary citizen. Only those who have lived in this country for the last nine months know what a poor chance that is, when six months elapse between the giving of an order in Durban and the delivery of the goods in the Transvaal.

It was winter, and every animal for sale or draught had to be fed. A convoy going sixty miles from the railway had to be loaded to half its capacity with forage to take itself out and back. Neither transport nor forage were parted with willingly by the military. The worst mules, the worst waggons, the worst brand of bully beef were good enough for a civilian department. It is not difficult to raise a capable staff after a long war in which irregulars have been employed, but black labour also was wanted and in large quantities. Every waggon requires two boys. They could not be got. The boys who had worked with the army had already worked over their contract time at wages three times higher than they had ever known in their lives. They were rich, and insisted on going home for a holiday.

Looking dispassionately at all these difficulties, it is not to be wondered at that August had come to an end before all the depots were out in the country, and September before food could be supplied with regularity. All these months the guerilla boers had to be fed. This was done principally by the soldiers and S. A. C., after very strict examination into each

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case, and the warranty of the ex-Veld-Cornet that the family in question was actually in great want.

The case of the natives in districts far from the line was even worse, except that they had plenty of money to buy food. The year's mealies were all done. The farmer—the master on whose land they lived—had less money and as little chance to buy this staple food. The result was that the little stock of sheep and goats that farmers were able to import was stolen—the native, if caught, preferring a well-fed six months in prison to starvation. The natives required mealies for seed as well as for food; but before this became really serious a special native refugee department took the matter in hand, and, buying up large stores of grain, sent them quickly into the back country and there retailed them to the Kaffir.

Such food and seed as they had at the depots the local commissioners generally ordered to be supplied to the farmers on credit. The debt so run up was small compared to the debts for stock. The following is the scale of rations per month for a family of five:

	£	s.	d.
Flour, 140 lbs.	1	0	5
"Bully" beef, 80 lbs.	2	13	4
Sugar, 20 lbs.	0	4	2
Coffee, 12 lbs.	0	5	0
Salt, 4 lbs.	0	0	1
Milk, 28 tins	0	14	0
Butter, 3 lbs.	0	5	3
Soap, ½ box	0	13	6
Total	£5	15	9

The seeds supplied to each head of a family consisted of 400 lbs. of mealies, 480 lbs. oats and about £2 worth of garden seeds, potatoes, &c. He could therefore raise about thirty acres of mealies and four of oats, besides a garden—if he had animals and a plough.

It should be mentioned that one of the chief difficulties to contend with in the distribution of food, &c., was the lack of

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local transport and intercommunication. The farmers at first could not get into the depots to get their food away, while it was equally difficult for the officials to distribute information as to what was obtainable. This led to the appointment of some well-known Boer as travelling inspector in each district, whose mission it was to seek out any families who could not get food, to get it out to them, and to disseminate information as to what food and stock there was at the depot, as also to report on the stock that the farmers already had, and their ability to do without further rations.

But things moved very slowly at first. The seed ordered in June could not get up the railway, much less be transported for days over the veld. Ploughs from America lay in Port Elizabeth and Durban. No families came out of camp. Broken-down traction engines were tried and became more broken down long before they reached their journey's end. No ploughing could be done, even by guerillas, for want of ploughs, animals and seed—such a clean sweep does war make—and it was the end of October. If mealies—the common food of man and beast—are not sown before the middle of December, it is too late for them to ripen. If the mealie crop is not got in, then for one whole year more must we feed this people. April 1904, instead of April 1903.

At this time Lord Milner visited some of the worst districts. So impressed was he by the urgent necessity of ploughing that a scheme was immediately started to plough for the people. Ten conductors, each with six ploughs and teams of oxen, were sent out with seed into each district. Everything else gave way. They ploughed up five acres on every holding, whether the family had got back or not, throughout the whole district. The charge was 5*s.* an acre for old lands, and 7*s.* 6*d.* an acre for new ground. But immediate payment was not insisted on. It was the ploughing that was compulsory. It was pushed so vigorously from headquarters that between November 15 and December 15 the high-veld was ploughed up. They say there is more ploughed now than before the

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war. This was done too in spite of a drought which finally broke nearly all the ploughs.

It was a bold and desperate measure. Work that had hung fire for five months was done in one, and that by a Government department: the result of a great leader and a few energetic subordinates. Captain Madge, of the Repatriation Department, should be specially mentioned, for with him the idea originated, and well he saw it through. If the costly depots can be closed in April 1903, this result will principally be due to this effort. Principally; but, at the same time, the other difficulties in the way of repatriation had suddenly grown less. The army, reduced in numbers, required fewer supplies and railway trucks. The animals ordered from Madagascar, Australia, America, and the Argentine arrived and got up country. The officials had learnt how to pull together. Loans of money, dealt out with a generous hand, enabled the Boers to buy what they wanted, and not only what the depots had to sell. Sheep, the mainstay of the high-veld, arrived in great numbers from Cape Colony and Natal, though they cost when delivered 30*s.* a head, instead of the 15*s.* they averaged before the war.

An enhancement of price is, however, universal. All stock and forage has advanced at least 5 per cent. as compared with prices before the war. The Boers think the prices of repatriation stock high—but they are really lower than in the open market.

These are the prices:

Horses	£17
Mules	£24
Trek oxen	£20 10*s.*
Madagascar oxen	£12
Cows and young breeding stock	£10 10*s.* to £24 10*s.*

Second-hand waggons, carts, and harness are also sold at special prices, which the Boers do not think unreasonable. In most cases payment is deferred for two years.

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The arrival of the animals and the reduction in transport requirements enabled the Government not only to sell animals to the farmers, but also to take back to their farms all who wished to leave burgher camp. By the middle of November all who desired had started homewards with their tent and month's rations. But the camps were by no means empty. These camps had always been a ready subject of complaint, but the burghers dwelling in them were by no means always anxious to leave an idle life of free rations in order to rough it on the veld. Nor would it be in human nature that camp superintendents, who had made their camps and themselves comfortable, should be particularly drastic in their efforts to bring their existence to an end.

Again the situation was grasped by Lord Milner. Major E. M. Leggett, who had so successfully repatriated his National Scouts, was made both Director of Burgher Camps and of a certain bywohner settlement scheme. New superintendents appeared in various camps. Camps, which it was reported could not be cleared for six months, were empty in three weeks. I will take one as an example. The new superintendent found the numbers on rations one hundred in excess of the actual inhabitants. That was altered. He found eighty native servants. They left. He found one hundred inmates who happened to be Cape or Natal rebels. They returned to their friends. If the husbands were out on their farms, the families promptly joined them. The orphans were planted in orphanages. The balance—there were many men besides the widows—were given the option of finding work and a home within a week, or going on to the bywohner settlements. Then the camp was closed. They have been closed months earlier than the most sanguine ventured to anticipate.

It is too early to judge of the ultimate success of the bywohner settlements, but they have played an important part in ending the camps, and are of themselves worthy of notice. Essentially they are private syndicates of adjoining landowners raising capital, assisted therein pound for pound

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by the Government. They lease some of their own lands to the syndicate of which they are members, and bywohner families are put on this leased land in small allotments of 150 acres or so. The bywohner gets also grazing rights over the whole farm. The syndicate supply him with stock and material just sufficient to plough and sow and build. They expect to make a profit by taking half the produce of the bywohner.

The advantage to the farmer landowner is clear rent, improvement and closer cultivation of the ground, and thicker population, perhaps developing into a township. The advantage to the Government is no less marked. The bywohner would *have* to be fitted out with necessaries on credit. By using the syndicate as intermediary, they avoid bad debts and get a possible 4 per cent. on the money they advance. The profits themselves are, however, more problematical, for the bywohner is not generally regarded as a paying investment.

There are three of these settlements now working. 2500 bywohner families are now living on them. They are placed near Potchefstroom, Belfast, and Standerton. Major Leggett inspired them, controls their agreements, and supplies them with unlimited bywohners.

All this by no means completes the work done. The Boers have not only to be put on the land and fed. The local commissions do not confine themselves to checking interminable lists of lost stock and exaggerated claims for gutted houses.

Food, seed and transport out cost comparatively little, and were an absolutely necessary expense. As has been indicated, the far more responsible step was taken of supplying the farmer with stock and with money. To such an extent has this been done that many families now owe the Government £600. Some owe £800: and it is quite possible for them to be responsible indirectly for more.

This, for instance, is a very common list:

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	£
Food for eight months	60
Waggon, cart, harness, plough, seed, blockhouse, &c.	44
Eight mules at £24	192
Eight oxen at £20 10s. backed for son or bywohner	164
Loan of money	200
Loan backed for bywohner	100
	£760 debt.

From this debt is to be deducted such moneys as they are awarded on their so-called claims. The average assessed value of these claims is £900 on the high-veld. Moreover, the terms of repayment are easy. Still the total debt runs to millions and is uncovered by anything but promissory notes. (I should except here a certain scheme for lending up to £1000 to farmers on first mortgage at 4½ per cent. interest. The competition of cheaper though smaller loans, the delays incident upon the passing of bonds in a country where the postal service is elementary and valuation of property a lengthy matter, the frequent loss of title-deeds during the war—all have combined to injure the success of this scheme).

Obviously great care has to be taken in making unsecured advances. The terms on which they have been made by the local commissions bring us to the "poor white" problem, Only "to those who have shall be given." But perhaps there is this consolation. As the landowner has hitherto always supported his bywohners, so he may continue to do—even if in smaller numbers—so that indirectly, by improving the position of the landowner, we improve also that of the hanger-on.

The animals supplied to the farmers have been enumerated. Not more than eight could be obtained by any farmer on credit of a promissory note, and no promissory note was to be passed unless signed or backed by a landowner. These notes were due in two years. Eight more animals could be bought for cash.

The loans of £200 or less have been made on the same

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terms, except that the capital is not recoverable for five years—interest at 8 per cent. being chargeable on the last three years. The usual rate of interest paid by the farmer to the banks on first mortgage is 8 per cent.

In the districts I know best, about one half of the Boers are landowners of from 300 to 50,000 acres (2000 acres is a good average freehold farm), and of the balance, perhaps half are so nearly related to landowners that they can get their promissory notes backed. The rest find great difficulty in getting anything at all. Economically, they are the class which one would most like to help. So far as ploughing and sowing for them is concerned, help they have had. Anything more than that is a free gift, and an unsatisfactory one. They are a nomadic population, with no ties, with generic surnames, and no permanent address. They possessed little before the war, but had comfortable quarters on other men's farms. The value of land has gone up. While the land is constantly appreciating, the owners' holdings are continually being reduced in size by division among children. Even the large landowner sees now, since the war, a demand for his land such as he has never known before, fortified by good rents. Consequently the demand for what might be called the "co-operative bywohner" has gone down. The pinch of hard times has given the pretext, and the evicted bywohner's loss from the war is not to be measured merely by the little stock that has vanished.

All credit advances will some day be called in. The responsibility resting on the commissions and the amount of work that they have had to do is enormous. In cash and kind £1,500,000 at least has been advanced already. It has been impossible to check against the value of his land the advances made to a landowner as principal or backer. Nor is there opportunity for discovering how far the land is mortgaged, nor anything to prevent the debtor selling his land and disposing of the proceeds to others. It is true that he cannot legally dispose of stock, &c., that he has got on credit; but the

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stock can, and unfortunately often does, die. The amount of bad debts will depend entirely on the next two seasons. Given bad crops and much stock disease, and they will be very numerous. To a certain area of 3000 square miles of high-veld containing 4000 white inhabitants the following stock and loans have been supplied:

Oxen, cows, &c.	2000
Mules	800
Horses	860
Waggons and carts with harness	120
Loans (secured)	£8,000
Loans (unsecured)	£31,000

That some such advances were necessary there can be no doubt, apart altogether from our contract under Article 10.

The actual money loans are perhaps more doubtful. Though advances are mentioned in the terms of surrender, yet advances of stock might very well have been taken as fulfilling the letter of the contract.

It should be remembered, however, that sheep and building material have not yet been supplied on any terms by the Repatriation depots, while wool has always been the staple export of the high-veld, and building material is unfortunately the most necessary import. So that for these things the cash equivalent was badly needed.

One thing must never be supposed for a moment. No liberality will ever win gratitude from the Boers. They accept everything as their right, without surprise or gratification. Refusal they take with equal equanimity. They are very open to painstaking explanation in a country where time is apparently no object. If they feel no gratitude, at least they make no complaints. Their educated mouthpieces do that to perfection and are partly justified, but the Boer farmer is too shy or too much of a gentleman to do so personally.

The resettlement has been criticised as a muddle by the Boer delegates who saw Mr. Chamberlain at Pretoria. They

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had, perhaps, the initial delays in mind—the apathetic attitude of the army. It was difficult to understand the absence of the provision convoy, when mountains of forage and fat oxen could be seen any day at the railway stations. Then again, where advances are dealt with, a great deal of red tape is necessary; but it is none the less galling.

The word "claim" has unfortunately been started for the burgher's share in the three millions. The very distant and uncertain prospect of payment and the miserable dividend—estimated at 10 per cent.—are annoying to the man who wants money and doesn't understand that it is charity. The complaint as to the non-payment of Z.A.R. notes is also a general one. These were "to be taken as evidence of losses," but nothing was said in the terms of surrender as to payment. The payment will, therefore, be 10 per cent. at the best. The Government note has no advantage whatever, for a mere statement on oath by a claimant justifies the commissions in assessing the loss of stock, just as well as does such a statement backed up by the note or receipt. Moreover all Government notes received as salary—even civil salary—are absolutely dishonoured. The burghers say that these notes were secured on the landed property of the Government, and that we have taken over the assets but not the liabilities of the late Z.A.R. As a matter of fact, these notes (called bluebacks) had a sadly depreciated value long before the conclusion of hostilities. They were briskly bought up by Jews in the burgher camps at purely nominal prices.

The very distribution of so much stock also has given rise to many unfortunate accidents. The mules at some depots contracted glanders—of a slow insidious type—and spread the disease far and wide. The imported horses sickened and often died owing to the change of climate and diet after the farmer had bought. If a man pays for an animal which dies after payment has been made he is annoyed; but not half so much annoyed as the man who has still to pay for an animal which died two years before. It is understood that the animals dying

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of glanders may be struck off the burgher's debt. It would certainly seem a just measure.

Seed too was not always good. Acres of kiln-dried mealies are buried under still brown fields.[1]

Whatever the faults in the method and execution, the end attained has been good. The Boer is back on his farm, and is working hard to recover his financial position. The general tone is cheerful. Higher prices—cheaper money—the development of the country by railways and prospecting parties—these form the staple subject of a conversation which must necessarily be cheerful.

The position of the Britisher in all this is of course enviable. Between the two Boer parties he is the amused confidant of both. Those who were here before the war can best appreciate the difference. Treated no longer as a helot, he now finds the Boers very possible friends; and the two races have now far more mutual intercourse than formerly. Both races have suffered equally. Envy of material wealth does not come in to cloud their personal relations. Even the most irreconcilable will emphasise his objections to the "joiner" by averring that against the English, who won an open fight, he has nothing to say.

The local church councils are the first field on which the Boer parties find themselves pitted against each other. The irreconcilables—an educated Hollander band of conscientious stalwarts—are all for excluding the "handsoppers" from communion and burial, and for depriving them of any seats on the church council. To promote concord is presumably the duty of the British Government, though Macchiavelli might suggest various ways of widening the breach. If matters do actually go badly with the "handsopper," he with his money and the Government behind him may very well split the Dutch church and thereby destroy the Dutch vote. But Botha and the Bond are quite aware of this. They claim to represent both

[1] Imported grain is often kiln-dried to preserve it on the voyage. Such grain is useless for seed. It takes an expert to recognise the difference.

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parties—they deprecate abuse of anybody speaking Dutch. It is impossible not to be pessimistic as to the result. The educated irreconcilable with a conscience is singularly uninfluential. The Bond, avoiding extremes, will set up a refined distinction between the mere handsopper and the joiner—between the voluntary surrender and the man who followed up his surrender by fighting on the other side. The bait—the open arms of peace, the re-established character—will probably be too much for the mere handsopper, and the joiner will be left in the lurch. It behoves us to see that he gets his compensation, and that he is enabled to hit back. One excellent result of Mr. Chamberlain's visit has a distinct bearing on this point. All voluntarily surrendered burghers had sent in claims to the Military Compensation Boards. These claims the army suddenly disallowed. To those who know the history of these claims the repudiation could only appear as a breach of faith. Great was the joy of the guerilla who had not succumbed to the temptation to surrender—lured by this chance of compensation. One, however, of Mr. Chamberlain's first remarks was that a receipt signed by a British officer was as good as a Bank of England note. (It had at that time in reality approached nearer to the value of a Venezuelan bond.) This was followed by his statement that burghers who had surrendered under Lord Roberts' proclamation and kept their allegiance after surrender would be treated as British subjects in matters of compensation: an excellent solution, which combines justice with great policy. Such a decision helps like Paardeberg, and the people are worth winning as well as the country.[1]

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

[1] Since this article was written, the Government have begun to sell galvanised iron and wood to rebuild the houses. They supply sufficient to build a house 30′ × 20′, and credit is given where necessary. The supplies coming forward, and the prices, are satisfactory.

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BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA

> I came to South Africa as an optimist, and I shall leave it more convinced than ever that the natural forces which draw men together are potent as a remedy for those evils which tend to separate them. Your material interests are in favour of union. South Africa wants more capital, more population, and better communications. She needs the best capacity of all her children. You must decide upon your relation towards the various [native] races of South Africa, and you must speak as one people, not as a house divided against itself.—
>
> Rt. Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (at Cape Town).

THE main features of the immediate situation in South Africa have been rendered familiar by the full accounts of Mr. Chamberlain's proceedings in that country which have been published in the newspapers. Indeed, the educational value of Mr. Chamberlain's mission can scarcely be over estimated. He has taught South Africa, he has taught himself, and he has taught England. It is unnecessary, therefore, to explain this situation, or the general conditions which lie beneath it and make South Africa what it is.

The central objects of British policy in South Africa are definitely fixed. We are all agreed that we must remove the antipathy now existing between the two European races and secure the co-operation of the native population in the material development of the sub-continent. We are further agreed that the fusion of the two sections of the European popula-

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tion must be so effected as to leave British ideals of life and conduct predominant in the conjoint European community; and that the second object must be accomplished upon such terms and by such methods that industrial co-operation may form a bridge to span the social gulf that now divides the dark-skinned majority from the white minority. We are agreed, too, that when the three separate and discordant elements of the tripartite population have thus been reduced to some sort of social cohesion, the political units into which South Africa is now divided must be combined under a single administrative system.

It is something, indeed, to have the goal thus clearly in view. But experience shows us that this clear view is not in itself sufficient to enable us to reach it. We have also to determine the particular agencies by which these central objects are to be secured.

The question is not superfluous. On the contrary, the issue of success or failure depends upon the spirit in which we answer it. Take the first of these central objects, the reconciliation of the Dutch population. The sort of answer which is embodied in the utterances of our public men, and in those of the chief organs of the press, will not help us very much. It amounts to this. We are to let the Dutch alone, and they will gradually "settle down." Liberal institutions, industrial development and education will bring about the required result.

Unfortunately the past history of South Africa points to an exactly opposite conclusion. Education has developed the natural astuteness of the South African Dutch—or, more correctly, Franco-Dutch—population, and changed what was at first an unreasoning resistance to the authority of Government as such, into a definite assertion of racial superiority. Industrial development has widened instead of narrowing the line of cleavage between the Dutch and British settlers. The grant of self-government in the Cape Colony has been perverted into an opportunity for a determined and admirably

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organised political propaganda in support of the Dutch nationality.

Take the second object, the civilisation of the Bantu. In one sense we have been more successful in dealing with the natives than with the Dutch. We have at least brought it about that the superiority of the European is established, and the whole of the native population of South Africa has been placed under the control of European magistrates and officials. The nature and extent of this control vary very considerably; but the fact remains that, among all the numerous tribes between the Zambesi and Cape Town, there is none that is not ultimately subject to the white man's will. Nevertheless, here, too, our real work—the work of civilisation, that is, of making these dark-skinned people capable of becoming citizens—remains to be accomplished. And the question of the agencies by which this object of British policy is to be secured is as imperative as the question of the agencies by which the Dutch are to be reconciled to the British. The experience of the past is equally definite here. It tells us that it is no use trusting to the action of the civilising agencies already in operation. In point of fact, although we have made the civilising of the natives the second of the two main objects of our policy for a century, we have relatively lost ground. Our efforts and achievements in the direction of civilisation, considerable as they have been in themselves, have failed to keep our power level with the increasing forces of barbarism with which it has to deal. The explanation is to be found in the fact that in introducing our rule we destroyed, or limited, the action of natural forces that up to this time had been on our side, and we have not yet introduced the appropriate economic forces to take their place. We stopped the tribal wars, periodic famines and epidemics, which limited the growth of the native population, and kept the forces of barbarism which it wielded divided, and therefore weak for action against the Europeans. As the result of the removal of these checks the

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Bantu population is increasing by leaps and bounds. We have assumed responsibility for the government of the natives, we have increased the numbers of this population, but we have done nothing, or very little, to make the native more capable of governing himself or even of contributing services to the white man sufficient to compensate the European communities for the cost and responsibilities of native administration.

The plain fact is that in South Africa the tide of time sets against us and not with us. We cannot trust to the operation of the natural forces that are at present at work. We have to stem the tide of time, or rather to change its flow by diverting the action of forces already existing, and by enlisting the services of new forces, now quiescent or non-existent, on our behalf. The objects which I have set out are objects which have formed the basis of British policy in South Africa for a century. From the temporary occupation of the Cape in 1795 onwards we find the attainment of these objects laid down with wearisome reiteration as the governing principle of our policy. Nearly twenty years ago we find them embodied in a statement which is as precise and significant as Mr. Chamberlain's last utterance in South Africa. The speaker was Lord Rosmead (then Sir Hercules Robinson). In 1884, when he was on the eve of returning to Cape Town after the negotiations for the London Convention had been completed, he was entertained at a farewell banquet in London, and on that occasion he defined the aims of England in South Africa in these words:

> To bring about between the variously governed European communities something approaching to uniformity of system and action upon matters of common concern; to allay and eventually extinguish race animosities between the two European sections; to provide for the protection and gradual elevation in the scale of civilisation of the natives, while arranging for that expansion of the white race which is inevitable, and which, if properly regulated, will prove of great advantage to all concerned.

And again, with reference to the reconciliation of the Dutch,

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we find Mr. Chamberlain himself enunciating a declaration of policy in 1896 which is identical in spirit with the policy of reconciliation that he has now personally inaugurated in the Cape Colony. At that time the Imperial Government believed that they could win Dutch opinion to their side, and by this means compel Mr. Krüger to redress the admitted grievances of the Uitlanders. Mr. Chamberlain's words were these:

> We have a confident hope that we shall be able, in the course of no lengthened time, to restore the situation as it was before the invasion of the Transvaal; to have at our backs the sympathy and support of the majority of the Dutch population in South Africa; and if we have that, the opinion—the united opinion—which that will constitute will be an opinion which no power in Africa can resist.

The reconciliation of the Dutch to our rule is, therefore, an object which we have consciously and deliberately pursued during a century of British administration. Yet the pursuit of it left us in 1899 no weapon but the naked sword with which to maintain the sovereignty that had been obtained by the double right of conquest and of cession. In the face of this failure it is obvious that the selection of the precise means and agencies by which we are now to accomplish the reconciliation of the Dutch, and not the adoption of this policy, is the only matter left for consideration.

Surely the time has come when we can find the courage to look the facts in the face. Mr. Chamberlain has insisted upon the duty of racial reconciliation. So did Mr. Krüger in the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain meant one thing; Mr. Krüger another. The agencies upon which Mr. Krüger relied for securing the supremacy of the Dutch—which was what he meant by reconciliation—are many of them still at work in South Africa. On what agencies does Mr. Chamberlain now rely for our sort of reconciliation, which is the supremacy of English ideas if not of the English race? If they are the same as those upon which we have relied to give effect to similar appeals throughout the last century, the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon us that this latest appeal for

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reconciliation is no more likely to be realised in the future than similar appeals have been realised in the past. It is quite true that the flag flies over the territories of the late Republics; but, unless we are prepared to keep 30,000 troops permanently in South Africa, and to depend upon force for the maintenance of peace, this new conquest will not in itself help to bring about the racial reconciliation which we desire. On the contrary, the war has furnished us with abundant evidence that the force of resistance which we have to overcome is stronger than we ever believed it to be before. The real work of reconciliation, therefore, remains to be done; and the practical question which we have to decide is whether, in trying to bring it about, we are going to use the same wrong methods over again, or whether we are willing at last to learn the lessons of experience, and adopt a new plan based upon them.

What applies to the reconciliation of the Dutch and British applies equally to our relations with the native tribes. The forces which make the task of civilising the natives more difficult with each succeeding year are more efficient than the agencies which we are employing to accomplish it. The root cause of our inability to civilise the Bantu masses is the numerical inferiority of the Europeans. The only colony in which any appreciable progress has been made in the work of native education, and in the employment of natives on such terms that this employment is a means of adapting the native for a partnership in industry with the European, is the Cape Colony. The progress made here was due to the circumstance that there was a far larger European population than elsewhere.[1] In the Cape Colony alone the method of native administration is one in which the civilisation of the individual native is directly aimed at. It is the system inaugurated by Sir George Grey, and its *modus operandi* is to break up the power of the chiefs with the tribal organisation in general,

[1] In recent years the Cape has annexed populous native territories on its eastern borders, but these native territories are administered separately, and do not form part of the Cape Colony from an economic point of view.

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substituting for it European government on equal terms with the Europeans, with individual ownership of property and individual responsibility to the law. Now this system could not be adopted in Natal, because in Natal, and, indeed, in the whole of South Africa east of the Drakenberg, the European population is a mere handful. Here, then, the opposite, or non-civilising principle, is applied. The tribal organisation and the authority of the chief are maintained, subject to the control of the European magistrates. And the Natal system, *mutatis mutandis*, has been applied elsewhere in South Africa. In one of the late Republics, the Orange River Colony, where the native population was proportionately small, being in the ratio of three to two to the European population, an attempt to civilise the natives might have been made. But any such endeavour was, of course, entirely foreign to the Dutch conception of the relationship between the white and coloured races. In short, the European, in establishing his control over the native population, has failed to replace the economic conditions proper to a state of barbarism by the economic conditions necessary to the acquisition of civilisation.

We know that British policy has failed in the past. History tells us what were the agencies which we employed to give effect to it, and why those agencies were insufficient. Here, then, in the comparison of this experience of the past with our knowledge of the present we have the key by which the problem of South African unity can be solved. Happily our knowledge of South Africa is to-day more full and precise than it has ever been before. For three long years the mind of England was kept fixed upon South Africa, and as the war dragged on a general stocktaking of the economic, political and social conditions was effected. The results of this process have made it plain that our failure was due to the action of certain economic forces which we had wholly overlooked, or at any rate failed to estimate at their true significance. We have been trying throughout the century to overcome by political agencies a resistance which was produced by economic forces,

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and which could therefore be overcome only by agencies of the same character. In other words, the conditions of the sub-continent have long been, and still are, such that the most powerful of the economic forces at work retard instead of advancing the aims we have in view.

Chief among these conditions are: The undeveloped condition of the agricultural land occupied by the Europeans to the west of the Drakenberg; the rapid development of the minerals; the high cost to Europeans in the towns of the necessaries of life; the inadequacy of communications and means of transport; and the presence of a a native population, which, multiplying instead of diminishing in contact with the Europeans, excludes the unskilled British labourer, while it fails to provide an adequate labour supply for the industrial development of South Africa.

To the first of these conditions is to be attributed mainly the now notorious fact, that the British population has gravitated to the towns, whilst the Dutch remain widely scattered over the country districts. The British element in South Africa is, therefore, speaking broadly, an urban population engaged in mining and commercial pursuits, and the Dutch a rural population engaged in agriculture and stock-raising. The two races have thus remained apart, and the original antipathy arising from a difference of race has been deepened by this difference in their pursuits and material interests. Not only so, but the Dutch farmer has maintained a firmer grip of the country, both from the point of view of the rifle and the ballot-box than the English clerk or mechanic. The high cost of living is caused in part by the poverty of the agricultural resources of South Africa itself, and in part by the inadequacy of the means of transport. These causes and the presence of the native have united to exclude the unskilled British labourer from South Africa; while the insufficiency of the supply of native labour—insufficient because when we forbade him to fight we never taught him to work—has tended to limit further the volume of British immigration by increasing the

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difficulties and diminishing the profits of the rural industries. This last cause, together with the fact that so large a proportion of the land of South Africa has passed permanently into the hands of the Dutch population, has not only repelled the better class of British agricultural emigrants from seeking an investment for their capital and enterprise in South Africa, but it has practically confined the stream of British immigration, as thus narrowed by these successive limitations, to the ports and mining centres. In short, South Africa, under its existing economic conditions, could only support a very small British population; and this small population, kept apart from the Dutch by the same economic forces which limited it, and devoted to pursuits other than those followed by the great majority of the Dutch inhabitants, could be used in no sense as an ineffective instrument for racial amalgamation. Not only so, but the tendency for a race to multiply the more easily in proportion as its physical wants are simple and its social aspirations limited is fully realised under these conditions; and the Dutch countryman increases more rapidly than the English townsman, while the primitive Bantu surpasses in fertility the European of either stock.

Our administrative efforts, hitherto sporadic and intermittent—sporadic because we refused to deal with South Africa as one country; intermittent because our party system prevented continuity of policy and purpose—have been easily defeated by these forces in the past. To the action of these forces, perhaps unseen, certainly disregarded, it is due more than to any other determinable cause that a century of wars, missionary effort, British expansion, industrial development, of lofty administrative ideals and great men sacrificed, left the two European races with political ambitions so antagonistic, and social differences so bitter, that nothing but the arbitrament of war could decide which should prevail. It left us, too, with so little of progress in civilising the natives accomplished, that in a crisis such as the present, when the active co-operation of the natives in the work of material development is required, we have to set

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about devising new means of securing a supply of labour for the one great industry of the country. For the same reason the conclusion of three years of successful war finds us to-day confronted by the same problems whose solution we undertook in 1806; finds us, in fact, laying the foundations of a commonwealth when we should have been crowning its superstructure.

British policy in South Africa, if it is to be effective, must be based from the outset upon the recognition of these truths. First, that the opposing forces which we have to overcome are economic as well as political; and, secondly, that it is against the economic forces that our earliest administrative efforts must be directed, since these forces provide the source from which the political aspirations of the Boer and Bondsman derive their permanence and vitality, and the native question its apparent insolubility. Or, to put it in another way, we have a twofold task in South Africa. The work of regeneration which we have undertaken is physical as well as political; and, of the two, physical regeneration must be accomplished first.

When once this cardinal fact is recognised, it is comparatively easy to see the movements and events which are going on in South Africa in their true relationships to the past and the future, and to assign to each its proper significance as an element of the situation with which we have to deal. In a picture of South Africa thus drawn in true perspective the two main lines by which British policy must advance to its goal stand out with startling distinctness. Of these main lines of advance the first and most important is the modification of the physical and economic conditions which have hitherto limited the capacity of South Africa to support a British population. In order to advance in this direction the cultivable area of South Africa west of the Drakenberg must be extended. Large areas, naturally capable of cultivation, but now barren and uninhabited, or undeveloped and neglected under Boer proprietorship, must be converted into agricultural lands by irrigation, water storage, roads and railways. There is no

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reason why this extension of the cultivable area of South Africa should not prove as successful from an economic and financial point of view as the like processes have proved in Egypt and in India. The natural aptitude of the soil and climate of South Africa is evidenced by the fact that almost every variety of temperate and sub-tropical plants can be grown in the sub-continent. The range of produce extends from the vineyards of the Western Province of the Cape Colony to the sugar and tea plantations of Natal and the tobacco and coffee plantations of the Transvaal; while in respect of the pastoral industries the South African farmer can add the raising of ostriches and angora goats to that of the familiar horses, cattle and sheep.

The extension of the cultivable area of South Africa will produce two results, both of which are of the highest importance. In the first place it will enable us to establish British agricultural settlers on the land without displacing the Boers or Dutch country population; and in the second it will remove the notorious deficiency of South Africa in the primary industries of agriculture and stock-raising, and thereby materially diminish the cost of living in the towns.

The importance of the first of these results is so well understood that it is superfluous to enlarge upon it. It is sufficient to say that the creation of a British farming class in the new colonies, and in the Dutch districts of the Cape Colony, will provide us for the first time in the history of South Africa with an effective instrument for racial reconciliation; since experience shows us that anything short of actual racial amalgamation is powerless to effect this object. The most weighty sentence in the report of the "Lands Settlement Commission, South Africa," is directed to this point:

"We desire to express our firm conviction that a well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance to the future prosperity of British South Africa. We find among those who wish to see British rule in South Africa maintained and

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its influence for good extended, but one opinion upon this subject. There even seems reason to fear lest the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which has marked the war should be absolutely wasted, unless some strenuous effort be made to establish in the country at the close of the war a thoroughly British population large enough to make a recurrence of division and disorder impossible."

The second result of the extension of the cultivable area is less important than the first, but it is nevertheless an essential factor in increasing the British population in South Africa. An ample local supply of food will, in conjunction with increased facilities of transport, reduce the cost of provisions in the towns and thereby remove what is at present a serious economic check upon the growth of the British urban population in South Africa.

The main agency for the physical regeneration of South Africa is irrigation with water storage. Mr. Willcocks, in the report which he has addressed to Lord Milner on this subject,[1] has not only laid down the broad outlines of a system of irrigation for South Africa west of the Drakenberg, but given in precise detail the methods by which this powerful agency can be applied in the three colonies, and the results which it may be expected to produce. It is neither necessary nor possible to enter into any discussion of these details. They concern Lord Milner and the special authorities who will ere long be charged with the task of putting into effect the proposals thus boldly outlined. But it is important that we should understand both how great is the present necessity for this agency and how vast are the possibilities of economic progress which it affords. I therefore give the following passage from the report, in which Mr. Willcocks, probably the greatest living authority on the subject, explains the physical and economic deficiencies which make water almost

[1] Report on Irrigation in South Africa. By Mr. W. Willcocks, C.M.G., M.I.C.E., Managing Director Daïra Sania Company, Egypt. Printed by authority. Johannesburg: November 6, 1901.

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as necessary to agricultural South Africa as it is to Egypt:

> Apart from the development of its gold, diamond, and coal mines, South Africa has remained strangely stationary. Fifty years ago it was a pastoral country importing cereals and dairy produce, and even hay, from foreign countries. It is the same to-day. Half a century ago it needed a farm of 5000 acres to keep a family in decent comfort; to-day it needs the same farm of 5000 acres to keep a single family in comfort. Except in the extreme south-western corner of Cape Colony, agriculture has scarcely been attempted, except on the most primitive lines and on the most insignificant areas. Farmers to-day trek from the high veldt to the low veldt and back again with the seasons, just as the wandering Arabs of the desert have done for centuries. The reason for this want of development of the agricultural wealth of the country, and the consequent acute stage of the poor white question, lies in the fact that the rainfall of the three colonies, with the exception of the extreme south-western corner, is not only erratic and uncertain at the times most opportune for sowing, but is constant and heavy in autumn. Autumn again is quickly followed by a very severe and frosty winter without a particle of moisture in the air. When rain is wanted it is generally not there, when it is not wanted it is invariably present. For countries so situated the only possible means of development lie in the storage of water when it is present and not needed, and its utilisation by irrigation when it is needed. Agriculture without irrigation is generally impossible in the new colonies.

Together with the employment of this prime factor in the physical regeneration of South Africa, the construction of roads and the extension of the existing railway system are required. These and other ancillary agencies must be employed in order that the harsh conditions of life on the veldt may be mitigated, and the career offered in South Africa to the British agricultural emigrant may afford at least as good a prospect for the profitable employment of his capital and energy as the like careers in Australia or Canada.

But a successful advance upon this line will not only solve the nationality difficulty: it will permanently secure an element of the highest economic importance for the future commonwealth of South Africa. In Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and even in the United States, there is a tendency for the population to desert the country districts and to crowd into

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the towns. This tendency, common enough in England, is a peculiarly unwelcome feature in the social life of a new Anglo-Saxon country. South Africa is, therefore, especially fortunate in the possession of so large an element of its European population—the Boer and Afrikander farmer—which loves the land and has no aspiration for the peculiar attractions of town life. To convert this element to loyalty and at the same time to increase its economic usefulness by an admixture of British farmers is an object, therefore, worthy of the highest statesmanship.

The second main line of advance is the introduction of such economic conditions among the native population as will compel them to perform the duties which they owe to the European community of South Africa. When once the control of the European was established[1] over the native population, the two elements—the black and white populations of South Africa—were placed in a new relationship to each other. Whereas before, all that the Europeans were called upon to do was to prevent the natives from injuring them, now they had undertaken to provide for the well-being of their dark-skinned subjects. At the same time a corresponding duty to the Europeans was laid upon the natives. Up to the present time this duty has never been adequately claimed by the Europeans nor fulfilled by the natives. The natives have continued to enjoy all the advantages which European rule has brought them—from their point of view, an increased abundance of food and complete security of life and property—without attempting to make themselves capable of discharging the corresponding obligations towards the Europeans which these advantages entail. What is required, therefore, is that the conditions of life and the pursuits proper to the military *régime* under which they formerly existed should now be replaced by the conditions of life and pursuits

[1] The process was, of course, a very gradual one. I speak of it here as an event which can be referred to a definite point of time, only, of course, for the sake of clearness.

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proper to the industrial *régime* to which they have been advanced by the establishment of European control.

The forecast which I presented more than three years ago has now been actually realised. I then said[1]:

"If the Europeans are not to say to the natives, 'Very well, we have prevented you from doing injury to us; we will now leave you alone,' the natives must be ready to show that they are prepared to do something themselves for their industrial development; otherwise the European communities will be justified in refusing to undertake the very heavy responsibilities of native administration and native education."

At the present time the inability to secure a sufficient supply of Bantu labour has compelled the responsible heads of the gold industry in the Transvaal to contemplate the importation of Chinese labour. This may or may not be a correct solution of the immediate difficulty, but it is one which should not be taken without a full knowledge of the consequences which it involves. It means that the Europeans have determined to withdraw from the task of civilising the native population in South Africa. This, from a South African point of view, is an anti-national and disintegrating policy. It is recognised as such in South Africa, and the only possible justification for its adoption would be the refusal of the Imperial Government to allow the colonial governments concerned to adopt the administrative measures necessary to bring about the fulfilment by the Bantu population of its economic obligations to the European community. The general process by which this object can be secured is to replace the disciplinary influences formerly exercised by the harsh agencies of war, famine and disease by a pressure of taxation which will compel an industrial effort sufficient to meet the obligations of civilised government. The precise methods by which this principle of compelling the Bantu to equip himself for civilisation is to be applied must be

[1] Imperial Institute, December 14, 1899. ("The Problem of South African Unity," George Allen.)

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decided by the collective ability of the only men who have any claim to be heard on such a question. These men are the missionaries, traders, schoolmasters, and magistrates, who have learnt the conditions of the Bantu by actual residence among them; the administrators of the native territories, the heads of the departments of South African affairs in the five South African colonies; and the industrial leaders charged with the management and control of the thousands of successive Bantu labourers who have been employed at Kimberley and Johannesburg—and not the Members of the House of Commons, nor even such brilliant professors of the art of expounding other people's affairs as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. James Bryce. Whatever these precise methods may be—they will have to be adjusted to meet the varying conditions of progress attained by the different tribes—the central purpose of the new native policy must be the gradual provision of a simple but effective machinery for raising the Bantu population in the scale of civilisation, out of funds provided by the sole asset which this population possesses, its labour. At the same time arrangements must be made, by means of Government labour bureaux and improved facilities of transport, to enable the native to sell his labour to the European employer under conditions as advantageous as possible to both parties.

I am well aware that the introduction of the ordinary conditions of industrial life among the Bantu by these administrative methods will be denounced as a system of forced labour. In so far as the expression is applicable to the circumstances of South Africa, the objection which it implies admits of a very simple answer. In the sense in which the Bantu would be forced to labour by the pressure of a taxation necessary for his social and economic development, all labour is forced. The only question that admits of discussion is whether the particular means by which a particular class or individual is compelled to work are such as are best adapted to his moral and physical endowments. Nature enforced labour upon primitive man by

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the rudest natural discipline; that is how she raised him to civilisation. First the parent, and now the State, compels the child to learn. The education of the young is nothing but a system of enforced labour. Of the two prime objects of education—the direct acquisition of useful knowledge and the training of the mental powers—the former is of less importance, if, indeed, they can be separated, than the latter; since it is the formation of the habit of work, the capacity, that is, to employ the mind easily and continuously in any given field of human activity, that brings success in the business of life. We compel our children to go to school in England because it is the one way in which we can secure the social and industrial progress of the nation. What right have we, then, to refuse to allow Englishmen in South Africa to employ the same process for the purpose of making the Bantu fit for a partnership in industry and citizenship with the Europeans?

At the present moment it is the gold industry on the Rand, with its ancillary coal industry, that is immediately and disastrously affected by the reluctance of the Bantu to do their part in the development of the resources of the sub-continent. But the question of providing a sufficient supply of native labour for the Transvaal mines is not a matter of merely local concern. What Mr. Willcocks has written of the pre-eminent claim of the Rand in respect of the water-supply of South Africa applies equally to native labour:

> The prosperity and well-being of every interest, not only in the Transvaal but in South Africa generally, will depend on the prosperity of the Rand, certainly for the next fifty years. Though my life has been spent in the execution of irrigation projects and the furtherance of agricultural prosperity, I feel that, under the special conditions prevailing in South Africa, the suggestion of any course other than the obvious one of first putting the Rand mines on a sound footing as far as their water-supply is concerned, would have constituted me a bigot. Ten acres of irrigable land in the Mooi or Klip River valleys with Johannesburg in the full tide of prosperity will yield as good a rent as forty acres with Johannesburg in decay.

But the need for the provision and organisation of Bantu labour does not end when the Rand industries are supplied.

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The enlargement of the cultivable area of South Africa, and the development of the productive capacity of the land already cultivated, are processes without which the paramount object of British policy, the fusion of the Dutch and English, cannot be attained. Alike for the execution of the initial works—irrigation, roads, railways—needed to make the country capable of receiving British immigrants in sufficient numbers, and for the maintenance of the agricultural and pastoral industries as thus developed, a large increase in the existing supply of native labour will be required. In fact, there is scarcely any form of industrial enterprise throughout the whole sub-continent in which the brain of the white man can be used to full advantage without the muscles of the Bantu in support.

The training of the Bantu for industrial life is, therefore, a matter which cannot safely be delayed. It is not only that the industrial development of South Africa depends upon it; the question whether the future relationship of the European and the dark-skinned population is to be one of violence and mutual injury, or one of peace and mutual benefit, will be answered by our acceptance or refusal of the task.

With these lines of British policy before us it is easy to realise the significance of what Mr. Chamberlain has done in South Africa. His personal converse with the Boers, the temper of perfect statesmanship—a temper which refuses to give or take offence—in which he met the unreasonable demands of their leaders, and the sincerity and promptness with which he offered or gave redress for any real injustice, will blunt the edge of that blind resentment against an impalpable and impersonal enemy which has for a century past goaded the Boer to resistance against the British Government. Mr. Hofmeyr's circular, the fruit of Mr. Chamberlain's intercourse with the Dutch Afrikanders in the Cape Colony, is a document which will furnish a large section of the Dutch majority with an excuse for shaking hands, not indeed with their British neighbours, but with the material prosperity that these unwelcome neighbours have brought. The splendid

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presentation of the privileges and responsibilities of membership in the Empire, which Mr. Chamberlain gave in his speeches in the great centres of British population, was admirable as an appeal for a wider colonial patriotism, while as a practical assertion of the unity of the Empire it formed a useful complement to his addresses to the Dutch. But this record, considerable as it is, omits the most valuable of Mr. Chamberlain's services to South Africa and the Empire. The prompt and equitable adjustment of the amount of the Transvaal contribution to the cost of the war, the promise of £85,000,000 for the industrial development of the new colonies, and the assertion of the principle that native administration is a matter that must be decided by South African, and not by English, experience, are all transactions calculated to contribute directly to those economic changes upon which, as we have seen, British policy in South Africa depends for its success. As such they belong to a different and higher order of statesmanship.

To impose a contribution of £30,000,000 upon the British population in the Transvaal is one thing. To do this without any violation of the principle of "no taxation without representation" is another. In itself, and under the existing relationship between the oversea English and the Parliament of the United Kingdom, it is an act of precisely the same class as that by which Lord North lost the Atlantic colonies—now the United States of America. Knowing this, Mr. Chamberlain boldly abandoned the claim of Parliament and made the question of the contribution a point of honour as between the mother country and her sons.

"We want nothing from you," he said at Pretoria, "which, if you were a self-governing colony to-day, you would not give as the willing expression of your loyalty and patriotism and appreciation of your duty to share the burden as well as the privileges of the Empire. I say to you once for all, I would rather go back to England empty-handed than bear with me arrangements extorted from an unwilling people."

And to the men of Johannesburg, for whose wantonness

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the fine patriotism of the Harcourts, Laboucheres and Bryces had blushed :

> Still another calumny. It has been said that you are prepared to repudiate your share of the expenditure which has been incurred in the war. There are people who say that you, whose interests came first, while not only the mother-land but the sister colonies made sacrifices to maintain them, that you alone in the British Empire will fail in your duty. I will wait and see. I do not believe that men who faced personal danger and suffering with so much bravery will now show that they care more for their purses than they did for their lives.

The wisdom of providing the loan of £85,000,000 to be raised upon the joint revenues of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, with an Imperial guarantee, is obvious. In South Africa, *bis dat, qui cito dat.* The immediate command of funds sufficient not only to discharge the existing debts of the Transvaal Government and to buy the existing railways, but also to provide for the public works essential to the establishment of British agricultural settlements in the two colonies is to permit Lord Milner to put into operation without delay the most effective agency at his command for the regeneration of South Africa.[1]

Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the labour question at Johannesburg was marked by the same complete mastery of South African conditions. He at once connected the labour difficulty with the wider question of the relationship of the European to the native population :

> "At the present moment," he said, "there is not labour enough for the natural development of the industries of the country, and it is said, though it is also denied, that there is sufficient for all needs in South Africa provided that the Kaffir could be made to work. This is the crux of the situation. While every civilised nation recognises the duty of labour, the African alone has been taught by centuries [of idleness] that the only honourable employment for man is fighting, and that to labour is the work of slaves. . . . The only hope for the improvement of the coloured man is in continuous work."

[1] Of this £35,000,000 it is estimated that £15,000,000 will be available for fresh public works; and of this sum £5,000,000 has already been allocated to railway extension in the two colonies.

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This pronouncement has been followed by the arrangement of the conference at Bloemfontein, in which the representatives of the several colonies have met to formulate proposals for concerted action. In this conference we have the first step towards the adoption of a uniform system of native administration throughout South Africa. The importance of a general agreement on matters of native policy can hardly be over-estimated. Uniformity will not only produce mutual co-operation and increased efficiency, but it will also diminish the danger of the interference of a mistaken philanthropy. The South African colonies will do well, therefore, to follow the advice which Mr. Chamberlain gave them in his last speech at Cape Town, and "decide upon their relation towards the various races of South Africa, and speak as one people, not as a house divided against itself."

To all who know how much of our past failure in South Africa is to be attributed to those constant "divergences of opinion" between the Home Government and the "man on the spot," of which the Blue-books are eloquent, Mr. Chamberlain's emphatic assertion of confidence in Lord Milner, and his promise of a new and more complete co-operation between the Imperial Government and its representative in South Africa, come as a necessary complement to these acts of high statesmanship. In Pretoria he said:

> "You have confidence in Lord Milner; so have we."

And in Johannesburg:

> "I have come here in the hope that I may be able to strengthen the hands of Lord Milner in the gigantic task to which he has devoted such conspicuous ability and patriotism. . . . When I go back I hope to be better able to co-operate with him in the work which he is carrying on."

I have indicated the main lines by which British policy must advance in South Africa, and the degree in which Mr. Chamberlain has contributed to its progress.

It is for Lord Milner and those who serve under him to

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direct the various agencies by which the objects of this policy can be secured in South Africa. The co-operation of Downing Street has been pledged. But there is one matter in which the active co-operation of the British people themselves is necessary. It is useless to prepare land for the reception of British settlers unless there are men and women of the right kind to go out and occupy it. England, or rather the United Kingdom, must provide these men and women.[1]

One word more. In this account of the aims of British policy in South Africa I have not hesitated to exhibit what I take to be the real difficulties which must be overcome. My excuse lies in the fact, unhappily only too well established by experience, that there is no province of the Empire in which the penalty for the evasion or postponement of Imperial responsibilities is more heavy or more inevitable. Nor is the determination to see things as they really are inconsistent with Mr. Chamberlain's optimism. For if such an examination exhibits the operation of antagonistic forces, it also reveals with equal clearness the agencies by which those forces can be converted from antagonists into the allies and assessors of the British name.

W. Basil Worsfold.

[1] Among the many agencies that are at work for this purpose it may be useful to draw attention to a carefully elaborated scheme for the establishment of training farms for colonists to South Africa which has been prepared by the Marquis of Graham. The essence of Lord Graham's plan consists in the proposal that the municipal authorities of the great towns throughout the United Kingdom should be invited to undertake the establishment and control of farms in which prospective settlers could receive instruction in all matters essential to success in colonial life. I am permitted to add that Lord Graham would be pleased to communicate the details of his scheme to any one interested in the subject.

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THE UNREST IN THE BALKANS[1]

I

BY M. TAKE JONESCU

(Roumanian ex-Minister of Public Instruction and Conservative Leader)

THE incessant agitation in the Balkan peninsula is denied by no one, nor could it be denied. The Christian peoples subjected to the Ottoman rule have invariably suffered under it. So long as the Turkish power was at its height, these sufferings could not find expression; they were possibly ignored or regarded as a normal state. But, as the Turkish power declined, the Christian subjects began to realise the truth of their condition, and sought to alter it, a phenomenon which has been observed at all times and everywhere. *For revolt is bred of relaxed tyranny.*

The initial cause of this state of things is to be found in the fact that the Turks, whether from contempt or toleration, have scarcely attempted to denationalise or dechristianise—to use an expressive if barbarous term—the peoples they had conquered, but have contented themselves with settling by their side and above them. Neither form of absorption—the absorption of the conquerors by the conquered, such as was the case with the Germans who overthrew the Roman Empire and with the Normans in England, nor that of the conquered by

[1] These Articles have been translated by Mr. M. A. Gerothwohl.

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the conquerors, as in the case of the Arab invasion of North Africa and of the Roman conquest of Dacia under Trajan, has taken place in the Balkans.

That is why in the European Turkey of to-day we find a ruling minority, almost negligible in numbers, severed *both* by race and religion from the majority it overrules; the administration, on the other hand, being simply deplorable, we need hardly wonder at the prevalent unrest. This unrest would be far greater and more violent if the conquered peoples belonged to the same nationality, just as they nearly all belong to the same religious denomination.

But such is not the case, the Turkish conquest having merely congealed the sundry peoples in their respective and original positions, and, since no single nationality has predominated, we are face to face in certain parts of the Balkans with a racial mosaic far more complicated than that of either Austria or Hungary.

For instance, we have at the extremities the Greeks who occupy the shores of the Archipelago and part of Epirus; Servians and Albanians in Old Servia; Albanians again, and Macedo-Roumanians along the shores of the Adriatic; and in the centre, in the province named Macedonia, a medley of Bulgarians, Macedo-Roumanians, Greeks, Servians—irrespective of Turks and Albanians, who together constitute at least one-third of the population.

We must beware of supposing that the various nationalities have strictly defined territories and that it would be an easy task to assign limits to their respective spheres. Such an undertaking would be nowadays impossible, especially if we consider the claim of each national unit to the exclusive possession of the whole province. Besides, as regards Macedonia, I see no means whatever of carrying out the idea. Here the Bulgarians are, comparatively speaking, the more numerous in the open country, but the towns and boroughs contain a Macedo-Roumanian majority, at least as far as race is concerned, or rather a Greek one, when we consider the

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wishes of the inhabitants; for a considerable section of the Turkish Roumanians betray Hellenistic rather than Roumanophil tendencies.

There was a time when the religious idea predominated among these populations to so great an extent that all would gladly have accepted the erection of a Christian state, whatever language might have been selected for official purposes. At that period it would certainly have been easier to solve the Balkans riddle. But to-day all is changed.

A Westerner cannot imagine what the language question means to these disinherited nations who have known no more than *the dream of grandeur*. How many times have I myself vainly tried to make a Frenchman or an Englishman understand the feeling that leads one to prefer the most miserable and hateful of kindred governments to the most angelic of foreign masters. The Westerners have realised their national unification centuries ago; they have been accustomed to govern alien and inferior races with the sincere conviction that they are thereby acting in the very best interests of the latter; they have never known the poignant misfortune of seeing their brethren subjected to a foreign power. They are consequently unable to appreciate to its full value that singularly important factor of the human θῦμος the feeling of nationality. That feeling is all-powerful in the Balkans, the raising of fragments of the sundry nations into independent or quasi-independent states having swelled their pride and given new life to their hopes. The violence of these national movements furnishes both the strongest safeguard for the Turkish domination and the greatest obstacle to a radical solution. It would be at present impossible to divide Turkey between the rival races without breeding constantly renewed wars between the several Balkan States.

To satisfy all of them is out of the question, and no single one is as yet sufficiently powerful and influential to force the others into submissive acquiescence. Greece, her recent disasters notwithstanding, is still contemplating the largest share

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in the plunder, despite the fact that the Greeks of Turkey are very few in numbers. The Bulgarians likewise covet everything, and will not entertain the idea of a partner. They are bent on reaching Pinda and the Archipelago, and regard Constantinople as their indisputable lot. I shall never forget the day when a Bulgarian statesman and patriot sought to involve me in combined action in Macedonia, assuring me that his countrymen would welcome for that province a kind of Roumano-Bulgarian dualism. The greater his efforts to convince me, the clearer appeared to me his innermost thought that, after all, the Bulgarian race was entitled to claim the ultimate monopoly.

The Servians ought in reason to busy themselves with Old Servia, and nothing more: but, compressed and checked on all sides by the Austrian Empire, they will not give up the idea of reaching the Ægean Sea before they have tried the fortune of war. If Bosnia and Herzegovina had fallen to their lot, the problem would no doubt have been greatly simplified. But seeing that any attempt at expansion in that direction is doomed to failure, and anxious to breathe at whatever cost, Servia is inevitably driven southward.

I omit the Macedo-Roumanians, of whom I shall speak presently, and the Albanians, whom a great future would doubtless await were it not for their scission into three hostile religions, a scission that must needs delay for a long time to come any Albanian endeavour towards active concentration.

The points I have put forward clearly imply that a "Balkan Confederation" is at the present moment unsusceptible of realisation.

Of course, federation or something of the kind would be the ideal solution; for federation alone could endow each state, to which isolation means weakness, with enough strength to exist *per se*, instead of living from hand to mouth as the obsequious and more or less dependent follower of one or the other great Power.

I do not doubt that, in spite of manifold differences in race,

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temperament, language, and custom, a most potent tie for the eventual federation might be found in community of religion, past life, and material interests; and that one day federation will be an accomplished fact. But the time has not yet come. The respective claims of each party on the as yet unopened succession are still too contradictory to admit of the federative idea.

There are two further considerations which one cannot afford to overlook. If Greece and Bulgaria have no interests outside Turkey, the case is quite different as regards Servia and Roumania. The immense majority of Servians are to be found elsewhere than within the Servian and Turkish borders, whilst of the ten and a half millions of Roumanians some three millions are settled in Austria-Hungary and about one million in Russia. These are not unimportant data when we think of what might be the political attitude of the future federation under certain circumstances; moreover, it is by no means certain that the two great neighbouring empires, Austria and Russia, would view with a favourable eye a federation of the kind mentioned, which could not fail to weaken the influence they at present possess in this corner of the world. Indeed, the uncertainty wherein both empires would find themselves concerning that attitude may well explain their lack of enthusiasm. We cannot expect either to encourage the framing of a federation—at least, not as matters stand to-day. We should also remember that in 1888, when the Bulgarians offered their crown to King Charles of Roumania—whose acceptance would have been the first step towards federation—not only Turkey, but Austria too expressed formal opposition to the project.

But, whilst acknowledging the absolute impossibility within any short distance of time of a federation in whatsoever form—personal union vested in the Crown would prove the least distasteful to all, in spite of the many difficulties to which it would give rise—I have not the slightest doubt that therein lies the future.

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To assert and repeat this is a preparation in itself. There is no need of an "union douanière" to hasten the consummation. Trade between the various Balkan States is naturally limited. Our products are very similar, and, as far as imports are concerned, we all require the same commodities. The barter between ourselves can therefore never grow much in importance, and still less diminish our traffic with the outside world.

What, then, remains to be done? *To preserve the Turk whilst "pruning" him little by little;* that is, we must follow the example already given, repeat history, and ask for no more. Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, Crete have been created in turn, and Roumelia united with Bulgaria. This was the right course, and on similar grounds we shall soon see Crete united with Greece.

For Macedonia, where the intermixture of races is most striking, the best reform will ever be a capable governor, but, as in the case of the Lebanon, a governor appointed for a specific period with the approval of the Powers, and, preferably, *a Christian from the West.*

Under the suggested *régime,* it would be necessary, from a national standpoint, to make Macedonia into a kind of Switzerland. There would be uni-lingual, bi-lingual and even tri-lingual parishes. Freedom of propagandism being allowed, the most powerful nation could not fail gradually to impress its stamp upon any particular part of the country.

It will be asked whether the Turk will consent to such a reform. He will have to, for the all-sufficient reason that sooner or later his reluctance would be bound to produce a catastrophe which he could not possibly survive. Apart from this, we must put our trust in Time, which smoothes and unravels so many situations apparently inextricable.

. . . . . .

I shall now discuss the question from a purely Roumanian standpoint. Roumania is neither geographically nor socially, so to speak, a Balkan State. The Danube severs her from the

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Balkans, and if, politically speaking, the Carpathians sever our kingdom from Central Europe, one should not forget that the Roumanian race overlaps both slopes of the Carpathians and that over three millions of its children are settled on the northern slope and extend westward from the last ramparts of that range to the beginning of the vast plains watered by the Theiss.

If, too, Roumanian history has many traits in common with that of the Greeks, Bulgarians or Servians, there is nevertheless a most striking distinction to be drawn. Greeks, Bulgarians and Servians have been *rayas—i.e.*, subjected by the Moslem conquest, which practically suppressed their forms of national existence—so that between their distant past and their comparatively recent resurrection we find a great break of continuity. The Roumanian race has escaped this misfortune. Both Moldavia and Wallachia ever maintained their complete autonomy until the eighteenth century, when it suffered some reduction, though not to such an extent that their national public life could ever have been regarded as extinct. Hence a very great difference in social organisation. Bulgaria and Servia are purely rural districts. The Greek colonies of the East and West have, it is true, given Greece a nucleus—but only a nucleus—of ruling classes. In Roumania, where the ruling classes dispose of great power, things are altogether different. It is clear, therefore, that our national life, which is very much akin to that of Hungary and more especially of Poland, differs much from that of Servia or Bulgaria. But, although not a Balkan State properly so-called, Roumania cannot remain indifferent to what is going on in the Balkan regions; and that, for three main reasons.

Of these reasons the first is a sentiment alone. Roumania, being precisely the only Christian state of the East which, after the Ottoman conquest, has preserved uninterrupted a national existence, has for centuries served as a shelter to the Christians of the Peninsula who sought the hospitality of her soil, there to maintain the memory of their ancient Fatherland

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and eventually prepare its revival. Here it is that the Greeks of Ypsilante founded their first political associations and the Bulgarians exercised their first legions. Roumania accordingly feels a kind of moral right to claim a voice in every reorganisation of the Christian life of the Balkans, a life which is greatly her own work. This purely sentimental interest is backed by a national one.

The Roumanian inhabitants of Turkey—I estimate their number at a minimum of 500,000, but they pretend to be more numerous—are a very small quantity, not a twentieth part, in regard to the total of 4,800,000 Roumanians to be found outside the Roumanian kingdom (3,000,000 in Hungary, 1,000,000 in Russia, 200,000 in Servia, 100,000 in Bulgaria and 500,000 in Turkey), and of 10,400,000 including the kingdom. They nevertheless constitute for the future destiny of the Roumanian race a factor which it cannot afford to disregard. They are all the dearer to the Roumanians of the kingdom, because, if one considers their geographical remoteness and the manifold reasons they might put forward for preferring any other to a purely Roumanian propaganda, their Roumanophil attitude is almost a prodigy. I need hardly say that no Roumanian statesman has ever aspired to annex Macedonia or even to found there a second Roumanian State. But we Roumanians are desirous that our brethren in Macedonia should preserve their nationality, and that every new *régime* should confirm them in the one privilege they do possess, that of cultivating in full liberty their mother tongue. It is no mean comfort for us to know that our language is spoken, our literature read, and our mode of life adopted on the very shores of the Archipelago and Adriatic. Roumania will never give up this heritage unless compelled.

True, it would be easy enough to mistake the intentions of Roumania, judging from her material action. This action, started in 1864, and, reinforced after the war of 1878, has since shown itself so weak and intermittent, that at times—for instance, during the last two years—its complete cessation

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seemed nothing improbable. But we may shortly expect a revival of national interest and action; the policy abandoned some two years ago will be reverted to, and all will be done to make up for lost time; much has not yet been wasted.

In concluding, we should not forget that the loss of Bessarabia—*i.e.*, of the land situated between the Dniester and the Pruth—a result largely brought about in 1812, and finally achieved in 1878, has caused Roumania to extend southward beyond the Danube, thus gaining access to the Black Sea. Owing to her acquisition of the Dobroudjé, Roumania is henceforth directly interested in all territorial changes which may eventually be wrought South of the Danube.

The men who conducted Roumanian policy in 1878 committed an unpardonable fault when they omitted to obtain from Russia, during the negotiations about Bessarabia, a well-defined Southern frontier, the Rouschiouk-Varna line. Failing this, we cannot, unless compelled by force of arms, accept without some compensation any territorial changes in the Balkan peninsula which might tend to strengthen others in a notable proportion and thereby destroy at our expense the actual balance of power.

Roumania is entitled to a voice in the matter, and she will most certainly claim it. This is an undisputed opinion for most of our politicians, whatever the friendly feelings we may entertain for our Bulgarian and Servian neighbours.

That is why Roumanian interests point to the preservation of the Turk and to a progressive amelioration of the present status, and not to a radical solution which must inevitably breed a conflict from which Roumania could not stand aloof.

As for the eventual federation, Roumania would be the very first to welcome it, seeing that to her would fall the part of *prima inter pares*.

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II

By GENERAL TZONTCHEFF[1]

(Vice-President and Military Commandant of the Central Macedonian Committee, Sofia)

AS you know, my friends and I are at the head of the Macedo-Andrinopolitan organisation, whose sole object is to improve the condition of the Christian population in Macedonia and in the Vilayet of Andrinople. We have weighed the various considerations which can influence our line of conduct and shall formulate our appreciation from that particular standpoint.

You ask us to state the main cause of the prevalent unrest in the Balkan peninsula. We reply without hesitation: The Ottoman administration in the European provinces of the Turkish Empire. This Turkish system of administration stirs up dissatisfaction among the Sultan's subjects, and its effects are also felt in the neighbouring regions.

Both provinces, Macedonia and the Vilayet of Andrinople, are peopled by a majority of Christians, who are related in language and religion to the Border States. The Christian population of Macedonia—that centre of discord!—embraces segments of several nations, but the preponderance of the Bulgarian element cannot be denied; indeed, that element is numerically stronger than all the others put together. Hence the warm-hearted sympathy of the Balkan peoples for their fellow countrymen who suffer under the Turkish yoke.

The Sultan's Government knows but one road to pacification (?): an increase of cruelty. The natural outcome is

[1] General Tzontcheff has been arrested and imprisoned by the Bulgarian Government since February 15 of this year.

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intensified dissatisfaction among his Christian subjects and intensified sympathy among their free brethren.

Therein lies the whole secret of the prevalent unrest in the Balkan peninsula.

This unrest, however, is further aggravated by the territorial covetousness of the neighbouring States. These are all equally persuaded that Turkey is doomed to gradual dismemberment and partition, with the result that each hopes to extend its frontiers at the expense of the European provinces of Turkey, and more especially of Macedonia, which thus becomes a source of violent competition.

In order to strengthen their respective claims to inheritance, the sundry Balkan States seek support among their fellow countrymen in Macedonia, and strive to augment their influence by this agency. Even Roumania, which lies far away from the Macedonian frontiers, and can only boast in the province an insignificant number of Roumanians, is doing all within her power to maintain some kind of influence, for fear of losing her share of the eventual "plunder."

The Turkish rulers have understood what use to make of this rivalry between the various nationalities; and, relying on it rather than on their own strength, they not only leave a free hand to agitation in Macedonia, but are constantly provoking and creating them. That is why in these later days Macedonia has become the incentive to and scene of a desperate struggle between the diverse Balkan States.

The Macedonians are quite justified when they assert that, if their country is still to-day under Turkish rule, the misfortune is entirely due to their free brethren, who seek to divide instead of to assist them in obtaining their liberty.

This consideration apart, the two Powers directly interested in the Balkans take advantage of the existing rivalry between the petty States, and thereby exercise an obnoxious influence on the security of this region.

But we must not forget that to destroy the evils we must first of all eradicate the cause—*the Turkish system of adminis-*

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tration. This change of administration once effected, the dissatisfaction of the Christian population of European Turkey would cease, and the Border States would see the disappearance of any incentive to territorial covetousness and rivalry. The consequence would be closer union between all the Balkan States.

Our firmest conviction, therefore, is that peace will be restored in the Balkan peninsula as soon as Macedonia, the Vilayet of Andrinople, Old Servia and Albania have been raised into autonomous provinces under the suzerainty of the Sultan and the Protection of the Great Powers. The latter should, however, impose well-defined ethnographical and political boundaries.

Before concluding, I should like to add a word. The idea of a partition is daily gaining ground, in face of the almost insuperable difficulty which any single State would encounter in an attempt to acquire the whole of the Macedonian territory. Such a partition could but add to the disorder. Of this we are firmly persuaded, and we are accordingly working for the maintenance of Macedonian integrity. Should the need for action ever arise, you would see us fighting against the partitioners as ardently as we are now fighting against Turkish misrule.

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III

By M. P. SKATISTIVIS

(President of the Cretan Chamber of Deputies)

FROM every standpoint, whether geographical, historical, political or racial, the Island of Crete finds itself in a peculiar position, very distinct from all other Eastern lands. The cradle of the earliest Greek civilisation, it has ever been occupied by a purely Greek population. The Mussulman inhabitants of Crete, who, judging from the census conducted some two years since by eminent officials of the Italian Statistical Department, number hardly one-tenth of the entire population, are, with but few exceptions, descended from the Greeks, and in complete ignorance of the Turkish language. In fact they differ from the Christians in religious matters only, and in the practice of polygamy, that characteristic trait of the social life of the Turk.

The Cretans, who took an active share in the seven years war of Hellenic Independence (1821–28), have constantly manifested their desire for reunion with Greece by a series of insurrections; and if they have not as yet thereby fulfilled their wish, they have at least earned certain privileges which have gone far to create in Crete a state of affairs very different from that of any other province of the Ottoman Empire. A special legislative body, a special legal organisation, exemptions from certain taxes, and the recognition of Greek as the only official language, these various privileges contributed to secure for the island a sort of semi-autonomy, wherein the Turkish suzerainty asserted itself in one connection only—by the presence of a Turkish garrison. Throughout these insurrections the support of all Cretans, who, owing to age or sex, were

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unable to carry arms, fell to the lot of Greece, whilst the military preparations which that country felt compelled to make in order to face any eventuality are regarded as one of the main causes of its financial deficiencies.

This it was, perhaps, that prompted Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, to abdicate in 1880 the Hellenic Crown. To explain his action he argued the neglect shown towards Crete by the Powers which had decided the creation of the kingdom.

The most recent outbreak in Crete, that of 1896, brought about the intervention of Greece, with the result that a Greek corps under Colonel Vassos was despatched to occupy the island. The outcome of this intervention was the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, during which Greek action in the island was prohibited by the Powers, anxious to separate entirely the Cretan and continental questions, and settle the former quite apart from the latter. The autonomy promised after Colonel Vassos' expedition was ultimately realised by the choice of Prince George of Greece to act for a period of three years as the High Commissioner of England, France, Russia and Italy, and by the departure of the Turkish troops.

Since that time all connection between Crete and Turkey has been severed. The Cretan organisation is carried out on the Greek pattern by Greeks or Cretans who have been instructed at Athens in the various administrative branches, and this, added to the recognition of Greek as the official language, lends to our country the aspect of a Greek province.

But the present state of things—*i.e.*, a protectorate under the four Powers and the maintenance of an international garrison in the island—are only temporary measures. What will be the definite arrangement which should remove from Europe's shoulders the care of this Eastern land? Is Crete to form a distinct principality under Turkish suzerainty, as in the case of certain Balkan regions? The first Parliament convoked after the accession of Prince George gave solemn consecration to the unanimous wish of the Cretan population

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in the shape of an unanimous decree expressing to the Powers the desire for annexation by Greece. And this appears to me the only practical solution. A population of barely 800,000 like that of Crete cannot meet the outlay necessitated by the organisation of an independent State. For this assertion there is excellent proof. It is generally conceded that under the wise rule of Prince George order has been restored and justice administered with impartiality, irrespective of religious denomination. Yet, although several administrative departments are flourishing, the public revenue, which has averaged some 8,000,000 francs per annum, does not provide a centime for the construction of new ways of communication or for the improvement of natural produce; besides, when the foreign troops have left, a new burden will arise for us in the maintenance of a militia force.

I have recently been assured that annexation is generally admitted by European experts to be a necessity, but that one must needs await a favourable opportunity. This opinion is perhaps responsible for the renewal of Prince George's mandate for an indefinite period at the expiration of his tenure of three years. It seems as if the Powers feared lest difficulties similar to those raised by the Balkan States in regard to the reform projects in Macedonia would arise in the case of Crete. I shall point out, first, that the political situation of Crete, since 1898 more especially, is quite different from that of Macedonia; secondly, that the highly advantageous reforms which Turkey is about to adopt in favour of her Slav population should furnish the Powers with precisely the required opportunity.

As for adapting to Macedonia the present Cretan administration, I cannot give any technical opinion in the matter, the country not being personally known to me. But I hardly think it would be an easy task to frame a province which the Powers do not wish to separate from Turkey on the Cretan pattern. For ours is a State whose constitutional autonomy has been sanctioned in Rome by the representa-

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tives of four great Powers. Apart from this consideration, I may repeat that our island is almost entirely peopled by Greeks, and the Mussulman minority, with very rare exceptions, speak the same tongue. In Macedonia, on the other hand, the Greeks number but one million out of a population of 2,500,500. The remainder are Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, Wallachians, &c. Thus we find numerous tribes, each unacquainted with any but its own language, and between whom any true understanding is regarded as very difficult. All that can actually be hoped for is the formation of a *gendarmerie*, as in Crete, commanded by European officers foreign to any country interested in the problem. From such a corps much may be expected as regards the maintenance of order and the security of the population actually threatened by Bulgarian bands.

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THE OBSTINACY OF THE ROMANOFFS

THE recent Manifesto of the Tsar of Russia, heralding reforms in home administration, has provoked a number of comments and suppositions in the daily papers, of which the general tenour is that the Tsar's belated country is going to mend its ways and make a beginning of conforming to the Western system of social life known as "Civilisation." Nicholas II. is pictured as yielding at last to the humanising influence of the "Anglo-German Tsaritsa," shaking off the baleful spell of that "grim fanatic," M. Pobedonostseff, dealing a death-blow to the Orthodox Church, and, not without fear of the consequences, "gingerly pouring new wine" into bottles that were hardly worth the formality of preservation: it is inferred that now the Doukhobors will have an easy time, and Count Tolstoi will be able to speak his mind.

This is the Western form of compliment. Not one word, however, of the manifesto itself seems to justify the belief that Nicholas is going to Westernise his country. Quite the contrary. He recalls his vow "sacredly to preserve the century-old pillars of the Russian power," and declares his intention of still following "the way indicated by the memorable deeds" of his predecessors, especially of his "never-to-be-forgotten father." Like every other public utterance and action of the Tsar, this manifesto once more makes clear that he means to give Western forms of policy no foothold in his Empire.

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The new manifesto is a counterpart in home politics to what the Peace Conference manifesto was in foreign politics; both are expressions of the Slavophil scheme of national life.

The most important historical achievement of the Russians during the nineteenth century was the awakening of the national consciousness to the fact that they were the inheritors of a civilisation different in character from that of any other nation in Europe. The thought was first put into definite shape by the Slavophils, who generalised the history of their country in forms provided by the speculations of Schelling and Hegel. The civilisations of the West, basing their government, their political economy, and even their religion, on the conflict of individual opinions and interests, were, they held, the work of the devil. The rule of majorities was immoral, the only Christian agreement was unanimity, and the only way to achieve unanimity was by autocracy. The millennium would come when the best of all nations had perfected its civilisation and could peacefully impose it on the rest.

Alexander III. was a product of this school of thought, an intimate friend of Katkoff, Ivan Aksakoff and the younger generation of Slavophils. His policy was of course largely shaped by the necessity of restraining the unquiet spirits which had broken loose in the last years of Alexander II.: but in every way it was consistent with the ideas of Slavophily. Alexander III. steadily unified his country—not without injustice to Finland—and assured it such a position in foreign politics that its ruler's word practically became law in Europe: while M. Pobedonostseff, in his sphere, laboured to effect such unanimity of religious thought as could be achieved by restraining the propaganda of the sectarians.

Nicholas II.'s two manifestoes might have been written by his father. The summons to the Peace Conference was a natural corollary to Alexander's foreign policy; the present manifesto is a natural corollary to his domestic policy, the

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removal of grievances by sheer exercise of autocratic power, once the rebellious element of demand has been eliminated.

In each separate article of his manifesto Nicholas makes clear his rejection of Western methods. He means to better the condition of the artisans: but he explicitly refuses to yield an inch to the agitations organised by foreign and Jewish Socialists in the manufacturing towns. They are "designs hostile to the State, and partly engendered by doctrines foreign to Russian life," which "hinder the general work of ameliorating the well-being of the people."

The priesthood, the noblesse and the peasantry—the three pillars of the Russian system—are to be rescued from the decay into which they are falling. He is going to "improve the material position of the Orthodox clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in intellectual and public life." The Banks are to "direct their efforts to strengthening and developing the welfare . . . . of the local nobility and peasantry."

Making it easier for the peasants to rid themselves of the claim of their village on their liberty, and making the villagers individually instead of collectively responsible for the taxes, does not imply any departure from the old village community system; and, indeed, the Emperor expressly declares that "the fundamental principle of property in common is to be held inviolable." Evidently he does not mean to facilitate the drifting of the villagers into the formation of a town proletariat, but only to remove an engine of oppression from the hands of those iniquitous *mirs* which blackmail those of their members who make fortunes in the towns.

It was rumoured some ten months ago that Nicholas was meditating the introduction of a constitution modelled upon Loris Melikoff's scheme. Loris Melikoff's constitution is the one approved by Alexander II., and set aside when he was assassinated. By that scheme the Senate was to be empowered to send exploring parties into the provinces to ascertain the needs of the population; the results of their inquiries were to be digested by committees in St. Petersburg. Having seen

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the reports of the committees, the Emperor was to outline laws, which were to be submitted to a House consisting of Government nominees and deputies elected by the Zemstvos. The Minister whose department was chiefly affected was to report, through the Council of Ministers, to the Emperor on the results arrived at by the House; and the Emperor was then to legislate in the light of the accumulated wisdom of all these bodies.

The new manifesto sets last year's rumour at rest. The Emperor has partly adopted and partly rejected the Loris Melikoff system. It is nearly all here, except the House, which was a poor attempt to translate Western institutions into terms of Russian life.

"We command our Ministers and the chief officials concerned in this matter," says Nicholas, "to submit to us their views as to the execution of our intentions." We now hear that a commission of representative men is sitting in St. Petersburg under the presidency of Von Plehve to elaborate the Emperor's schemes. But he has no intention of letting his subjects advise him until their advice is asked for. Two or three years ago he administered a sharp rebuke to one of the provincial Zemstvos which offered its advice on the affairs of the country; and now he reminds them once more of the limitation of their sphere, expressing his confidence that "all will loyally discharge their *local* duties." "The work marked out *by us* for the revision of the laws of the rural population is, *when carried out*, to be referred to the Provincial Councils, to be adapted to the special conditions of the localities concerned."

It is a Romanoff policy pure and simple; progress, but progress on Russian lines; a scheme of Alexander II.'s time adapted to the spirit of Alexander III.'s.

It is natural enough to thank heaven that we are Britishers; but it is wholesome at times to try and realise that there are other civilisations in the world, and that in their poor way, and for the poor folk that are born into them, they have a *raison*

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d'être. It is unjust to picture the Tsar as a benighted Oriental potentate, scion of a house of tyrants, waking at last from Asiatic sloth, as he listens to his German Scheherazade telling him what is being done in the Western world. The Romanoffs have seen and rejected our civilisation since Romanoffs were. They have borrowed our mechanical arts, but never our social order.

Our civilisation is endeared to us by its history; is it not possible that the civilisation of the Russians is endeared to some few of them in the same way?

For romance, their tales of the old Cossacks and the wars with Poles and Swedes and Turks may worthily compare, I think, with anything that can be told about Magna Charta and the Reform Bills.

The *Daily News* looks hopefully forward to the day when Russia shall "add one more to the great progressive nations of the world." This cannot fail to be encouraging to a beginner. But are the Russians not progressive? To have sprung from obscurity in two or three generations and reached a high place in commerce, manufacture, literature and music—is that not a sign of progress?

At home we never tire of abusing the faults of our civilisation: the evils of our political system, the power of "the Trade" in "the House," slums, public-houses, advertisements, irreligion, trusts, the depravity of literature, the licence of the press—all these are the stock-in-trade of our popular preachers and our satirists. These things are not civilisation, but they are undoubtedly the usual accompaniments of *our* form of civilisation.

Yet when we are brought face to face with another form of civilisation deliberately framed to avoid these evils, we maintain that these evils are Progress itself; that Russia has prevented the accumulation of a slum-proletariat through "backwardness," that the endeavour to maintain a national Church is "intolerance," that the bridling of the press is "tyranny."

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English opinion of Russia is educated chiefly by exiled revolutionaries, yet it might be surmised that many Russians actually approve of the system under which they live.

Is our Parliamentary system so perfect a reflection of justice that no better system could be conceived? It is not even representative: in each constituency there is a large minority, the unsuccessful party, which has no representative in Parliament at all. The idea is abhorrent to the Russian creed of justice. It is the fundamental idea of autocracy that the Emperor sits for minority as well as majority, and for the Country as well, a constituent not represented in our Parliament.

Neither system is perfect in its working; but theoretically there is much to be said for the autocratic system. Granted autocracy, the censorship of the press, religious "intolerance," and many other things follow as a matter of course. If the public is not to decide the questions which concern it, they must not be discussed *coram publico*. If the policy of the State rests upon a religious basis it cannot allow its subjects to be drawn away from the religion on which it is based.

Tolerance is a good virtue in Pagans and in Protestants: individual judgment is the essence of Protestantism. Tolerance in a religion based on tradition and authority is a crime allied to heresy: we must not expect it of Moslems, Roman Catholics, or Orthodox, except in so far as intolerance is evidently useless. The Russians have always been tolerant to Polish Catholics and Tartar Mohammedans. Now they are going to extend their lenience to others: but hardly to the Doukhobors. The law enjoins military service, and they refuse to obey the law: in all probability the Doukhobors will continue to be "persecuted for their religion," just as the Peculiar People are "persecuted for their religion" in England.

Russia and the West aim at the same end in their evolution: they approach it from different directions. We proceed from chaos by the way of elimination: the Russians proceed from rigour by the way of gradual relaxation. The Russians

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love liberty as much as ourselves—serfdom was an Anglo-Saxon institution imposed upon Russia by a usurper, and abolished a few years before the Anglo-Saxons gave up keeping slaves—but one cannot have everything.

The faults and failures of the Russian system are patent and distressing; its liabilities to abuse are infinite; all the heroism of the country is against it; all our personal sympathies are against it; our sense of personal dignity revolts from it. This is less a plea for admiration of the system than an endeavour to explain how it may justify itself to its upholders: partly it is a protest against a habit of gauging every foreign civilisation by an inapplicable British scale of "progress."

GEORGE CALDERON.

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THE LACE INDUSTRY

THE Belgian Ministry of Industry and Labour has, for some time past, been issuing a series of Reports upon home work in that country. The fourth of these, prepared by Dr. Pierre Verhaegen, deals with lace-making, and is particularly interesting. It is copiously and beautifully illustrated, contains much curious detail, and gives a picture of industrial conditions not only interesting in themselves but full of instruction and of warning.

As to the antiquity of lace—a subject upon which the paucity of positive evidence leaves room for the widest diversity of opinion—Dr. Verhaegen prudently confines himself to observing that no documents dating from before the fifteenth century are known which conclusively prove the existence of lace. In England the word appears for the first time in the Coronation expenses of Richard III. in 1483. Within a century from that date, lace had become a customary part of the dress of royal and noble persons. Henry III. of France, if tradition may be believed, was so anxious about the perfection of his lace ruffs that he himself, upon occasion, "got them up" with crimping irons.

By the close of the fifteenth century lace-making was practised, probably to a considerable extent, in the Netherlands, and the Emperor Charles V. ordered it to be taught in schools and convents. His son, Philip II., however, took a different view, and, on account of the difficulty of getting

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Fan in Brussels Application, needle made (

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domestic servants, forbade the "making or causing to be made of any works with bobbins," except by little girls under twelve. Happily the decree seems to have been ineffectual, and the industry remained, on the whole, a prosperous one until the French Revolution disturbed, among many greater things, the market for laces. With the Napoleonic period lace began to revive, but received a great blow in 1819, when machine-made net was invented. By-and-by, however, the lace trade allied itself with this new enemy, and machine-net was employed as a groundwork for some laces of which the grounds had previously been laboriously woven with the needle or with bobbins. The rate of manufacture of such laces was, of course, greatly quickened, and the price correspondingly reduced, while, machine-net having been brought to great perfection, the beauty and durability of the lace is but little diminished. In 1837 the Jacquard loom rendered possible the imitation of Valenciennes and some other kinds, and the trade in real lace suffered enormously.

About 1840 a wave of extreme poverty passed over East and West Flanders. Then, as a means of help, charitable people began to think of reviving the lace industry; many convents established lace schools in which the best traditions were maintained, and Belgium was brought by degrees to its present position as the first lace-making country of the world.

Lace-making has always been divided into two branches: needle-lace and bobbin-lace, and both kinds are largely manufactured in Belgium.

In the manfuacture of needle-lace, the first step is the preparation of a pattern representing some small separate portion of the whole design. The outline is marked in white dots on a blue paper, and the worker begins by tacking this paper upon a backing of linen or calico. Next, taking together four or five threads, and treating them as a single thread, she tacks this down with fine stitches all along the outline. This process concluded, she proceeds to the real making of the lace. Since only a tiny portion can be done at a time, and since the

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most delicate cleanness is demanded, the pattern is generally protected at this stage by a bit of *toile cirée*, having only a small hole through which the part in hand is left exposed. Stitches of extraordinary fineness now fill in the outlines; the solidity of the thicker parts (called *mat*) varies, and the delicate openwork (the *jours*) is generally put in by a special worker (a *foneuse*). The *mat* being all finished, a coarser thread is very finely and closely button-holed over the outlines, the original tackings that held the first tracing of thread to the pattern are cut, and the piece is ready to receive its *jours*, and then to be either "applied" or joined to other pieces.

Among needle-laces Brussels point, or *point de gaze*, is perhaps the most widely known, and is one of the most expensive. Its special characteristic is a fine net ground, made by the needle. Its beauty depends partly upon the regularity of this net, partly upon the delicacy of the *jours*, and very much upon the goodness of the design. Some modern Brussels point is as good as the very best old work; but much of it is poor in design and in execution, the net coarse and ill-joined to the flowers, the flowers irregular, and the outlining thread carelessly oversewn. Brussels point is, roughly speaking, no longer made in Brussels, but is almost invariably produced in various country districts, especially in East Flanders, by home workers or by workers in convent schools. Only in the tourist season are lace-makers put to work by way of advertisement in temporary workrooms belonging generally to retail shops and open to the inspection of visitors.

Brussels application consists of similar flowers "applied" upon net, and the net now used is always machine-made; the applied pieces themselves being either needle-made or bobbin-made. This lace has been greatly improved of late years, and some of the designs reproduced in this Report are equally beautiful and original. The process of sewing the pieces upon the net is called *stricage*, and is performed, upon a large frame of the whole width of the net, by a worker called a *striqueuse*.

Venice point and rose point, those most beautiful and

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costly of heavier laces, are also made in Belgium, and are there brought to a higher degree of perfection than in any part of their original country. In *point de Burano*, however, a finer lace made, like Venice point and rose point, of linen thread, but having a net ground very much like that of Brussels, the Belgian manufacture remains inferior to that of the school of Burano.

The maker of bobbin-lace, unlike the needle-worker, needs a certain outfit. A cushion or pillow, well stuffed and generally mounted on a stand, is the first requisite. Within or behind the cushion is a drawer to contain the completed portion of the lace. The bobbins are little wooden implements of which the upper part forms an elongated reel, the lower part a handle. Those generally used are made of deal or of oak and cost from 16 to 24 centimes a dozen. In boxwood they cost 2.40 fr. a dozen, and in rosewood 8 fr., but bobbins of this sort are employed only by the many ladies who, in Belgium, make lace for their own pleasure. The number of bobbins required for different laces varies, according to the width and the complexity of the pattern, from four to 1200 and even more. The central principle, in all cases, is the use of pins around which the threads are passed, and by which they are held in place until they have been firmly woven together in the required design. A pattern on green parchment or blue paper, pricked at the point where each pin is to be inserted, is provided, and if the lace is complicated, or if the worker is making it for the first time, a piece of lace is given her as a model.

Bobbin-laces are of two kinds: (1) Those which are made in comparatively small separate pieces, afterwards sewn together (as in the coarser Bruges laces); applied on net (as Brussels application); or connected by a needle-worked ground (as *point d'Angleterre*). (2) Those which have a ground of net woven at the same time as the figures of the pattern and with the same threads (for example, Valenciennes, Chantilly and Mechlin laces). These are generally edgings, insertions or

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flouncings, are made by the same worker throughout, and have the same threads running through their whole length.

Laces of the first class require comparatively few bobbins—generally 12 to 14; those of the second, if wide and complicated, require so large a number that long pins are employed to divide the bobbins into groups, and keep them out of the worker's way, so many only being left free at a time as are needed for some particular part of the work. The pins again are differently used; in laces of the first kind, they mark the outlines, and the outlines only, are pressed well home, and remain in place until the piece is finished; in such laces the movements of the threads between are few and simple. In the net-ground laces, on the other hand, pins have to be placed at many interior points, from which they are removed to be set further on as the lace advances; and the movements of the threads between these lightly planted pins are excessively varied and complicated.

Bobbin-laces are naturally more exposed than needle-laces to imitation, and the demand for imitations has seriously injured the manufacture of Valenciennes and Chantilly. The French imitation Chantilly, indeed, comes very near, both in appearance and durability, to the real lace. Torchon, too, a lace of a poor sort, at best, can be made by machinery practically as well as by hand. That it should continue to be made by hand is therefore neither desirable nor profitable. Yet no bobbin-lace is more widely manufactured—or worse paid.

The demand for real Valenciennes has greatly diminished since about 1860, and though it is still largely made, the workers are so ill paid that many have given up the work. In these days Valenciennes is chiefly employed for trimming underlinen, French ladies, in particular, preferring a little edging of real to a more elaborate decoration of imitation lace. This use naturally leads to the manufacture rather of narrow than of wide laces, and the handsome wide Valenciennes would perhaps hardly be made at all were it not for the existence of a special market among the peasant women of Normandy and

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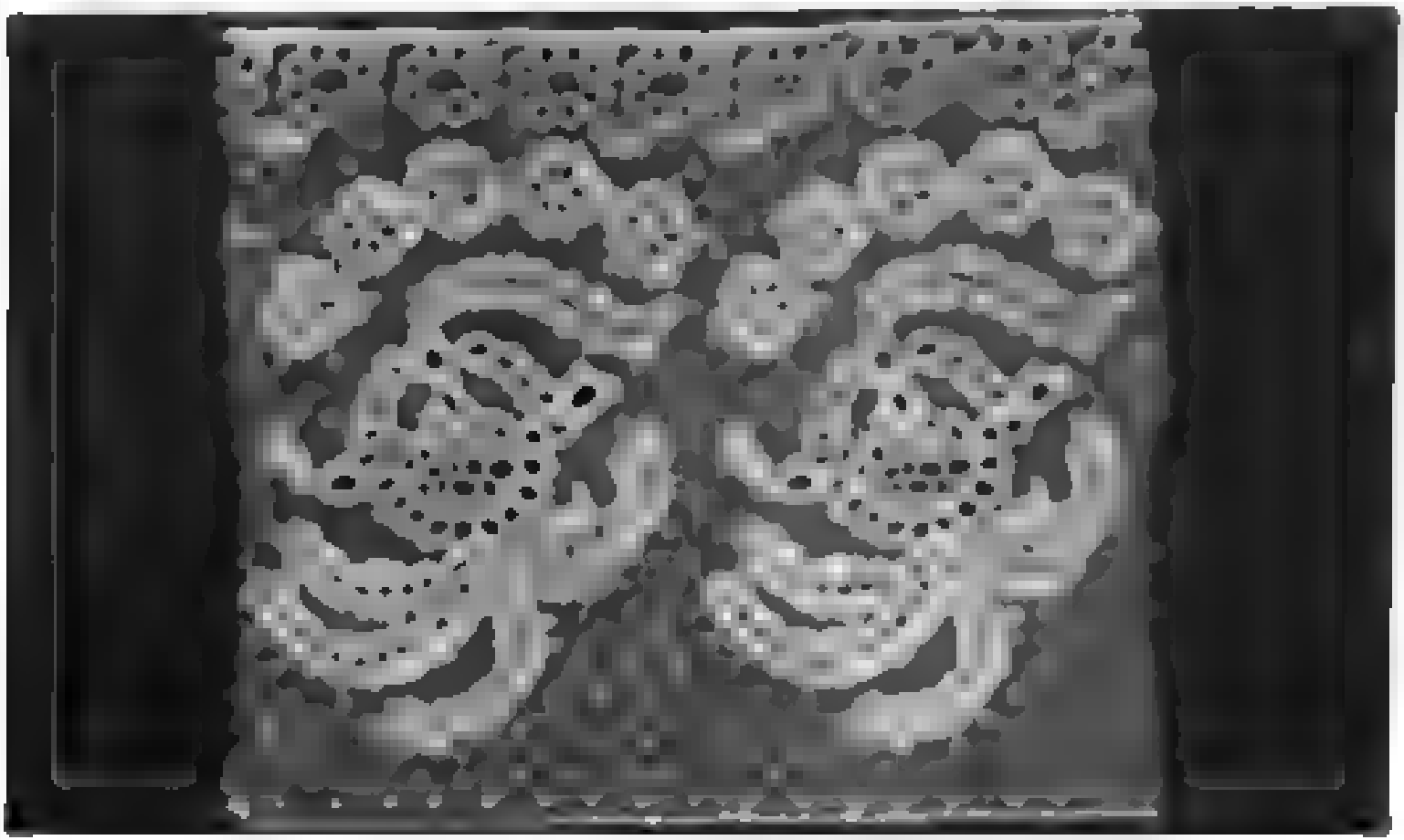

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of Arles, who use such lace for their caps. Fashion, however, is slowly but surely superseding this charming form of head-gear, and the younger lace-makers seldom or never learn the wider and better designs, but content themselves with producing narrow insertions and edgings, poor both in pattern and in workmanship.

The old *point de Flandre* or *trolle-kant*, and its delicate variety, *dentelle de Binche*, have almost fallen out of use, the *trolle-kant* living on in a coarser kind used for furnishing purposes, and Binche lace having been superseded in its native place by Brussels application and by shoemaking and clothing industries.

Mechlin lace, that most costly, most delicate and most characteristic of bobbin-laces, seems to be on the eve of extinction. It has not, for many years past, been very fashionable; the apprenticeship required is long, and the dealers sadly lacking in enterprise. School after school has ceased to teach it. In Malines itself, where 150 years ago every woman made lace, only 15 old women remain, and these are engaged upon narrow ill-made laces, for which they receive but a few centimes. At Turnhout, about 800 women still make Mechlin lace, but fine pieces are seldom produced and only three workers are left who are capable of making out new patterns. The appendix of the Report tells us that a school has just been founded for the teaching of this lace at Malines, its original home. Perhaps there may still be time to save this beautiful manufacture from disappearing entirely, but a few years hence it will be too late.

Point de Lille is at its best, so similar to Mechlin that it is sold as such in France. The essential difference lies in the net ground, which in Mechlin is produced without the help of pins, by the mere play of the bobbins, and in Lille, as in most other laces, by the twisting of the threads round pins; and the two can be distinguished by the fact that, in Mechlin, the meshes run parallel with the selvedge and, in Lille, the other way. Lille lace, though not so seriously threatened as Mechlin,

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Mechlin lace, that most costly, most delicate and most characteristic of bobbin-laces, seems to be on the eve of extinction. It has not, for many years past, been very fashionable; the apprenticeship required is long, and the dealers sadly lacking in enterprise. School after school has ceased to teach it. In Malines itself, where 150 years ago every woman made lace, only 15 old women remain, and these are engaged upon narrow ill-made laces, for which they receive but a few centimes. At Turnhout, about 800 women still make Mechlin lace, but fine pieces are seldom produced and only three workers are left who are capable of making out new patterns. The appendix of the Report tells us that a school has just been founded for the teaching of this lace at Malines, its original home. Perhaps there may still be time to save this beautiful manufacture from disappearing entirely, but a few years hence it will be too late.

Point de Lille is at its best, so similar to Mechlin that it is sold as such in France. The essential difference lies in the net ground, which in Mechlin is produced without the help of pins, by the mere play of the bobbins, and in Lille, as in most other laces, by the twisting of the threads round pins; and the two can be distinguished by the fact that, in Mechlin, the meshes run parallel with the selvedge and, in Lille, the other way. Lille lace, though not so seriously threatened as Mechlin,

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will lose its best customers when the Dutch peasant women give up wearing their pretty national caps. Some of the designs in wide lace for this purpose are remarkably good.

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Point de Paris, with its peculiar net ground, easy to recognise but not very easy to describe, is still made in considerable quantities, though seldom of very good quality. M. Antoine Carlier, however, has caused some excellent designs to be worked for him in this lace, both in white cotton and in black silk. One of his laces is here reproduced.

Point d'Angleterre and bobbin-made Brussels application, laces which differ only in their grounds, still command a certain sale and the latter, like the needle-made application, has been enormously improved of late years. Some admirable designs made in the convent of Lierdekerke appear in the Report, one of which is reprinted here. Poorer specimens, however, are much manufactured, and machine-made pieces are often put into cheap laces sold as "real Brussels lace."

Point d'Angleterre, in spite of its name, would seem never to have been really an English lace. The English Government in 1662 prohibited the importation of foreign laces, but the manufacturers of this country, not succeeding in producing a substitute of sufficiently good quality, took to smuggling

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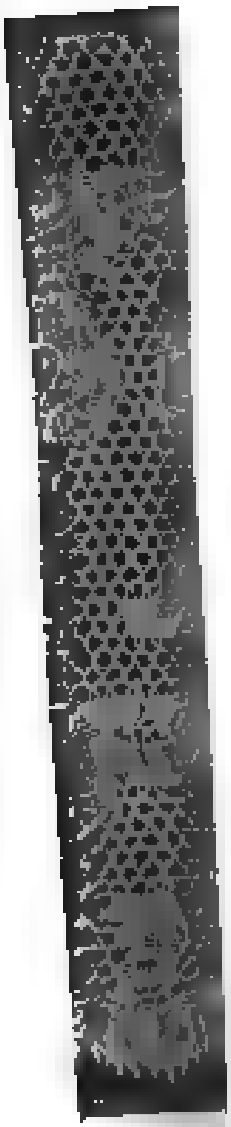

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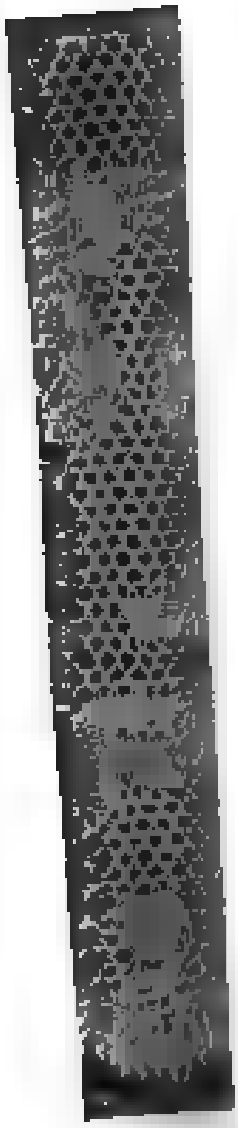

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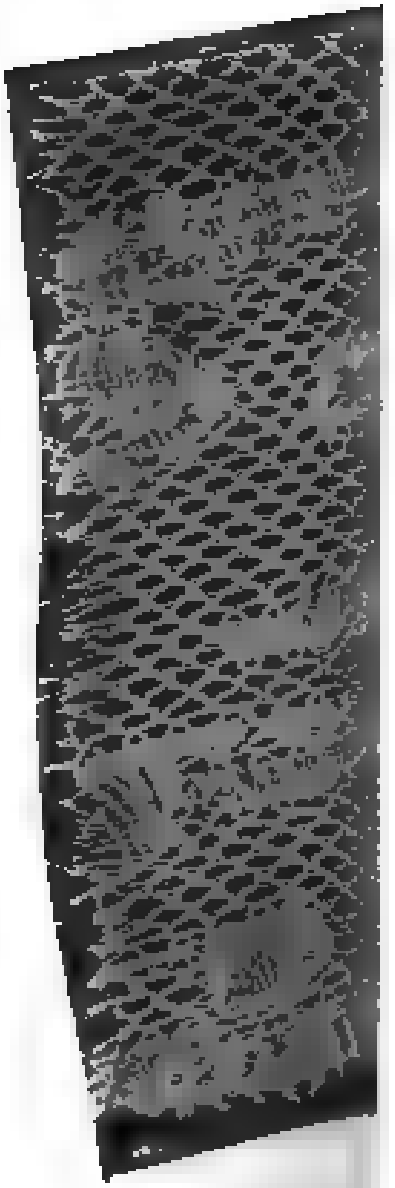

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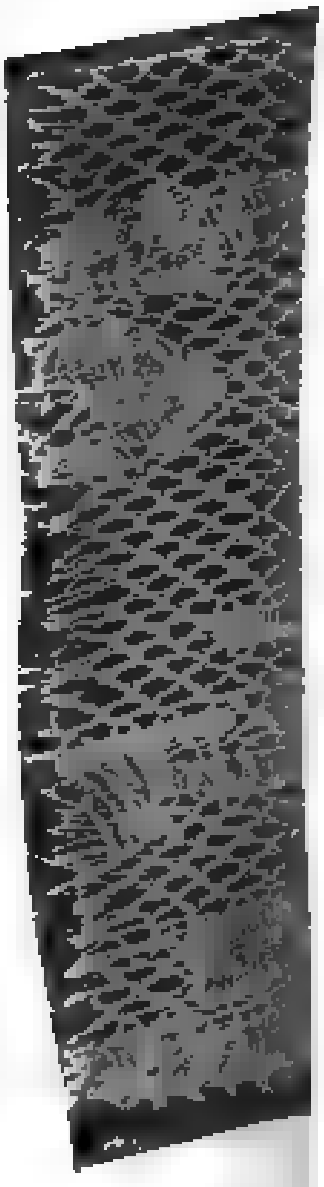

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in Belgian laces under the name of English point. The extent of this smuggling may be guessed from the cargo of a vessel taken by the French on its way to England, and containing nearly 745 ells of lace, besides collars, kerchiefs, aprons, fans, petticoats and gloves trimmed with *point d'Angleterre*.

The name of *guipure* is applied to two very different sorts of lace, one much akin to torchon (the laces known as Cluny and Maltese, for example) and the other made in separate pieces and resembling a coarse Brussels application. This second class includes *guipure de Flandre*, Milan point, Bruges lace and Duchess lace. The English language has never recognised the imaginary distinction between guipures and other laces, and generally accepts "guipure" in what was probably its oldest meaning, *i.e.*, a trimming of braid made into a pattern before being sewn on. A *guipure de Flandre* used to be made both with the needle and with bobbins. The former has died out entirely, but the latter was recovered in 1848 by Mlle. Marie van Outryve d'Ydewalle, who having obtained permission to copy the old lace upon an alb, tried and tried until she succeeded in reproducing it. She taught a clever worker who, in turn, taught the nuns of Ruddervoorde. Mlle. d'Ydewalle superintended the new undertaking, prepared designs and pricked out patterns. The lace was brought before the public at the great exhibition in London in 1851, became fashionable, and is now largely made in Eastern Flanders. This is the lace which, under the names of Flemish lace, Flanders lace or *point de Flandre*, has been of late, and indeed is still, so excessively fashionable in this country. It is comparatively cheap, very effective, easily made, and not trying to the eyesight of the workers. Unfortunately, manufacturers are apt to insert machine-made pieces; sometimes all the thicker portions will be made of machine-made lacet. Renaissance and Luxeuil laces (so largely sold in England at the present moment) are entirely made of such lacet, with or without intervening patterns in needle work, and Dr. Verhaegen does

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not admit their right to rank as laces at all. These, indeed, would seem to be guipures in the English sense of the word.

Duchess lace was originally a delicate variety of *guipure de Flandre*, and has gradually been brought to high perfection; a coarser kind, known as *duchesse de Bruges* is largely made and in great demand. Bruges lace, properly so called, is distinguished from "Bruges duchess" by an almost entire absence of straps, the ornaments in Bruges lace touching each other at various points and being sewn together. This lace, again, which is by no means expensive, has been enormously sold of late in England.

Besides what may be called pure-bred laces, there exist mixed laces; duchess, for instance, often has needle-made open-work; and a bobbin-made edging often borders a needle-made Brussels application. New varieties, too, which cannot be exactly ranged under any existing heading are made from time to time. Some manufacturers introduce gold or silver threads into duchess laces, and others, going further still, have made laces in coloured silks. The frontispiece of the Report shows a fan made in threads of gold, of red, white and two shades of green silk. At Courselle-sur-Mer in the north of France the manufacture of coloured laces has been seriously undertaken and M. Fernand Engerand, writing in the *Musée social*, describes these laces with enthusiasm, points out the difficulty of imitating them by machinery and hopes great things from their development. Dr. Verhaegen takes a less sanguine view. The fashion for such fancy laces, he says, is almost certain to be ephemeral, the women who have taken up their manufacture find a difficulty in returning to the more stable kinds and the passing mode for the fancy lace results in a diminution of the manufacture of lace altogether.

Embroidered net, which is of course a very different product from lace, though English purchasers seldom observe the distinction, has of late years become an important article of commerce and occupies many hands in Belgium. There

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are three main kinds, made respectively with the needle, the crochet-hook and the machine.

Needle-embroidered net is made only in small pieces, is but little manufactured, and is employed for hardly anything except the caps of Dutch peasant-women.

Crochet embroidery is done upon a frame, the design being first traced in colour upon the net; the thread is held along the lines of the pattern with the left hand and worked into the net by means of the hook held in the right. This embroidery is easily learned, quickly executed and not fatiguing to the eyes. Its appearance is good, it lasts well and is not expensive. A large proportion of what English buyers and sellers call "lace ties" are made of it and are decidedly preferable both in appearance and durability to machine imitations of lace. Embroidery with spangles, or as fashion chooses in these days to call them, sequins, has, for some years now, employed a good many hands who were formerly engaged in bead embroidery. The threading of the little shining disks is chiefly done by boys. In this country sequin-patterned dresses are already falling in the scale of fashion and the demand has probably already begun to decline.

Embroidery with a machine looks very much like crochet embroidery and is sometimes sold as such, but is far inferior in durability, and does not, to quote Dr. Verhaegen, "survive three washings." It pours from the machine with incredible rapidity and is correspondingly cheap.

By far the greater number of women engaged in the manufacture of these various kinds of lace-work in their own homes. Some unmarried women and a great many learners follow their trade in the workrooms of convents and a certain proportion of specialised workers—*patronneuses* (who weave the first piece of lace from a new design and prepare a pattern from which other women can work), *piqueuses* (who prick out the patterns), *striqueuses* (who apply laces upon net), *monteuses* (who put together laces not applied), and *fonceuses* (who put in the *jours* or open-work parts of needle-lace) work upon the premises of

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the lace-merchant. Embroidery on net, indeed, is often carried on in workrooms, and these are said to be very unhealthy, partly because they are overcrowded, and partly because they are heated by charcoal foot-warmers and by a bad kind of closed stove.

A kind of workroom to be found in large towns during the tourist season is a part rather of advertisement than of manufacture. To these workrooms, which are generally adjuncts of a retail shop, the tourist is attracted by various devices; "touts" hang about their doors, and a notice in the shop window offers free admission. Within the workroom to which he is introduced by a voluble saleswoman, he beholds four or five women in wide-winged Flemish caps, working at as many different kinds of lace. Astounding information is poured into his ignorant ears as to the cost of material and the great length of time employed and he is led back to the shop, there to purchase at an exorbitant price a piece of lace which is apt to be very ordinary and of which he fondly believes that he has seen the maker at work. In the "off-season" these workrooms cease to exist and the women return to their homes.

At home, the lace-maker sits under her one window, either alone or with a similarly employed daughter or sister. In the evening, she works by lamplight, a round bottle filled with water being placed before the lamp in order to throw the light upon her work. Sometimes a few drops of sulphuric acid are added, to give a blue tone to the water and render the light less dazzling to the eyes. If two or three neighbours assemble to work together of an evening, each brings her water-bottle, and they sit in a circle round the lamp. The lace-maker is generally clean and seldom ragged, her sedentary occupation not wearing out her clothes. The occupation is not considered by doctors to be unhealthy, provided that the hours worked are not too long, particularly during the years of early youth, and that some exercise is taken. Where the dwelling-place is healthy and the light good, the sight does not appear to suffer very

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much. The usual working day is about twelve hours, but many women work thirteen or fourteen, pausing merely to snatch a hasty meal. They freshen themselves by two stimulants, snuff, and the "traditional cup of coffee taken at the close of daylight, and pretty frequently accompanied by a quarter of an hour's rest." While in some towns the housing is fairly good, in others it is terrible. At St. Trond, for example, the lace-makers inhabit a separate quarter called by the significant name of *Enfer*, and containing all the horrors of the worst city slums. At Bruges some of the old streets are full of lace-makers and in warm weather the click of bobbins sounds continually from open doors and windows. Many lace-makers, too, inhabit the *Godshuizen*. These almshouses for old people date back to the close of the seventeenth century, were founded by rich citizens of Bruges, and consist of separate dwellings with a common court. Some of them belonged to corporations or to guilds. Some admit old couples; some, old men; and some, old women, and many of the inhabitants continue to follow light trades. The photograph, belonging to M. Joseph Casier, which is here reproduced, shows a *Godshuiz* with two women sitting at work, according to the very frequent custom of lace-makers, in the open air.

In former times lace-makers in Belgium—and very probably elsewhere—used to sing together at their work. The Duke in "Twelfth Night" says of a song that:

> the free maids that weave their thread with bones
> Do use to chant it.

The bones were sheep's feet used as bobbins.

In a few places the custom of singing still lingers and old songs dating back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are still to be heard. Their lines and stanzas have been lengthened or shortened, often with little regard to the sense, in order to make them mark the different processes of the work. A pin is placed with the word "one," and by the time the first verse is ended, the work is ready for this pin, or another, to be

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planted in the next place at the word "two." The songs pass from generation to generation and are supposed never to have been written down. One of them, in twenty-two verses, is given as a specimen in this Report, together with its air and a French translation. It begins with a pleonasm of a singularly English kind:

> There once was a child, and a little child,
> A child of seven years,

and goes on to tell a grisly tale of how this little child, entered the king's rabbit-warren, shot the finest of the king's rabbits with his little bow and arrow, and was imprisoned by "the lords of the town" in an iron tower, where he was fettered hand and foot. The father offers to "Messire du gentil chateau" the lives of "my seven young brothers" in exchange.

> Thy seven young brothers I desire not
> The first three are but monks,
> And the four others are fine young men
> Who bear the arms of the king
> Yes, the arms of the king.

Seven young sisters having been refused on similar grounds gold "red and fine" is proffered. The gold is accepted, but the child is not given up in return; he is taken out to be hanged from the highest tree in the warren. His ascension of the ladder, his successive addresses to his father, his mother, his brother, his sister, and the Virgin, and his final decapitation are told in the most harrowing detail. The next verse—the 19th—is a warning to "Messire" to keep his door close shut; the 20th, 21st and 22nd narrate how Messire was found next morning with his head cleft in twain, how two "duivels" came to carry away his soul, and two "engels" that of the murdered child. The very theme of this feudal tragedy seems to mark its antiquity and one can but hope that M. Bleyau, who obtained it from an old woman of Ypres, will endeavour to preserve more of these songs before they completely die out.

Few lace-makers are in direct communication with wholesale

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The "Gerichtshuis Monteneuve" at Bruges (Photograph by M. Joseph Casier)

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houses. With the exception of those who work in convents, they almost always supply their handiwork to, and receive their payment from, an agent, who either himself takes orders and designs from one or more wholesale houses, or buys a stock on his own account, and sells to merchants, shops, or retail customers. This middleman (or more often, middlewoman) distributes the work, the women coming to him, tells them what they will be paid, and supplies them with thread, for which he will deduct from their wages a price generally considerably higher than that which he has paid. Payment is by the piece; but advances are frequently given. The work being finished, is brought in to the agent, who, if he is satisfied, pays for it. If he considers it ill made, if it is greyish or yellowish in colour he will refuse it, or more probably take it at a reduced price, well knowing that he can dispose of it. Some agents fine the worker for delay, after having deliberately set her too short a time; but generally no time is fixed for delivery, the need of the women spurring them on to work as quickly as they possibly can. Some agents are shopkeepers and practically compel the workers to take payment in kind. Of course the usual abuses of the truck system arise and the women are charged at exorbitant rates for inferior goods. In one particularly oppressive case the workers complained anonymously to the "procureur du roi" at Termonde; the agents were prosecuted and convicted; but the law continues to be broken in spirit if not in the letter; the women receive their money, but dare not spend it elsewhere than in the shops of the agents. One agent actually pays a convent in credit notes upon his own grocery shop.

Those agents who work for several wholesale houses will sometimes sell to one house the designs of a rival, which they obtain by entering for a time into the service of the latter, or by getting into touch with its agents, who, too often, lend themselves willingly to this sort of fraud.

Some agents, again, do not stay at home, but make regular rounds, receiving and giving out work at an inn; and yet

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others, who approximate to the status of pedlars, and who deal generally in the poorer sorts of bobbin-lace, go round to the houses of the women, cut off the work done, pay for it, and go their way. Sometimes an agent of this class finds his harvest snatched away by a competing dealer who bids a trifle higher; and the whole village of Harlebeke was once thrown into agitation by the appearance of an agent who offered sixty-two instead of sixty centimes for an ell of Valenciennes.

The influence of the agents upon the trade and upon the condition of the workers is almost entirely detrimental; and cannot better be summed up than in the words of the Report: "We believe that in the lace trade as at present organised, the agent is an indispensable part of the machinery. The apathy of the manufacturers, the lack of initiative among the workers and the requirements of the manufacture combine to render him a necessity. And yet his elimination, or at the very least, the weakening of his part in the business ought to be the aim towards which all persons should direct their efforts who have at heart the interests of the industry. The agent injures the manufacturer by taking his designs and his customers. He oppresses the worker in every possible way and pays her a starvation wage, in consequence of which the working hands in the trade tend to diminish, while he and his kind increase and multiply. Finally he injures the standard of manufacture by promoting the manufacture of common articles, and doing almost nothing to encourage the technical skill of those who work for him."

The expression "a starvation wage" is but too justly applied. Of the 886 workers whose cases are enumerated, with some degree of detail, in the second volume of the Report only ninety receive as much as one franc a day; and, of these ninety, one alone earns three francs. Among the others, twenty-five are paid 1 franc; thirty-two, from 1.0 to 1.50; twenty-five, from 1.0 to 2.0; and only seven 2 francs. The agents, on the other hand, almost always become rich.

There is perhaps no other industry in which so great a pro-

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A Lacemaker at Turnhout making a Mantilla in Black Silk Blonde

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portion of the total value is imparted by labour. The plant is inexpensive, the raw material disproportionately cheap, the cost of storage and transit singularly small, and the finished product not liable to deterioration. The whole value of real lace lies in the design and in the workmanship, and this latter demands in the higher branches great skill and long training. In all equity, therefore, the worker should receive a large share of the profits that do undoubtedly accrue. The retail price is not low, and the demand, though limited, seems, for the best kinds of lace, to be steady and permanent. Here, even more conspicuously than in most cases, the problem is evidently one of organisation and distribution; and the part played by the convents, by one or two enlightened manufacturers and various ladies would seem to point out the lines of reform.

The first and great virtue of the convents is that they give good training under good conditions. The rooms are large and airy, and the nuns are careful to avoid long hours for very young workers, though parents too often rebel against this care, and threaten to remove their daughters unless they are allowed to earn more money. The convents nearly always aim at maintaining a high standard of work; some of the finest illustrations in the Report are of convent-made lace. That figured over-leaf for instance, comes from the convent of Liedekerke. As a trader, the convent fulfils the same function as the agent, but with differences. The convent is, in the first place, permanent, and, in the second, not rapacious. The primary aim of the nuns is the employment of the women; that of the agent the enrichment of himself. Thus the convents generally give rather better pay than the agents, though in some cases—Liedekerke for one—the convent pay is a little lower than that of local middlemen. The reason is that the convent workers make very fine application, which is not so quickly sold, while the others make common, easily disposed of articles in Brussels duchess. The Superior of the convent, however, refuses to set her workers making the poorer lace, and is probably right, for their vogue will pass away, and the

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women who have grown accustomed to inferior work will not be able to take up better sorts. Meanwhile, the merchants pay a preposterously low price to the convent for its beautiful productions, and the convent is unable to insist on better terms. It seems as though it should be possible for the various convents to combine and employ an able manager to transact their sales. The Superiors of convents can hardly in the nature of things be conversant with commercial conditions, or able to meet a sharp man of business on equal terms.

While most merchants are sadly supine, and do not attempt to improve either designs or styles, a few do seriously aim at maintaining and bettering the trade. Some, anxious to bring into Belgium the profits now received by French designers, have trained youths and girls with excellent results. Dr. Verhaegen mentions a young peasant girl in the employ of Mlle. Minne-Dansaert who had been studying for four years and whom he saw making an excellent design for a fan.

Many ladies have done much, in different countries, to preserve and improve lace-making. It was a lady who recovered the lost *guipure de Flandre;* a lady who is opening the new school at Malines; ladies who established and fostered the excellent school and workroom at Burano, where some of the finest lace produced in modern times is executed. In our own country Queen Victoria founded a lace-school at Honiton; and a society of ladies, with the Princess of Wales at their head, undertakes that each member shall give an order to the school every year. The Irish Industries Association, established in 1886 and now presided over by Lady Cadogan, performs, among other functions, the part of an agent for the sale of Irish laces and, in the year 1900, sales to the value of £28,000 were effected by the London branch alone.

At present the conditions of the lace trade in Belgium, as shown by this admirable Report, are far indeed from being satisfactory. The women who do the work are horribly ill paid and are consequently abandoning lace-work and going into factories. Many of the more intelligent among them

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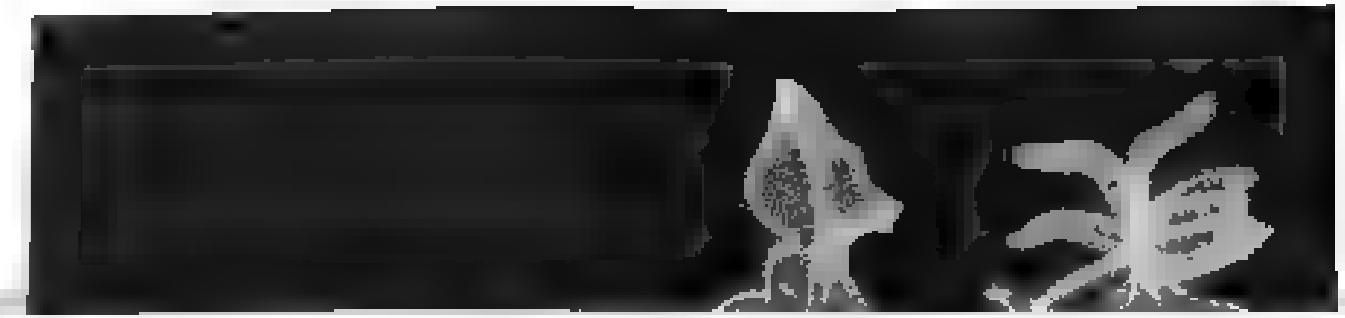

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give up working and become agents and in that character amass profits for themselves without serving the interests of the trade. The number of agents, who are more or less parasitic, increases; the number of producers diminishes, and the condition of those who remain grows progressively worse. The manufacturers grumble, but do not combine to suppress the evils from which they suffer. If the trade is to be preserved at all, some steps must be taken to ameliorate the pay of the workers and to direct their labours into the most profitable channels—that is to say, to the best and finest laces. Poor lace must inevitably sooner or later be driven out of the field by mechanical imitations, but the best lace will always possess qualities not to be approached by machine work.

Dr. Verhaegen would recommend the establishment of a society composed of influential persons on the model of those ladies' societies which have worked so well in other countries. A highly skilled paid manager should be employed to superintend technical details; a school founded in which the making of every sort of lace manufactured in Belgium should be taught, including those kinds which, like Chantilly, Mechlin and Valenciennes, seem to be on the point of extinction. Of such kinds the manufacture should not be at present encouraged, but the art should not be suffered to perish, since fashion, which has deserted them, may return to them and make them once more a source of profit. Local schools would be formed which would teach, each the special lace of its own district, and would be watched over by a local committee; and the teachers in all the schools would be drawn from the ranks of the most successful pupils. Every process connected with her own kind of lace would be taught to every learner, and a school of design would form part of the establishment. The ladies of the society, like those of the English and Irish societies, would undertake to be customers; and sale-rooms would be opened, at first in Brussels and afterwards in other towns. Finally the society would supply lace to merchants and take orders from them. Since so many intermediaries

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between the worker and the customer—at present there are sometimes as many as four or even five—would be eliminated, the workers could be better paid without any increase of selling price. Lace-makers would no longer be tempted to seek other callings, and learners would press for admission into the society's schools; the parasitic agent would by-and-by cease to exist; and the lace trade of Belgium would be saved from that danger of total decay which at present undoubtedly threatens it.

CLEMENTINE BLACK.

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HENRY VAUGHAN: SILURIST

THAT vulgar being, the majority, which judges so badly for the present, is generally a sound judge for the past. In literary matters, at all events, it distributes honours pretty fairly. Contemporaries, unless they have the true gift of criticism, must always find it hard to appreciate innovation, because innovation involves a certain element of strangeness and strangeness is easily confounded with extravagance. But after death, men—and poets among them—are judged by the success of their appeal to men, not to fellow poets. The common needs and instincts of ordinary humanity make the real tribunal which decides the differing degrees of reputation, and, since art is to help the world at large, the criterion is on the whole a fair one. Perhaps it partly accounts for what look like freaks of fame, for the occasional preponderance of the more obvious spirits over the choice ones and the preference of what is simple to what is exquisite. It will always seem a mystery that certain poets—whom we generally discover for ourselves—have not so great a name as certain others; why Sir Walter Raleigh is better known than Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir John Suckling than John Donne, or George Herbert than Henry Vaughan, the Silurist.[1]

Vaughan himself would, no doubt, have been confounded at the notion that any one could regard him as greater than his

[1] The term comes from "Silures," a name which was given to the district comprising Brecknockshire, Herefordshire, &c.

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master—than the man whose verse converted both him and his Muse. But the thought is likely to occur to any reader of Vaughan's best poems—of the two in the "Golden Treasury" and of about half a dozen more. He is more intellectual, more highly strung than Herbert; where the latter is pious, Vaughan is mystical; where the one is content to stand at the altar, the other dips his wings in its flame and soars above it. Vaughan's mind is subtler, loftier, more imaginative than Herbert's, and therefore often more far-fetched. At his best, when emotion has worked him up to white heat, none can be simpler than he, and he moves our depths in a way that George Herbert can never do. But when he is not fully inspired he is apt to grow elaborate; and where Herbert's homely simplicity goes straight to the heart and gives a loving welcome to the soul, Vaughan may have nothing to offer but an abstruse thought magnificently embroidered. Abstruse thoughts, however, can only appeal to intellectual people, or to people of a mystical turn of mind. The difficulty is not of a past day alone; it will always arise where there is what may be called an intellectual school of poets—the poets who see things as if "in mind's clear glass"—to borrow Drummond's own expression—who send them back to the dazzled world a thousand times refracted. Donne, Crashaw, Drummond, Vaughan have their descendants. For the ten who read Clough, where are the three who read George Meredith, or Coventry Patmore? Clough had the merit of touching doubt with emotion—and it was the doubt common to his contemporaries. The other two answer no general demand, appease no common instinct, and it is fair that they should but be read by the few for whom they were made. Browning, whose obscurity might have otherwise relegated him to the oligarchy of the intellectual poets, escaped and transcended them just because he did vividly occupy himself with the common drama of humanity, because he satisfied a universal need.

There is another reason why the fame of certain poets appears to be below the level of their deserts, and it is a reason

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which Vaughan and Herbert again aptly illustrate. Herbert, as a recent writer has pointed out, keeps a steadier level than Vaughan; a much larger number of his pieces are on an equality. Vaughan—apart from perhaps a dozen of his poems—is an unequal and often a faulty writer. He is a poet of single lines and verses. He reminds us of those magic old Italian painters, Umbrian or Tuscan, with names or without them, who paint one perfect picture or even but one perfect figure in a picture, and yet that picture and that figure haunt the fancy more powerfully than greater masterpieces. There is no reason why these men should not belong to the first rank except that they could not keep up to their own best level. But painters have this advantage—inferior pictures frequently disappear, while inferior poems are not so easy to destroy. If only the best poems of Drummond, Donne and Vaughan were read, they would probably take rank among our first poets. Unfortunately all three wrote too much, gave us two volumes where one would suffice, and it is their misfortune that their position as poets should be determined by the imperfect many, not by the perfect few among their poems.

These "bright particular stars" remain, however, to illumine the skies of the star-gazers who choose them for their own, and he who sets his affections upon Henry Vaughan makes no poor choice. There was little in the man's private life of which to make poetry. The son of cultivated parents, he led the ordinary existence of a country doctor in Brecknockshire; he had no tragic love like Drummond, whose bride died just before the wedding-day; no stormy courtship like Donne, who had hard work to win his wife. He had not even a romantic friendship, such as Drummond had with Drayton whom he never saw; or a calm Egeria like Donne's Duchess of Bedford, unless we reckon Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the poetess, to whom he wrote mild letters in rhyme. But he lived in stirring times. The Civil War inclined most men to poetry, whether they transmuted it into deed or verse; and so did the struggles between Anglican and Puritan, which

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set fire to religious feeling till it kindled the hearts of men.

When we put down his poems and muse upon his quiet, friendly, practical, poetic life, lighted and warmed by an inward flame, we see before us a man such as Vandyck would have loved to paint when he painted outside the Court—grave and romantic, deep and gentle, dressed in a serious black cloak, his lace collar fastened by little silvery tassels—the sort of man who would spend hours with a classic beneath a mulberry-tree, or beside a russet brick wall on which the peaches were ripening—one, too, who would not be above putting out his hand now and again for a peach; especially if he could accompany it with a cool flagon of wine, and discuss both that and all other things under heaven and earth with a friend. For the man was a right good friend, sunny and sweet to the core, like summer fruit—one who loved his joke, even though it was rather a laboured one. There could not be much amiss with a person who was always penning verses "To his Retired friend, an Invitation to Brecknock"; "To the best and most accomplished Couple"; "To my learned Friend Mr. T. Powell"; "To my worthy Friend Master T. Lewes." Is there aught sounder in comradeship than the lines he wrote to his "Ingenuous friend, R. W."

> When all these mulcts are paid, and I
> From thee, dear wit, must part and die:
> We'll beg the world would be so kind
> To give's one grave as we'd one mind;
> There as the wiser few suspect
> That spirits after death affect,
> Our souls shall meet, and thence will they,
> Freed from the tyranny of clay,
> With equal wings and ancient love,
> Into the Elysian fields remove,
> Where in those blessed walks they'll find
> More of thy genius and my mind.

He "was esteemed by Scholars an ingenuous person, but proud and humourous." This is as it should be with a Welsh-

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man, and Brecknock surely never could have wanted for guests. It is thus, in his less converted mood, talking, walking, reading, enjoying, that we like to picture him.

In the eighteenth century Vaughan fell into oblivion, and it was Wordsworth who happed upon a volume of his and revived him. The kinship between those two spirits is not hard to discover, as Mr. Palgrave has already pointed out. Whoever will turn to his note in "the Golden Treasury" and read first the "Intimations," and then Vaughan's "Retreat," with its "white celestial thought"—

> When yet I had not walked above
> A mile or two from my first love,
> And looking back—at that short space—
> Could see a glimpse of His bright face,

will not find much difficulty in associating them. Both men adored the glorious morning innocence of children; both loved brooding on Immortality. Less known than the "Retreat," and, perhaps, less steadily maintained in excellence all through, is Vaughan's lovely poem of "Childhood":

> I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
> Dazzles at it as at eternity.
> Were now that chronicle alive,
> Those white designs which children drive,
> And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
> With their content, too, in my power,
> Quickly would I make my path ev'n
> And by mere playing go to heaven . . .
> How do I study now, and scan
> Thee more than e'er I studied man
> And only see through a long night
> Thy edges and thy bordering light!
> Oh for thy centre and midday!
> For sure that is the narrow way.

Of Vaughan's thoughts on Immortality, whole golden pages might be quoted. The spiritual side of life was always present to him. Like Drummond of Hawthornden, like Donne, he loved high musings about Death—the "groom, that brings a taper to the outward room"; he liked to dwell

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upon, almost to play about, the subject and to illumine it with health-giving hopes. This kind of noble companionship with Death gave Vaughan's poems on Sorrow an intense, a comforting note of their own. "They are all gone into the world of light" needs no quoting here, but it would not be easy to have grief more sweetly sung than in the following lines. They come from one of Vaughan's most perfect lyrics, evidently written in the freshness of grief soon after his brother's death.

Joy of my life while left me here
And still my Love.
How in thy absence thou dost steer
Me from above.
A life well led
This truth commends
With quick or dead
It never ends.

2

Stars are of mighty use; the night
Is dark and long,
The road foul; and where one goes right
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.

3

God's saints are shining lights; who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass;
But these all night
Like candles shed
Their beams and light
Us into bed.

4

They are indeed our pillar fires
Seen as we go,
They are that city's shining spires
We travel to:

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A swordlike gleam
Kept man for sin
First *out*; this beam
Will guide him *in*.

About the whole of this there is a glorified homeliness—as if a wingèd angel had come to sit upon our hearth—which is very characteristic of Vaughan.

Souls need not time; the early forward things
Are always fledged and gladly use their wings

So he wrote of one who died in youth, but he might have said the same about himself, for none used his wings more gladly.

Vaughan was really more influenced by George Herbert in his moral life than in his poetry, except as regards its form and sometimes the studied plainness of his images. In mind and in matter he belongs entirely to the little group of intellectual poets which includes the lesser light, Crashaw,[1] and is dominated by Donne and Drummond of Hawthornden; Donne, who died when Vaughan was nine years old and the longer-lived Drummond, who, though near forty years his senior, was for a considerable time his contemporary. From this group George Herbert's spirit was, in fact, very far removed. They were all essentially men of the later Renaissance, not quite so naïf or so indiscriminate as in earlier days, but still strong and emotional, inspired by all the freshness, the seriousness, the curious enterprise of youth. Vaughan comes somewhere between the other two and is not quite so great as either. He is not so passionate, so daring, or so mysterious as Donne, nor has he the serene philosophy, the fervent romance of Drummond. All Vaughan's romance, indeed, lay in his intellect. Thought was with him an emotion and, when it wedded religion, he was at his highest. Love in his poems fills but a meagre place; is no more than a sweet, faithful, sometimes almost finical creature, whom he always addresses

[1] The exact dates of Crashaw's birth and death are uncertain, but he probably lived from 1613–1648.

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as Amoret and looks on from a more or less abstract point of view, as independent of any outward sign. Perhaps he was too much of a mystic to do otherwise. Passion was to him profane and far away from God. If he had known what Love was, he would have dealt with it more reverently. Donne, who had a much harder battle with Nature, Donne, the emotional artist, notwithstanding or rather because of that, made Love into a holier and larger thing, a part of his religion and a moving spring of Life. If you read Vaughan's

. . . . My absent soul . . .
Careless to miss
A glance or kiss
Can with those elements of lust and sense
Freely dispense
And court the mind;

and compare it with Donne's

But, O alas! so long so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we; we are
The intelligences, they the spheres . . . .
So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections and to faculties
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.
To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love revealed may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book;[1]

you will be able to measure the difference in intensity and in the conception of love which existed in these two men. It is curious that Vaughan, who was a doctor and a man of science, should have been the one to regard the body ascetically, as the enemy of the soul, while Donne, who was a cleric, looked upon it as the soul's exponent, as the soul's abode, glorified by its

[1] From "The Ecstasy." (Vol. II. of Donne's Poems in the Muses' Library Edition.)

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tenant. It is not only in Donne's obscurity that he is like Robert Browning, who so much admired him. The old poet sang that reconcilement of soul and body which was part of Browning's rich message to the world; sang, too, that soul prevails, strong in the strength of Love. He does not weary of dwelling upon this truth. About his feelings there is a fine recklessness which Vaughan's *heart* could never know. But his *brain* knew it well and was tense enough in expressing it. He could not have cried with the magnificent emotion of Donne:

> I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
> Who died before the God of love was born.

But he could match it with his splendour of thought. It would be hard not to feel stirred by Vaughan's opening lines in "The World":

> I saw eternity the other night,
> Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
> All calm as it was bright,
> And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
> Driven by the spheres,
> Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
> And all her train were hurled.

Directly we come to religious poems, the positions of these two are reversed and Vaughan is by far the superior. Donne's mind was by nature too bold, almost too defiant to be holy.

> I sing the progress of a deathless soul,
> Whom fate which God made, but doth not control,
> Placed in most shapes. . . . .

These words of his are the words of a born heretic and they express his real tendency, which was rather fervent than religious.

Vaughan was more dazzled and more satisfied by the glories of heaven.

> Now my auspicious flight
> Hath brought me to the empyrean light.
> I am a separate essence and can see
> The emanations of the Deity,

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> And how they pass the seraphims, and run
> Through every throne and domination. . .
> With angels now and spirits I do dwell
> And here it is my nature to do well.

Angels and spirits were certainly his kinsfolk. Yet, outwardly, his spiritual history rather resembled that of Donne. Both men learned to disapprove of their love-poems as too mundane; both in their religious poetry sound a personal and, as it were, an evangelical note. But the religion of Vaughan is an ecstasy which makes him forget himself, while that of Donne makes him more self-conscious. His conversion is the result of the struggle between his temperament and his soul, but Vaughan's conversion is the crown of his temperament, the fruit of his mystic philosophy. On this side he resembles Drummond much more closely than he does Donne. For Drummond (who, in his love-poems, is rather intense than passionate) was also a mystic philosopher, with this difference —that with him the philosopher was stronger than the mystic, with Vaughan the mystic prevailed. Drummond's love—for his lady died before their marriage—was, indeed, synonymous with sorrow, and it turned into a high and spiritual Muse, refining life and deepening his thoughts of the divine. Both Drummond and Vaughan had much the same conception of God.

Here is Vaughan:

> There is in God—some say—
> A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
> Say it is late and dusky, because they
> See not all clear.

And here is Drummond:

> O Sun invisible, that doth abide
> Within thy bright abyss, most fair, most dark,
> Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide!
> O ever-shining, never full-seen mark!
> To guide me in life's night thy light me show,
> The more I search of thee the less I know.

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These men have looked with the same eye upon the Invisible; have stood with the same humility before the impenetrable veil.

Or take their attitude to knowledge. Drummond loved to inquire:

> How that vast heaven entitled First is roll'd,
> If any other worlds beyond it lie,
> And people living in eternity,
> Or essence pure that doth this All uphold. . .
> How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
> With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round,
> What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
> In air's large fields of light and seas profound.

Nor did Vaughan's desires lag behind. Let us listen to his "Vanity of Spirit":

> Quite spent with thoughts, I left my cell and lay
> Where a shrill spring tuned to the early day.
> I begged here long and groaned to know
> Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
> Who bent the spheres and circled in
> Corruption with this glorious ring.
> What is His Name, and how I might
> Descry some part of His great light.
> I summoned Nature; pierced through all her store;
> Broke up some seals, which none had touched before,
> . . . . . and having past
> Through all the creatures, came at last
> To search myself, where I did find
> Traces and sounds of a strange kind.
> Here of this mighty spring I found some drills,
> With echoes beaten from th' eternal hills.

This has Wordsworth in it as well as the seventeenth century; but the seventeenth century is strong here too, and Wordsworth could not have written "broke up some seals which none had touched before" with the same mingled feelings of intellectual pride and limpid piety which were Vaughan's natural heritage.

We said that Vaughan was a poet of single lines and verses.

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Perhaps the best way of getting some impression of his thoughts and the luminous flashes of his profound intellect will be, without further comment, to quote some of these passages, each from a different poem. He shall speak for himself, and some lines from a lyric in his "Silex Scintillans" shall head the collection.

The world is full of voices; man is called and hurled
By each; he answers all
Knows every note and call.

. . . . . .

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
. . Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

. . . . . .

Or take this (and compare it with Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism"):

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.

. . . . . .

And this description of Prayer:

Thus all is hurled
In sacred hymns and order; the great chime
And symphony of Nature. Prayer is
The world in tune
A spirit voice.

Or this:

For each enclosèd spirit is a star
Enlight'ning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetchèd and borrowèd from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

Or—to conclude with a fragment from a poem which just falls short of his best:

As Time one day by me did pass
Through a large dusky glass
He held, I chanced to look,
And spied his curious book

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Of past days, where sad Heaven did shed
A mourning light upon the dead. . . .
. . . . Oh bright and happy Kalendar
Where Youth shines like a star
All pearled with tears, and may
Teach age the holy way;
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith into life breaks and death dies.

Sometimes it may be only a phrase that arrests us, such as: "Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast tentered hope?" Or: "Mists make but triumphs for the day." Or: "Poets, like angels, where they once appear, hallow the place." Sometimes we are held by the mere sound and pageantry of his language, as in this from "The Eagle":

He soars
'Bove wind and fire; gets to the moon and pores
With scorn upon her duller face; for she
Gives him but shadows and obscurity . . .
To the day's royal planet he doth pass
With daring eyes, and makes the sun his glass.
Here doth he plume and dress himself, the beams
Rushing upon him like so many streams;
While with direct looks he doth entertain
The thronging flames and shoots them back again,
And thus from star to star he doth repair,
And wantons in that pure and peaceful air.

Or such a passage as: "The unthrift Sun shot vital gold," or this again, from "Thalia Rediviva":

The marigold in feasts of dew
And early sunbeams, though but thin and few,
Unfolds itself.

The dew is not only upon the marigolds; it still lies upon his words—as Lowell says of the Elizabethans—and we feel while we read them how short a time Shakespeare had been dead when they were written. Vaughan's power over words is surprising and—apart from the beauty of their sound—none can give more vivid impressions with them than he does. What could be greyer or more shadowy than this:

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A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud.

Or more breathless than his dawn:

The whole creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter.

And what can be a simpler word-picture than "The Bird

Hither thou com'st: the busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed
And harmless head.
And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.

It would be well if Vaughan could always have been as lucid as in this poem. But it must be confessed that such is not the case, for he is of a metaphysical turn. At his best, his metaphysics are comparatively easy.

. . . . Nothing can to nothing fall, but still
Incorporates by skill . . . .
For a preserving spirit still doth pass
Untainted through this mass,
Which doth resolve, produce and ripen all
That to it fall;
Nor are those births which we
Thus suffering see,
Destroyed at all.

This is almost as clear as Tennyson's "For not a worm is cloven in vain." But the land of metaphysics is full of pitfalls, and Vaughan does not always escape them. He is

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occasionally guilty of elaborate obscurity. It takes some time, for instance, to grasp what follows:

> . . . . Friendship is nought else
> But a joint kind propension, and excess
> In none but such whose equal, easy hearts
> Comply and meet both in their whole and parts.

And these lines are not alone of their kind. He is generally simple by poetic instinct, and too much inspired to be self-conscious. But, like most poets of his day, when the fire of his thought grows a little cooler and he stops to consider how he is expressing it, he grows afraid of being commonplace and can at any instant fall into surprising blunders of taste, or deal in conceits so far-fetched that they sometimes land him in grotesqueness. It seems absurd that so real a poet as he is, in summing up the temptations that wealth (had he possessed it) might have brought him, should have been able to write such a couplet as:

> I should perhaps eat orphans and suck up
> A dozen distressed widows in one cup.

Or that he should have used such phrases as "Softly rest all thy virgin crumbs" (in "The Burial of an Infant"); or "green curls" for foliage; or "the milky way chalked out with suns" and "God's parle with dust," as descriptions of Sunday. In poetry, at least, the love of ingenuity is the root of all evil, and that is the only explanation of Vaughan's lapses. There is even something rather strained in his constant repetition of his favourite adjective "white," which he uses to such perfection in "white celestial thought," or, indeed, wherever he applies it to children. But "old white prophets," and "first white pilgrims," and "Heaven's white decoys" (his metaphor for books) are not such happy expressions; and fascinating though this foible of his may be, it is perilously like a conceit. None, however, disliked any form of extravagance more than he did. "Excess hath no religion or wit"—such was his verdict; and a writer, he says, should so handle his craft

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That not a line to the most critic he
Offends with flashes or obscurity.

He is not singular in being sometimes unable to apply his standard to himself.

Vaughan had too rich a nature to be free from faults, or to have faults that really mattered. His was the mind of a many-sided man. If he was a mystic he was not in the least a Puritan, and though he despised the body he treasured the higher joys it brought him. He loved Nature:

Fresh fields and woods! The Earth's fair face!
God's footstool! and man's dwelling-place! . . . .
If Eden be on Earth at all,
'Tis that which we the country call.

He loved books.

Bright books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights . . . .
The dead alive and busy; the still voice
Of enlarged spirits. . . . .

He loved Ben Jonson, and Beaumont, and the Bodleian Library.

Most noble Bodley! we are bound to thee
For no small part of our eternity.

So he addressed its Founder, and we can fancy what treasure-trove it was to him. There was, indeed, nothing of good report which Vaughan did not enjoy. He was a poet through and through. What is more—and what was more curious then than it would be now—he was a conscious poet, aware of all the pain involved in that word. Listen to these verses which he addressed to Poets:

At how dear a rate
Are we made up! All hope of thrift and state
Lost for a verse. When I by thoughts look back
Into the womb of time, and see the rack
Stand useless there, until we are produced
Unto the torture, and our souls infused
To learn inflictions, I begin to doubt
That as some tyrants use from their chain'd rout

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> Of slaves to pick out one whom for their sport
> They keep afflicted by their lingering art;
> So we are merely thrown upon the stage. . . .

No Coleridge, no Shelley, could formulate more acutely the torments of the poetic temperament. But there is no touch of morbidness about Vaughan; with the vigour of his day he ends his verses with high hope.

> It matters not, we shall one day obtain
> Our native and celestial scope again.

The words sound a fitting note with which to end an account of Henry Vaughan, especially if we join them to these others, which are, as it were, a summary of his aims:

> Oh 'tis an easy thing
> To write and sing;
> But to write true unfeigned verse
> Is very hard.

It was thus that he wrote, and that hard thing he accomplished. The difficulty with Vaughan is to stop quoting him. It is a difficulty common to all the lovers of the poet whom they have made their own possession; for, like other lovers, they are apt to think every trinket that their Love wears is a jewel. But in Vaughan's case they run less risk of blinding their vision, because he has given us so many real gems of great price. He will not be forgotten, for he has left behind him that "large, kind light" which, according to himself, rescues men from oblivion. It will still serve to read him by, and to guide those who seek him into the high green meadows of poesy.

EDITH SICHEL.

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THE EAST AND THE WEST

IN an interesting and suggestive article, published in THE MONTHLY REVIEW for February, Mr. Edwyn Bevan delivered a vigorous assault upon the position taken up by Mr. Meredith Townsend in his "Asia and Europe," and upon the holders of what he describes as the "popular theory" that the East is separated from the West "by a chasm that nothing can bridge," and is altogether impervious to influences from without. It is Mr. Bevan's contention that the civilisation of Europe to-day is Hellenic rather than Christian; that the practical morality of white men, more especially in Asia, draws its inspiration primarily from the spirit of ancient Greece, and only in a much less degree from that of the Gospels; that, far from being insusceptible to impressions from without, the civilisations of Asia have, as a matter of fact, been influenced to a remarkable extent by Hellenism; and, finally, that the widely accepted belief in certain essential and innate differences of character, temperament and mind which separate the Oriental from ourselves is altogether fallacious. It is true that Mr. Bevan seeks support for his conclusions in the works of learned German theorists rather than in the vast, actual experience of his countrymen, some of whom have not only lived in the East but have succeeded in living *into* the lives of Orientals—that his argument, in fact, is throughout academic rather than practical. None the less, those of us who know our Asia can for the most part subscribe largely to such of

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his opinions as refer to Europeans, and though we may incline to the belief that his enthusiasm betrays him into a tendency to over-estimate the influence exerted by Hellenism upon the civilisations of the East, we may even accept his view upon this point and yet discover that the whole truth does not lie with him.

On the other hand, the theory which, according to Mr. Bevan, is held by that beast of many burdens, "The man in the street," as to the magnificent isolation, the aloofness, the impenetrability of the East, while in its more exaggerated forms it is impossible of acceptance, yet contains a larger element of truth than those who scoff at it appear to suspect. The whole core of the matter will really be found to lie in the answer given to the single question: Is the genius of Asia essentially different to that of Europe? To this Mr. Bevan and those who think with him return a decided negative, on no better grounds, so far as I am able to gather from Mr. Bevan's article, than may be supposed to be furnished by the fact that traces of Greek influence are to be detected, it is contended, from the confines of Europe to Japan. The reply of Mr. Meredith Townsend, of every European who knows the East intimately and at first hand, and of the few who have been admitted to the *coulisses* of Oriental life and thought, must, on the contrary, be a still more uncompromising affirmative. Quote your German theorists never so wisely, find Hellenism in stones and Greece in everything if you will, but the conviction bred of a weary personal experience remains unshaken. Fact, rigid and unbending—the everyday fact of Asia seen, not through the smoke of the student's lamp, but through its native sun-glare—rises up to shatter the whole fabric of theory. To the arm-chair philosopher it may wear the appearance of error. He may deny strenuously that the foundations of this belief are sound; but to "the man who has been there" the faith itself, standing four-square upon an accretion of experience, is none the less justified and proved.

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This does not necessarily entail an acceptance of the opinions, crudely stated by Mr. Bevan as a preliminary to their destruction, that the chasm between the East and the West cannot be bridged, or that the peoples of Asia are impervious to European influences. It does, however, imply most emphatically a recognition of the existence of the great gulf, and it admits that few are found possessed of the imagination, the sympathy, the tact, the perseverance and the energy which alone enable it to be crossed. It recognises further that the East can be, has been, is being, influenced from without, but it sees too that the operation of that influence, and the impressions thereby wrought, are quite unlike the conceptions generally entertained concerning them in Europe, and it accounts for this phenomenon by the essential and fundamental difference, which it believes is to be detected, between the genius of the East and of the West.

Let us first examine, as briefly as may be possible, the general effect of European influence in the lands of Asia. The question is a very large one, and in the space at my disposal I can only pretend to touch upon it in the broadest outline. Let us therefore grant to Mr. Bevan all for which he contends concerning the deep impression wrought in the East by Hellenism, and pass on at once to the first real conquest of Asia by the nations of Europe.

To begin with, it is commonly overlooked that no true analogy is capable of being established between the Asia and the Europe of our own time. Circumstances have rendered the institution of any fair comparison impossible, for, though the fact is too frequently ignored by us, those who care to study the history of the question with any thoroughness are forced to recognise to how great an extent the coming of the white filibusters in the sixteenth century served to arrest the natural development of native civilisations. From that moment these were placed in a state of siege, and all their energies were needed for the bare preservation of their existence. If the distinctive civilisations of Europe and Asia,

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therefore, are to be compared at all—and I for one am by no means prepared to admit that those of the East are to be judged by European standards—we must, in order to put them upon even the semblance of an equal footing, step back out of the twentieth century to a period prior to the Renaissance; remembering that while, during the past four hundred years, the peoples of Asia have either been battling for the life, or at the best have been threatened constantly by the imminent danger of destruction from enemies besetting them from without, the white nations have, for the greater part, been suffered to work out their destinies upon lines most completely suited to their individual genius.

If, then, we take as our criterion the civilisations of Europe as they were before the Renaissance, and compare with them the civilisations which existed in Asia at the end of the fifteenth century, the latter will be found to labour under no such crushing burden of inferiority as that with which it has become customary to credit them. It is true that the greater part of Malaya, for example, was at this time in a condition hardly distinguishable from savagery, but the same may be said for the steppes of Russia and much of Northern Europe at the period which I have named. In India, in China, even in Burma, in Pegu, Siam and Indo-China, on the other hand, great empires had come into being that compared favourably with the kingdoms which in Europe had risen out of the ashes of the Roman Empire. In literature, in architecture, in some sciences, in many of the plastic arts, in philosophy and in mental culture, high standards of excellence had been attained, and the results achieved in these directions—*pace* Mr. Bevan and the theory of Hellenic influence—were in the vast majority of cases strongly individual—native, not foreign, growths. Even in the wilds of Malaya the ingenuity of the Oriental mind had been equal to the task of inventing some half-dozen distinct and independent methods of reducing speech to a written form, and there are innumerable other indications to lead us to the inference that the *average* standard of civilisation prevailing

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among the peoples of Asia at the end of the fifteenth century was, on the whole, superior to that of the commonalty in most European countries before the dawn of the Renaissance.

But is it by intellectual or artistic achievement that the essential civilisation of a people is to be judged? I think not. Is it not rather in the moral standards and ideals, whereof the consequent mental refinement evidences itself in science, in literature and in art, that the real criterions for comparison are to be sought? If this be so, no man who has been at the least pains to acquaint himself with the woeful story of the earliest European conquests in the East can doubt that, in many essentials, the white men, even at a period subsequent to the Renaissance, had emerged less completely from the shadow of barbarism than had many of the peoples whose kingdoms they overthrew. Read, with the sick access of pity and of horror which must accompany the task, the tales of the doings of their countrymen told with so brutal a frankness by the approving chroniclers of Portugal, and then let Europe prate of her superior civilisation—if she dare! According to the standards which we bring to judgment in our own time, Asiatics and Europeans alike were savages in the sixteenth century; but the barbarism of the white man was the more hateful, because, like everything else connected with him, it was more efficient; more thorough and more methodical, because it was more consequent and more calculated; more difficult of endurance, because it was inspired by a more tremendous energy. Our latter-day sentimentality is revolted, is moved to cry out in horrified protest, when the rumours reach us now and again of some hideous act of cruelty such as on occasion is still practised by the natives of the East; we forget, however, that these things are quite in place in the picture—that they are survivals of conditions which were common to Europe in the Middle Ages. Also our self-complacence blinds us to the fact that, if Asia has continued to be steeped in darkness, while we have emerged into the light, the

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responsibility—the heavy responsibility—must, at any rate to a great extent, rest upon the shoulders of the European aggressors.

And this brings me to the point upon which I desire most strenuously to insist—the precise fashion in which the influence of the white men has reacted upon the great unwieldy entity which, both rightly and wrongly, is so often called the "unchanging" East. Rightly, I say, because I hold that the essential genius of the East cannot be changed in the sense of being transformed into something quite foreign to it—into the genius of the West; wrongly, because that there is nothing constant in this world may be taken as an axiom. All things suffer change, be it in the direction of progress or of retrogression: nothing stands absolutely still, and the East can lay claim to no exemption from this law of universal application. China, which for the purposes of illustration may be taken as the very embodiment of the "unchanging" East—as the representative of the conservative spirit of Asia in its most uncompromising expression—is often quoted as a triumphant example of the immutability of the Orient. We are invited to gaze upon the twin miracle, which she is said to present, of an extraordinarily precocious development, and of an advanced civilisation inexplicably arrested. It is customary to speak of her as having stood still for centuries; and, viewed from the narrow standpoint of European prejudice, this would at the first glance seem to bear the impress of truth. But look more closely and beneath the surface. Then you will find that China developed upon her own individual lines from age to age up to the time of the coming of the Europeans, and that since then she has slowly but surely retrograded, because the external influence brought to bear upon her has been one essentially antagonistic to her whole spirit and genius, and has served to make development of a kind which was natural to her, and which was something wholly unlike, and far more subtle than the *progress* of modern Europe, an impossibility. Take a single instance in illustration of what I mean when I state that

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the essential civilisation of China has retrograded. The Celestial Empire, as we know it to-day, is a byword for her hatred of strangers, her antagonism to everything that is foreign, her persecution of alien faiths, her unwillingness to share her commerce with the rest of the world; but this is not the China of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the China of which Marco Polo and the friar Odoric, the papal legate John de' Marignolli, and the Arab wanderer Ibn Batuta had to tell. The China of their day, on the contrary, was remarkable among all the nations for the extraordinary care which was taken by high and low to secure the safety of the persons and property of strangers, travellers and foreign merchants. She was a land famed for her organised order and for the justice of her administration; a China so free that the Muhammadan communities settled in her midst were ruled by their own Kazis with the sanction of the Emperor, so tolerant that the doctrines of Nestorian Christianity were preached publicly, with the permission and approval of the authorities, as early as the seventh century of our era! What has wrought this complete change in China, the reputedly unchanging and unchangeable? The answer, let us blind ourselves to it if we can, does not admit of a doubt. It is due solely and entirely to the influence of Europe, to the aggressive spirit which animated, and to a certain extent still animates, the white men in Asia; the spirit which, coming into rude contact with that of the East, threw the latter violently back upon itself, stayed the tide of its *natural* development, and, since the civilisations of Asia were thus prevented from advancing in their own fashion, and the law of Nature forbade that they should stand still, compelled them to retrogression.

Let us take another instance illustrative of the manner in which the influence of Europe has reacted on the genius of the East to the detriment of the latter. Mr. Bevan, arguing upon lines along which I must confess my inability to follow him, contends that the spirit of Asia does not necessarily make for absolutism. "All the great monarchies, it is true, except

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the Egyptian, were in Asia," he writes, "but to speak of monarchy and the qualities it engendered, as if they belonged to Asia as a whole, is misleading. The system had never extended over the whole of Asia; it was limited to the neighbourhood of the rivers; in steppe and mountain the primitive system of tribes went on as before. Nay, even to this day, monarchy has not interpenetrated Asia; in mountain and steppe the free tribes are there still." But here, it seems to me, Mr. Bevan suffers some confusion of thought. Are tribal and monarchical government in Asia as essentially different as he appears to believe? Is the tribal system of the East republican or monarchical? A cursory knowledge of a tribe might lead the observer from without to draw the conclusion that it was a democracy in miniature, but a more intimate acquaintance with its members and the practical system under which they live will reveal, so far as my personal experience of such communities goes, the existence of a tiny monarchy, of a king in fact, if not in name. Of the steppes of Asia I cannot speak, as possibly Mr. Bevan is able to do, from first-hand knowledge: among many hill-tribes of numerous races, however, I count a considerable number of intimate friends, and every one of these is, whether he knows it or not, either a king or the subject of a king. The "free tribe" of Asia is dominated by a personality, one who exerts authority whether it belong to him or no, one to whose will his fellows bow unresistingly, obeying the instinct of the Oriental which—so far as I am entitled to judge from the opportunities afforded to me in the lands which I know intimately, and from the information which has come to me from other observers in whom I incline to place reliance—emphatically does make for absolutism.

As regards the science of government, the natives of the East, and especially those of China, early attained to a standard of efficiency and organisation with which the administrations of few countries in Europe could at the same period compare. Yet even in this direction the peculiar genius of the Asiatic,

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which—I cannot state my belief with a too great insistency—is different from that of Europe in kind as well as in degree, makes the institution of any comparison between Eastern and Western methods exceedingly difficult. In ancient Europe oligarchy had yielded after a long resistance to the forces of democracy, which in their turn had given ground before the absolutism of the Cæsars. After the fall of the Roman Empire there succeeded a period during which absolute monarchy held the field, but by the end of the sixteenth century in England, for example, not only had the nobles wrested a Magna Charta from an unwilling king, but the representatives of the people were on the eve of a great uprising against the power of the sovereign and the aristocracy. No similar tendency is to be detected in the history of the East. Here, though the popular will had made itself felt, not once but many times, and in many places, and had brought innumerable tyrants to ignominy and death, it had never imposed itself upon the ruling classes further than by substituting one despot for another whom it had overthrown. Mr. Bevan and his "free" tribes of the steppes and mountains notwithstanding, the genius of the East, so far as its workings are to be traced in the records of Oriental history, has seemingly made for absolutism. The inert bulk of the people, lacking the inspiration which can alone be communicated to it by the individual leader, is now, and has always been, at once impotent and inarticulate. In the East the people have ever waited patiently the coming of the Man; when he has arisen they have followed him blindly, and in the end have taken him for their king untrammelled by constitutional fetters. No accumulation of bitter experiences has served to diminish the force of the aristocratic tendencies of the Oriental peasant. No one in Europe who is acquainted only with the society of his fellow Europeans has any conception of the ease with which a man can impose his own valuation of himself upon an Asiatic community. Asia of old was essentially the arena of *individual* successes; and in the East, speaking broadly, each man has always played for his own hand, provided that he had a hand to

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play. The ability to combine permanently for the attainment of a common good is seemingly denied to the peoples of Asia, and lacking this, it is probable that, even if the East had been suffered to go her own way untouched by the influences of Europe, autocracy would have succeeded autocracy to the end of the chapter. Before the coming of the white men, however, the inspiration derived from personal ambition supplied the Orientals with the one incentive to energetic action to which their genius can respond. Each man among them under the old *régimes* knew that, if the seeds of greatness or of success were in him, time and opportunity might raise him to a giddy pinnacle of power; but the European invasion has deprived the children of Asia of those golden strokes of fortune which of old could make of Balaban, the ragged slave-boy of Bokhara, an Emperor of Delhi. Thus the coming of white men, or, in other words, the influence of Europe, has robbed the gifted individual of his initiative, while the bulk of the people continue, now as always, to be powerless to act in unison for the attainment of a common end. If this were not so, how long would it continue to be possible for a handful of white men to hold the East in thrall? And so it comes to pass that in our time the genius of Asia lies bound in chains, stunned and stricken, because, as I have already indicated, the influence of the West has arrested her *natural development* upon the lines which alone are suited to her requirements and capabilities.

We Europeans are for the most part content to live in a little world of our own, to view matters exclusively from our own standpoint, and to hold that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, or that what is good for us is good, or at any rate good enough, for other people. Nowadays too, since there has been so much talk concerning the altruism of those who "take up the White Man's Burden," we feel, and have reason to feel, pride in much of the work which Europeans are doing in the East. Therefore, I conceive the statement that the influence of the West has been prejudicial

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to the East will be regarded as a hard saying, and will meet in many quarters with an indignant denial. There is another side to the question, of course, and upon that I shall have to touch presently, but indications which support my main contention are to be discovered in every direction. During the past four hundred years the East, speaking in general terms, has ceased to produce and to create. She can point to few men of commanding ability who have grown up under the white nation's domination, to no great genius such as the hour of stress might be expected to bring to the front. She has given no literature to the world. The very arts and crafts, in which aforetime she was wont to excel, have either been wholly lost or have so degenerated that they are to-day mere vulgar imitations of her ancient work. Similarly we owe to the East no one of our many modern inventions; the old free commercial intercourse between her various people has ceased or declined; she has suffered the bulk of maritime inter-Asiatic trade to pass into the hands of aliens, and her children have allowed themselves to be left far behind in the race of progress, not only without a protest, but without evincing so much as a desire even to compete. This, again, is no more the East of olden times than the China of to-day is the China of the fourteenth century. Asia the "unchanging" has suffered change, but it is a change comparable to that wrought in the human body when nourished on uncongenial and unsuitable foods which stunt the natural growth and cause the victim to pine and dwindle.

There is, as I have already hinted, another and a more pleasant view of the question. If the white men have injured Asia morally, they have benefited her materially. We have brought law and order and a measure of prosperity in our train. We have drawn the fangs of many a power which of old had the will and the ability to cause much human suffering. We have given justice to the peasant who formerly was often the prey of prince and noble. We have kept the peace and have forced others to keep it. We have

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done half a hundred things of which, from our own point of view, we have ample reason to be proud, and these in this imperialistic age are too well known, are proclaimed so loudly, are insisted upon with such reiteration in the press, in the pulpit and on the hustings, that it would be a work of supererogation were I to recapitulate them here in detail. No one who knows his Asia can find room for doubt as to the greater personal liberty, the increased prosperity, and the larger measure of mere animal happiness which, in recent times at any rate, have been secured to the bulk of the native populations by the rule of Great Britain at least. All this must be fully and cordially admitted; and I, who have spent the best years of my life in the labour which has these things for its object, should indeed be a sadder man did I believe that the broad facts are in any sense open to question. None the less, a conviction of this truth does not affect the view which I have put forward as to the crippling fashion in which the influence of Europe has reacted upon the *morale* of the East. We are engaged in Asia in an attempt to crowd the revolutions in fact and in idea, which in Europe have been the slow growth of centuries, into as many decades, without even halting to assure ourselves that things which owe their initiative to the genius of Europe, and are the ripening fruits of her maturity, are equally suited to the genius of the East.

As Mr. Bevan very justly remarks, the present conditions in Asia are unprecedented:

> "The force now brought to bear upon the East," he writes, "is a new thing: nothing quite like it has been brought to bear upon it before. Even, therefore, if it were true that all previous attempts to make an impression upon the East had failed, one could no more argue from such failures as to the result of the present experiment than one could infer that a fortress which had proved impregnable to scaling-ladders and battering-rams was therefore impregnable to long-range guns and lyddite shells."

All of which is utterly true, always supposing that any one is prepared seriously to contend that the East has really remained impervious to European influence, in the sense of not

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being affected by it. This, however, as I have been at some pains to show, is not a view for which I am ready to do battle. The question is not whether an impression has been made at all, but rather what is the nature of that impression. "The force brought to bear upon the East," says Mr. Bevan, "is a new thing." Admitted: but it is not so new but that, in one form or another, it has been in active operation since the beginning of the sixteenth century, and four hundred years is a period of sufficient length in the history of a country or of a continent to warrant us in drawing inferences from the tendencies which, during that space of time, have been developed. Has the East drawn nearer to the West since 1500, or has it been thrust farther from it; has it been attracted or repelled; have the majority of Orientals become closer akin and more nearly alike Europeans than of old they were? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, well and good. There is, then, sufficient grounds on which to build the hope that the influence of Europe will spell, in the end, the moral as well as the material salvation of the Asiatic peoples. To me, however, the only possible answer appears to be a sorrowful but decided negative. After living in the East for twenty years, a round dozen of which were passed either entirely alone among Orientals or in almost complete isolation from my fellow Europeans, and after long, careful, and I would add loving study of Asiatics of more than one race, I am profoundly convinced not only that the great gulf, whose existence Mr. Bevan denies, is a fact, but that the cleavage between the white and the brown peoples is deeper and wider than it was in the sixteenth century.

Space forbids that I should deal with this part of the question in as much detail as I could have desired, but it seems to me not to be open to question that the European of the sixteenth century was much nearer to the Oriental than is his modern prototype. He was more superstitious, and his scepticism was therefore less apt to offend native susceptibilities; his sense of humour was somewhat less acute, and did not

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tempt him to indulge in the "chaff" which to the Asiatic is not only meaningless, but appears an inexplicable coarseness and brutality; concerning matters of religion he was a fanatic, and here was a quality that was intelligible to the Oriental mind, not at once shocking and incomprehensible as is the modern toleration which is hardly to be distinguished from indifference. Again, the social relations of the two races have suffered a great change. The innate superiority of the white man over the rest of humanity, which to-day is regarded as axiomatic by most Europeans, was not a tenet of the early filibusters. The proud and fierce sea-rovers of Portugal thought it no shame to make obeisance to native kings in the abject fashion prescribed by Oriental custom. Colour prejudice itself, and the arrogant pretensions which are based upon it, had their origin in the wonderful success which attended European aggression in the East, but before this feeling was generated white men and brown met upon a footing of equality, as only in rare and individual cases can they meet in the present age. None the less, the insolent assumptions bred of it are neither acquiesced in nor accepted by Asiatics. Get at really close quarters with an Oriental, no matter whether he be a Chinese, a Sikh, a Tamil or a Malay, win his shy confidence, and then discover the opinion which he cherishes, hides in his heart, concerning the relative values of himself and the white man. In every case—I say it without fear of refutation—you will find that deep down in the soul of him there lurks an unshaken conviction of the essential, innate, and almost ludicrously obvious inferiority of the alien. "Those accursed Dogs from the other end of the World, who for our sins, and by our negligence, have made themselves Lords of Malacca," were the terms in which the King of Acheh spoke of the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century; and what the unconquered East then *said*, the East, gagged, shackled, and in durance though she be, still *thinks*. Conquest has served to embitter, not to weaken the conviction; and thus, while the white man has drawn proudly away from the Asiatic on the

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one side, the Oriental, on his part, has drawn away too no whit less proudly. Can any sober-minded observer really doubt either that the great gulf exists, or that it is far wider than of old?

Remember that four hundred years of closest contact have emphasised, not effaced, the points of difference between the men of the East and the men of the West; remember that there were great and advanced civilisations in Asia at a time when the peoples of Gaul and Britain were barbarians; remember that, if we are to believe Mr. Bevan, the Hellenic influence, far from being confined in its operations to Europe, has made itself felt as far eastward as Japan; remember too that, in spite of this, during the ages in which the East was left to follow her own devices without let or hindrance, there came no Renaissance, no tremendous intellectual revival, no great awakening, such as was brought about in Europe by means of the natural development, moral and mental, of her people. Remember these things, and then ask yourself whether they do not point to the conclusion that even primitive Europe differed profoundly from Asia—whether primitive or modern—because the children of the former had in them the seeds of a development which is to them peculiar; because they possessed from the beginning this one thing which Orientals most singularly lacked—the yeast which has leavened the whole; because, in a word, the genius of the East and of the West are distinctive, differ from one another in kind, work upon individual lines, and tend in widely different directions towards quite dissimilar ideals.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

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CONNAUGHT HOMES

CONNAUGHT homes have an individuality of their own, not shared in, or only very slightly shared in, by any others. To define precisely wherein that individuality lies is not particularly easy in words, though it is clear enough and obvious enough to that more intelligent portion of ourselves which is not the word-producing one. Contrast no doubt accounts for a good deal of it. The homes in that region may not in themselves be very unlike other homes in other regions, but their environments, their settings as it were, are for the most part extraordinarily different. Let the immediate foreground upon which your eyes rest be never so tame, matter-of-fact, commonplace, you have only to lift those eyes in order to set them wandering over a region grim and austere to the very verge of desolation. Grimness, austerity, now and then an indefinable grace, a sort of haggard beauty, the beauty as of Ishmael and Hagar, these are the notes of all, or nearly all, such backgrounds.

To the vast majority of minds there is, I am perfectly well aware, something discordant, something even distasteful and repellent in scenery of such a type. This tearful, heavy-laden sky, this sombre earth, this unnecessary superabundance of water; these big weedy pastures, stone-littered, ill-drained, ill-cultivated, even—where it occurs, which is not often—yonder seemingly illimitable spread of ocean, destitute of as much as a sail by way of indication that upon it also man has set his

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impress—it all affects them unpleasantly. Instinctively they turn away from it, and will have none of it. Like some unrecognisable wildling amongst their domestic flocks or flowers, it seems to them an intruder; at best undesirable, at worst a blot upon the face of creation, a monstrosity. Nor, far as one may be from holding it oneself, is it difficult to accept respectfully such a point of view. The earth after all was made for man, or so we have always been given to understand, and a region which has deliberately set itself against that theory—one in which man through all the years of history has counted for remarkably little—is apt to affect the properly constituted mind with a sense of discomfort, which may fairly be said to go the length of disapproval.

There are, however, minds set in other moulds for whom the very disabilities of such scenery count rather in the scale of virtues than of vices. For them, apart altogether from early associations or racial prejudice, there seems to be a sort of inward support, a mental provision, in the mere fact of scenery of this untampered type existing so close at hand, within the circuit of our own narrow home seas, yet safe, and likely for a generation at least to continue safe, from the light-hearted shout, the triumphant tread of the omnipresent tripper. That longing for solitude—the real not the sham variety—which once upon a time drove myriads of Roman citizens to brakes and wildernesses, to beast-haunted forests and the hot sands of the Thebaid, is alive amongst us still, though it takes other forms, and is directed towards less naïve methods of fortifying the soul. For such minds this bald austere landscape seems to possess a "sullen sweetness" all its own. It responds to something within, as water responds to the needs of the water plant, or an echo to the voice that awakens it. The very absence of all the cheaper and more obvious attractions seems to be but a guarantee the more that here at last the refuge they have been seeking is to be found; that here they may immure themselves if they will in a natural cloister, untampered with, unexploited, secure.

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Turning to the particular counties which collectively make up this undecorated region, the foremost place amongst them must in all propriety be assigned, I think, to Galway, at once as the largest and the most typical of them all. For practical purposes Galway is cut into two somewhat unequal portions; a western portion, forming the south of the district, known to tourists as Connemara, and an eastern one, of which the town of Tuam to the north, that of Galway itself to the south-west, form the natural centres. It is in this last, the plainer and less accentuated, not in the more picturesque of the two portions, that those contradictions I have glanced at run to their most extreme, most exaggerated height. Galway country houses—and it possesses, as every one knows, many, and proverbially hospitable ones—are, as a rule, as matter-of-fact and unimaginative as are other country houses elsewhere. Like those they are set for the most part in the midst of their own wooded grounds, shaded lawns, trim paddocks, shrubberies, parks, and so forth, of a type severely familiar. Nevertheless, you, the visitor to any one of them, have but to take one step beyond all this familiar, prosaic prosperity to find yourself looking out upon a region, probably nakeder, certainly stonier, than any other part of North Europe presents to your observation. Go where you will, visit whatever portion of the district you choose, you have only to stroll to the nearest gate, to look across the first bit of park paling, nay, to glance down from your bedroom window, in order to see, stretching away from you in every direction like some ocean grown hard, the grey-green, desolate plain of Galway, an expanse made up partly of bogs, mainly of wild and shaggy-looking pastures, divided from one another by low mortarless walls, overhung here by a stunted thorn, there by a wind-blown elder, but throughout the greater part of its extent treeless, featureless, shadowless —bald and naked, in fact, to the very verge of indecency.

It is an odd, and to some of us rather a provoking fact, that few of the better known homes of this part of Ireland are able to boast of being situated upon the actual edge of the

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Atlantic. True its atmosphere pervades nearly all of them. You feel it, you know that it is there; you smell it. Those clouds overhead have come from it; those others are going to it; its infinite variety, its turbulence, is always about you, stamps with its own character what might otherwise seem a bald and featureless scrap of earth's surface, yet for all this intimate feeling of association, few of the more familiarly known homes of Connaught can boast of really dipping the edge of their woods or the last furrow of their pastures in its actual brine.

One or two indeed do so, to the infinite joy alike of their owners and of those who have the luck to visit them. Not many sensations are, I think, to be compared for pure, childish, unreasonable rapture to that of setting out alone upon a path —a commonplace garden path to all appearance—which you know will land you sooner or later face to face with the Illimitable. How your heart beats, how the panting breathlessness of childhood rushes back upon you as you skim along it! Every fresh turn, every new opening is a fresh excitement. Now, surely now, you have reached the limits of proprietorship? This must be your friend's last tree, his very last bush? Now for it! Now! Now! And in a trice, in the twinkling of an eyelid, it bursts upon you. You seem to be suddenly in the very midst of it. Its tones are in your ears; its salt is upon your palate. The very birds overhead are no longer the thrushes or finches of any garden-path, but the wild-eyed, daring rovers of the sea. The gull in its varying myriads, the gannet with its predatory glance; possibly even the red-toed puffin, with its parrot face and odd, uncanny familiarity. The whole victorious sense of freedom, the whole boundless prodigality of life, the vastness, strength, spaciousness of the Atlantic is upon you, and your pulses, even if little prone to such vagaries, leap, throb, and thrill responsively to the invitation.

It seems a poor choice, but after mature consideration I have come to the conclusion that personally I prefer my

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Atlantic when on a level with it, rather than when peering down at it from some beetling crag four, even five, hundred feet above its waves. The details of the drama seem to me to be then, and only then, properly attainable and recognisable. One can take it in, not merely as a whole, but in each and all of its component parts. For preference let me suggest the well-sheltered corner of some sandhill, where, prone amongst the dry bents, fenced off from the wind by the next little ridge, you may lie, and with all the serenity of a spectator, watch the chaos, the confusion, the wild turmoil going on beyond you. After a storm, or during a ground swell, it is not at all unlike assisting lazily at some battle. The movement of the advance, the steady rhythmic tread of those footless soldiers, tramping across their sand-strewn arena. The sudden doubling of the advance which occurs when some particular point has to be gained. A hasty word of command—"March!" "March!" "Steady, men, steady!" with which the point in question is successfully carried. A fresh pause; a new and more cautious advance; and suddenly the white-bearded legionaries rush pell-mell upon the foe, hurry scurry, who shall get foremost; a race in which all individual sound and movement, at other times so distinct, becomes lost, swept away and confounded in a single united roar of satisfaction or of triumph.

The music of the retreat is to the full as dramatic, though of course absolutely different. No triumph here, only the sullen sound of the same host, beaten back and baffled, it knows not how or by whom. The sliding roll of the multitude creeping reluctantly over the ground carried a few hours before so successfully. "This point to be yielded? Very well, the next we will hold against all comers!" "What, *this* one also has to be given up?" The clamour rises. There seems to be a division in the councils of war. More than a division—a revolt, almost a mutiny. The irresponsible bystander, lying idly by on the sand, begins to join in, to take his share in the general excitement and indignation.

There is one odd effect which I have often noticed, but I

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have never quite been able to make up my mind as to its exact cause. In the middle of the turmoil, when it is at its loudest—all at once—Silence! Just when your ears are fullest of it; when your brain seems to have settled down to it; suddenly to have none! To be left in a sort of vacuum! It is an effect curiously bewildering to the mind, almost as much so as the pause in the engines of some big ship in mid-ocean. "What has happened?" one feels inclined to ask. "Has anything gone wrong?" "Any cause for this delay?" Then after that momentary pause, on the tireless legions rush again to their task! And with what a noise, how tumultuously, and with what a snorting fury, as if to make up for lost time!

This genuinely wave-encrusted aspect is not, as I have said, to be claimed for many Connaught homes. That a dim oceanic presence haunts, pervades and surrounds even the tamest and most inland of them few who are acquainted with them will, however, deny. You may forget it, but it is there, and no reiteration of stone-strewn pastures so dull and flat, no garden plot or carriage drive so orderly and respectable, but you may be surprised while beside them into a sudden sense of that elemental presence. A hill-top, naturally, is the fittest scene for its invocation, and though hill-tops in this limestone district are scarce, still here and there they are to be met with. Here is one, for instance, high, or having the effect of height from its position, six or seven hundred feet above the plain at its feet. Wooded to within some fifty feet of the summit, then breaking suddenly into those reef-like ledges of horizontal rock, which more perhaps than any other variation of scenery brings the Atlantic, and all that the Atlantic means, before eyes which know it well. Westward the chessboard-like squares of pasture stretch away, till they are met by the two long lakes, Mask and Corrib, streaming across the entire landscape; while beyond these extends a dim, cloud-infested mountain region, and beyond that again our ocean itself, lost from sight on dull days, lost sometimes from sheer refulgence upon sunny ones; in all weathers more or less of a dream-

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ocean, fenced about by dream-mountains; a region that seems to belong rather to the sky and to-morrow than to-day, and to this everyday earth we walk over.

Hardly less suggestive than an actual hill-top are those long wind-worn slopes of wood, which in many Connaught properties form a sort of outlying territory between the more sophisticated inner regions and the mere bleak desolation of the plains. Beginning usually in fair height and leafy dignity, such woods are apt to grow shorter and shorter, denser and denser with every rood you descend west. Shorter and shorter, denser and denser still, till you probably find that you are walking about amid a crisp growth of wind-clipped junipers, which hardly reach above the knee; trees upon which you may lie luxuriously, if you are so minded, as upon a bed, yet which are none the less part of a wood still, as may be seen by the scores, perhaps hundreds, of stunted oaks, which rise, or rather squat, beside you.

Turning to the actual houses themselves, the art of the domestic architect is not one that has ever been reputed to flourish with any marked distinction in Ireland, whether to the east or west of the Shannon. Admitting this to be the case, and it were a bold advocate who denied it absolutely, it is none the less true that these Connaught houses—the larger ones, that is, to which alone these remarks apply—have an indefinable idiosyncrasy, a saving charm of their own, even the ugliest of them, which, if it defies analysis, is none the less real and recognisable. Nowhere in the world is what has been called the "aura" of a house—that impalpable essence which seems part of its very walls—more perceptible, perhaps, than here. It pervades all such houses subtly, like their faint reek of peat smoke, nay, might, by the matter-of-fact investigator, be said to be the mere imaginary equivalent of the latter. Possibly it is so, and yet I incline to think that something more essential, something more elemental, has also a share in it. At this moment, and while I am actually writing, a landing-place, nothing more romantic than an upstairs landing-place in one

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such house, rises like some bodily presence before my eyes—a large, low landing-place—enormously large, according to the infantile standard by which it was first measured—a wonderful place, or so it seemed then, its smooth brown polished floor all a-gleam with cold blue and white reflections; a mysterious polished Indian toy, also a-gleam with the same reflections, and moving, for no visible or ascertainable cause, to an accompaniment of deep inward rattlings and jinglings of its own. Broad brown polished stairs led upward to this realm of mystery, and equally broad and polished stairs away from it to an invisible region overhead. Through its big, deep-set windows tree-tops might be seen tossing, always tossing, in the restless sea-borne breeze. Underneath, a high stone wall, every chink of it filled with ferns and yellow fumitory; a wide, empty paved courtyard, and a tame fox, snapping its teeth lazily at the mouth of its kennel. Crows flying low, brushing seemingly against the tree-tops; every now and then their black line crossed by a sea-gull, sweeping past on dazzling victorious wing, or a cormorant with long, lean, outstretched neck; a sinister, slightly terrifying object to newly arrived eyes, one to be followed with some awe and trepidation as long as it remained in sight!

Dim enough reminiscences, plucked with a casual hand from the void, and not probably suggestive even to any mind that cannot from its own resources fill up the blanks! One thing at least may safely be asserted of all similar Connaught homes, whether large or small, sea-swept or inland, and that is that there can be no half-measures in your regard for them. You may dislike them frankly; I have known some of their own inhabitants—legitimate sons or daughters of the West—who did so heartily; may rejoice to turn your back on them; may hail the western bank of the Shannon as a deliverer, its eastern one as a gaoler, but a tepid liking, a mere ladylike or gentlemanlike toleration, is utterly out of the question. It is neck or nothing with you, kill or cure, love or hate till the last death-ruckle. Moreover, if once that particular sentiment

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gets a hold on you, for the rest of your life it is your master. Go where you will, stand beside whatever other shore you may, it draws, woos, beckons to you, and there is always something within yourself which seems to respond to that beckoning.

To taste the particular sensation it is not in the least necessary, I think, that you should be an actual Connaught proprietor. I have known it assail the most improbable persons, worthy Philistines of the sporting persuasion, and that, too, apart even from the vicissitudes of sport. London club-men, again, not a few may be reckoned, who have succumbed helplessly before that fascination, and may be observed henceforward for the greater part of the rest of their lives tramping the bogs delightedly, in boots quite unrecognisable of Piccadilly. Perhaps the most unexpected conquest I ever remember was that of an English woman-servant, of the sort labelled "upper," a respectable, respectful London-bred nurse, well dressed, rather starchy, even a little chilly and repressive in her ordinary demeanour. Yet the first time I made her acquaintance she and her charges—three remarkably pretty little girls—were all walking with much satisfaction over a bog, all four of them shoeless and stockingless! In the distance the line of paddling figures—one large and three small—presented to my eyes somewhat the effect, I remember, of a row of brilliant wading-birds, flamingoes possibly, and I stood still in some surprise so as to obtain a nearer view of the phenomenon. When it developed itself I was unable to refrain from some little inward amusement, though I hope that I concealed any outward demonstration of it. I think that I must have done so, for I was accosted by my new acquaintance in a tone of the most perfectly unruffled dignity. "Yes, m'm, beautiful walking," she assured me—a statement which the cakes of black peat-slime upon all eight feet and ankles would hardly have made immediately obvious—"a very fine country indeed, as you say, m'm, very fine; ladies seem to keep their 'ealth 'ere wonderful."

Such instances as these may be set down by the sceptical

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as mere vagaries, results possibly of an over-sensitive or poetical temperament, aberrations which defy and set at naught sober calculations. Whether this be the case or not, it is at any rate certain that no true son or daughter of Connaught has any need to fall back upon similar elaborations. For such a one, especially if in addition to the mere involuntary fact of birth or habitation, he or she have made it their very own: home of their hearts, and love of their lives: for them the difficulties of the problem seem to lie all the other way. How are they to learn to keep themselves away from it? how are they to endure with any show of fortitude the packed life, the ever dwindling spaces, the unescapeable noise, fuss, and hurry of other regions? These are the points to which they have to reconcile themselves, each as they best can. For this reason I hold it to be somewhat rash for one who belongs to the West, but whom the accidents of life have settled elsewhere, to venture without some little precaution to return to it. That most beguiling of all Circes who has her dwelling in a cave of the Atlantic is certain in that case to lay her finger upon you, and once she does so you are undone. Her witchery is so potent that the very moment it is readmitted into the system it becomes overwhelming, and the need to return to the scene of her enchantments at shorter and shorter intervals becomes correspondingly acute. Struggle as you may, fight against that desire as you will, the battle is pretty certain to be a losing one. Even if your feet are retained by circumstances, by propriety, elsewhere, the mind and the will are much less accommodating, and will be found setting forth instinctively, as it were of their own accord, along the old Western road.

Yet if you *have* yielded—you whom I am at this moment thinking of—to the wiles of the enchantress; if, setting difficulties at defiance, you have set your face resolutely towards the sunset—then, ah me, what satisfactions are yours! See, the Shannon is reached at last; is past; you are in no particoloured Ireland now, an Ireland of shreds and patches, a

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hybrid creature, bred within the Pale, at once the victim of a dozen incompatible theories and experiments of government. This is the real Ireland; the original one; the still more or less Irish-speaking one; an Ireland as it was from the beginning, or as little altered by the lapse of time as any country under the vagrant stars has yet contrived to be. This is what you have panted for, have almost fallen sick for the lack of, not alone in less, but in admittedly far more attractive scenes. Already its atmosphere surrounds you; seems to be part of you; to have entered into the cockles of your heart and the marrow of your bones, or whatever other region of the body it is that is stirred, and not in man only, but in every sentient beast, by the touch of its mother-earth. You are nearing your destination fast now; you have almost arrived. Voices come flying out to meet you, eager, familiar, beloved voices; other voices too, hardly less real, hardly less beloved, seem to be in the air; voices which have sung a queer wordless song about your cradle, and which you would not be unwilling to believe would be the last that would reach you on earth. You walk about, you talk and laugh, yet all the while that same odd tune seems to be ringing in your ears.

Then, perhaps the day begins to fade; light thickens; evening has come, and you saunter out, perhaps alone, perhaps in better company. The wind has fallen, and the trees by the riverside are standing up, grave and aloof. The distant lines of grey stones look like so many thick-set ghosts in the twilight. The ripple of an invisible waterfall breaks upon your ear with an eager, cantering patter. Moths are flying low over the herbage, and there is a smell of elder-flower, and a yet stronger one of water-sage, rising from the edges of the pools. Sauntering on you begin to mount the slope of a low green hill, low that is in itself, but high in the extent of plain which it reveals. The grass is tangled, and your feet, trailing in it, catch as they pass. The bowed thorn-trees seem to have settled down to rest for the night, worn out with their interminable combat with the enemy from the West. Soon the

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top of the little hill, with its rath, comes into sight. You clamber hastily up the few remaining steps, and stand upon it.

Something very remote, and ancient; something at the same time very soft, and kind, and pitiful, seems to have been waiting to receive you upon the top of that little hill. The grey rath with its lichen-drawn, runic-like characters, is familiar already; so also are the bent thorn-trees, but this greeting, this kindly look, this air of intimate friendly inquiry, seems to be coming to you from everything within reach, down to the very grasses and furze bushes, down to each little straggling pimpernel and milkwort which clusters about your feet.

The silence is intense; the solitude absolute. Below, the grey-green plain stretches away, level as a sea, dim as man's hope, wide as the heart's capacity for pain. Sounds that are hardly sounds; sounds that appear to belong to some central soul of silence, grow and swell, and die away again to nothingness before they can be recognised. The ancient heart of Connaught seems to be beating up towards you through the stillness; a heart that has had its full share, more than its full share, of troubles and trials, yet is a sound and a gallant one still. Even—or so, as you listen, you fancy—something more ancient than Old Connaught; a presence so immeasurably ancient that you hesitate to put a name to it, seems to be trying to communicate with you through the twilight. What is it trying to communicate? It is not easy to say; still, by listening attentively you may catch, or fancy that you catch, a word or two here and there of that message. "Life, the life of each one of you down below there, is after all but a very small affair," it seems to be muttering. "You cannot lengthen that life if you would, nor would it be by any means good for you if you were able to do so. Your griefs, wrongs, sorrows, whatever they are, nay even—what I admit is a larger matter—the griefs, wrongs, sorrows of this same storm-torn island spread out below you, are not perhaps really quite so desperate, quite so unutterably deplorable and incurable as you sometimes imagine. Other people—nay, believe me, for I am very old,

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other *peoples*—have passed through similar ones before, and other people—other peoples—will have to pass through very similar ones again and again, long after you and yours are comfortably asleep. Sleep is good, my children, very good; Sleep and time; hardly have I found any two things better in the whole of that realm I am acquainted with. Do not fret, do not rage, do not repine, do not beat yourselves against the inevitable. Try, if you can, to live in charity with all things, even with this thing which you call 'Fate.'" It is not perhaps a particularly definite message, certainly it is not a very fortifying or a very heroic one. For all that, or possibly for those very reasons, there are moments when it may chance to seem a curiously consolatory one.

EMILY LAWLESS.

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REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

IV. LIONARDO DA VINCI'S "NOTES ON MODERN ENGINEERING"

THEY were admirable people, those men of the Renascence in Italy. They could paint, of course: we all know that. But we are apt to forget what numberless other things they could do too. They could build houses, and play at politics, and carve marble and wood, and write literature, and cast bronze, and profoundly speculate on social and philosophical questions. And their morality was multitudinous. And all these things they did apparently without an effort, as though by instinct. But there is no man who summed up the endless potentialities of the Renascence more fully in his own person than Lionardo da Vinci. Yet it is almost with a gasp of surprise that we read his "Notes on Modern Engineering"; and find how complete was his technical knowledge of the achievements of our Barrys and our Airds.

His "Notes" are not easy reading. He was always bizarre in the making of MS. Here he has given the student an initial complexity of delight by the way he has put pen to paper. The MS., which Messrs. Donato Ricardi have had the good taste to publish in facsimile, without the garbling usually deemed necessary to suit the fancied taste of the Library Public, begins at the bottom of the right-hand corner of each page, and runs always from right to left, all the letters being

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always upside-down. However, it is not so difficult to arrive at his meaning as this might lead us to suppose. The "Notes" deal with a vast variety of subjects, ranging from the nature of the curves in the Forth Bridge, and the general formation of cycloidal curves as produced by the cantilever system of bridge-building, down to the architecture of the Paris Exposition of 1900. It is clearly impossible to mention here all the examples which he criticises. But throughout the "Notes" it is to be observed that he treats each subject from two points of view. He first considers it with reference to the technical difficulties of construction, giving praise or blame to the way in which these have been met. Then he criticises the result from the æsthetic point of view. It is this latter part of each "Note" which has the greater value and also the greater interest for us, because Lionardo's practical knowledge of painting has enabled him to speak with more authority on questions of beauty than has been granted to our modern engineers.

Take, for instance, his treatment of the Annexe to Westminster Abbey built for the Coronation of Edward VII. He has nothing to tell us which could not be learned elsewhere on the actual construction of the annexe from slight material having the semblance of solidity; but on its æsthetic value he has much to say worth hearing. After a passing reference to the pillars of St. Peter's at Rome, and an analogy drawn from his own use of chiaroscuro in painting, he says that the value of a work of art, which appeals to the eye through the mind, must in fairness be judged by its effect upon the eye. To condemn it because it is a sham is to import an ethical distinction with which art is not concerned. There is no inherent reason why lath and plaster should be inferior to stone: the result is all that need be considered. The temporary nature of the construction was sufficient excuse for the choice of materials. If we want a whole abbey somewhere for a few hours only we are æsthetically justified in building it of paper, if we can make paper look as beautiful as stone.

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Although we may have a horror of sham, it is difficult to quarrel with Lionardo's logic.

Lionardo's æsthetic remarks on the St. Gothard Railway are not a little curious. It may be safely asserted that no one, before his time, ever noted the beauty of the curvature of the line on the Italian side of the tunnel. He compares it to the marks made by a bee in a low temperature, walking upon a sheet of plate glass thinly sprinkled with fine sand and having an electro-magnet under the glass distant two inches from the centre of gravity of the bee. He points out the similitude of the curve thus obtained to the outline of the great nebula in Orion. It would be interesting to know whether he implied any physical connection between these two curves and that of the St. Gothard Railway on the Italian side. Perhaps the point is prudently left to future investigators. But the said curves presumably are not keratoids; at any rate the two lines of rail hardly could have been constructed so with safety. Lionardo takes great interest in beauty of curve. Reference has already been made to his remarks on cycloids about the Forth Bridge. He has an amusing suggestion that a keystone bridge might be built on the lines of a previously constructed cantilever bridge; and that a single cycloidal curve or series of single cycloidal curves might be obtained, which would have even greater beauty than a true cantilever construction. But this method would not be economical.

By far the longest "Note"—indeed it might have been reviewed as a separate work—deals with the Nile Barrage at Assouan. We may leave the technical questions intreated of by Lionardo to the official account of Messrs. Airds' work, which, no doubt, we shall have some day. The economic question is discussed in the usual manner, and the usual laudatory mention is made of Kitchener and Cromer. Then Lionardo indulges in a delightful rhapsody on Egypt. It has all the charm of a book of travel written by one who has not visited the country. Egypt! For us, the mere

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difficulty of writing a word with three concurrent letters extending below the line adds an air of mystery. Egypt, where those dull-red old Pharaohs tied their god-like chin-tufts on, and fed the sacred cats, far back in the dawn of things! When our own life took form in Greece, she still was the land of mystery, as China is to us to-day, the mother of fantastic faiths, of weird immobile arts, whose changeless philosophy is a sorcery enchanting heart and soul and leading back to the barbaric roots of things. There was something recondite and unwholesome in her air, some adumbration of huge occult potencies which might sweep away all that Hellas had retrieved of light and life and human sanity. Yes, surely it was just that, just the link of human kinship which the Greek sought and failed to find in her. Herodotus put into words all that which his countrymen felt about the land whose great river so mysteriously flowed from arid southern deserts. Came Cleopatra, incarnate Egypt, to sway with love the future of the world. Came Hadrian, drifting in earthen barge a-down the Nile, adding another exotic tale which still stands clear among the hot fantastic annals of the land. Then the Dark Age. Where was it more dark than here? What untold histories of unnamed men have drifted to the mirage, and slipped away into oblivion! And now the Airds are damming the Nile.

So Lionardo awakens to reality. Is romance, he asks (quoting the lovely animistic anapæsts in which Eklytos of Notiathalassa invokes her,[1]) to lie for ever buried beneath its solidity? It seems hard to find romance in so very vast a dam. We may well join with our author in sighing that things must be as they are. Perhaps there was no romance left, even in an undammed Nile. Or perhaps there still is romance there in spite of the dam. We cannot but believe

[1] Θεοι, ὁ φωνῃ θελξομενος
ἐν Ἄρει παιδων ἀρετην αἰεν,
παρεμυθησας της δυστυχιας
τονσδε θανοντας χαιρησαν.

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that some day the dam will be a romantic ruin. It may be that Egypt of the endless years has a soul which is more valid than a dam, that men with not such useful heads and hands will come to fight and love as we believe men fought and loved of old betwixt the desert and the tidal stream. Lionardo drifts in and out between admiration and regret. His love of engineering compels him to admire the grandeur of the work. His love of men teaches him to rejoice in the blessings of prosperity through fertility, which the barrage is to bring to many folk. Then he remembers the past; and we may join him in a sigh which, however, will hardly be able to raise even a ripple on the waters above the dam.

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V.—THUCYDIDES' REPORT OF PERICLES' ORATION AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

AN analogy has often been noted between the speeches, which are so prominent in Thucydides' history of the "Peloponnesian War," and the choric odes of Greek tragedy. Just as a chorus sums up the acts of the previous scene, and furnishes a commentary on the position of the actors in the drama, so the speeches sum up the results of the preceding history, and give the historian's comment to his readers upon the condition of affairs. We cannot isolate a chorus or a speech without losing its intrinsic meaning. It is well to bear this prominently in mind in reviewing Pericles' "Oration at the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh," for here we have an isolated semnology, which will lose much of its significance unless we postulate before and behind it the still unwritten Thucydidean history of the period. There should be no difficulty about that, since there is no need to postulate the history as written. Given the "Oration," we must have the "History," psychically at least, both precedent and subsequent; or more simply we may say that, just in so far as the supposition is hypothetical, so also the hypothesis is suppositious. This would seem to be the solution of any preliminary difficulties which may not have arisen.

The matter is also simplified by the parallel drawn, by Pericles himself, between this "Oration" and the "Funeral Oration" in Book II. of the "Peloponnesian War." In the latter Pericles made use of an inopportune occasion to sum up the position of Athens, and to forecast the future of the Athenian Empire. There can be no doubt but that he, at that time, believed the Hellenic civilisation of the world to

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necessitate the confirmation of the Athenian Empire in the Ægean, and its subsequent extension to include, under one central authority, the Greek cities of the Euxine, of Southern Italy, and of Sicily. What a sumptuous scheme it was! Its realisation would have produced a power to check the growth of Rome, to alter the history of the world. But, as we know, Pericles, the one born skoparch who might have guided Athens along the Imperial pathway, died; and Sparta emerged triumphant from the great war. Our England of to-day, says Pericles now, is in a very similar position to that of Athens just before the outbreak of her contest with Lacedaemon. Our Empire is analogous in form to that of Athens, although the state of things is magnified immeasurably. Our Empire of England must dominate the world—or fall to pieces. He bids us to put aside all merely patriotic prejudice, and view affairs from the larger synthesis of the welfare of the human race:

> *μετὰ μεγάλων δὲ σημείων καὶ οὐ δή τοι ἀμάρτυρόν γε τὴν δύναμιν παρασχόμενοι τοῖς τε νῦν καὶ τοῖς ἔπειτα θαυμασθησόμεθα, καὶ οὐδὲν προσδεόμενοι οὔτε Δυσκόλου Κιπλίγγου οὔτε Δαφνηφόρου Αὐστίνου ἐπαινέτου οὔτε ὅστις ἔπεσι μὲν τὸ αὐτίκα τέρψει.*[1]

He uses this argument with all the more force, because he knows that he is leading us to a conclusion which will not offend our patriotism, for the English temperament is more akin to Athenian ideals than any national temperament which has appeared during the last two thousand years. But his analogy continues. The enemy of Athens, he says, was not Persia, nor Egypt, nor even Macedonia; her real rival was that state which was her nearest next-of-kin, Sparta, the second glory of Hellas. So we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, must see our rival, not in those who are

[1] And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Crusty Kipling or Laureate Austin, or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may be popular for the moment.

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racially distinct from us, but in that great nation which shares with us the kinship and the glory which Sparta shared with Athens:

μόνη γὰρ τῶν νῦν ἀκοῆς κρείσσων ἐς πεῖραν ἔρχεται.[1]

And the lesson? Well, the long duel between Athens and Sparta was the ruin of the dream which had inspired Pericles in old days, not merely because Sparta was victorious, but because in a contest between brothers, and brothers of such boundless potency, both cannot entirely win and both are bound to lose. Sparta, of then and now, had and has much to learn from Athens, of then and now; also she had and has much to teach. United, they of old might have given the world all things. They failed. Cannot the Athens and Sparta of to-day profit by the lesson of that failure, and give to the future those blessings which the Hellenism of long ago so splendidly failed to give? Cannot the Athens and Sparta of to-day, spurning that *αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγαθή*[2] which distinguishes mediocrity from genius, merge their minor differences, and unite to face the envious, venomous decrepitude of the European combination, their common foe?

τὸ δὲ μισεῖσθαι καὶ λυπηροὺς εἶναι ἐν τῷ παρόντι πᾶσι μὲν ὑπῆρξε δὴ ὅσοι ἕτεροι ἑτέρων ἠξίωσαν ἄρχειν· ὅστις δ' ἐπὶ μεγίστοις τὸ ἐπίφθονον λαμβάνει, ὀρθῶς βουλεύεται. μῖσος μὲν γὰρ οὐκ ἐπὶ πολὺ ἀντέχει, ἡ δὲ παραυτίκα τε λαμπρότης καὶ ἐς τὸ ἔπειτα δόξα ἀείμνηστος καταλείπεται.[3]

It is grand rhetoric—in the original.

But there is a great deal more in this long oration than mere rhetoric. Pericles displays a fine sense of the imperialistic

[1] For in the hour of trial she alone among our contemporaries is superior to the report of her.

[2] False modesty (Hesiod). Pudor malus (Horace).

[3] To be hateful and offensive has ever been at the time the fate of those who have aspired to Empire. But he judges well who accepts unpopularity in a great cause. Hatred does not last long, and, besides the immediate splendour of great actions, the renown of them endures for ever in men's memories.

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fervour which at present animates us. His discussion upon the new style and dignity to be assumed by King Edward the Seventh is an admirable piece of constructive argument. Noting the statements of a well-known Canadian diplomatist of the Conservative party, lately printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the effect that, first, the King's Majesty ought to be crowned "Emperor of England, West England (Canada), South England (Australia), and East England (India):" secondly, that the name "England" alone should survive, and that the one people under one sentiment and one flag should be divided by no suggestion of different identities, Pericles says, that although this is all pretty well in a way, yet nevertheless it is open to at least two fatal objections. First, the territorial designation is lamentably inadequate, because it omits to include numerous loyal and important dependencies of the English Crown, such as be the vast demesnes of Africa, New Zealand, the West Indies, Tasmania, Hongkong, Newfoundland, British Columbia, Malta, Cyprus, Gibraltar, and the myriad island-gems which coruscate in Edward the Seventh's diadem. Secondly, the style "Emperor" appears to be regarded as a higher and grander style than "King"; when, as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. It signifies no more than "general" or "commander-in-chief." It was common to many officials in the army of Republican Rome. It was assumed by the Cæsars (after the army had discovered that it had the power of investing a favourite general with the purple), to indicate their headship over the legions. Moreover, it was prefixed to its holder's name, never to the name of the people, never to the name of the territory, beneath his rule. Therefore, argues Pericles, there is no philological precedent for an Emperor of England, nor for an Emperor of the English, seeing that there never was an Emperor of Rome, nor an Emperor of the Romans, purely speaking. But, as there was, *e.g.*, an Imperator Cæsar Hadrianus Augustus, solely as supreme war-lord, so again there might be, solely as supreme war-lord, an Emperor King Edward the Excellent.

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With the ground thus cleared Pericles proceeds to erect his syllogism. The King of England, says he, is also King of Wales, of Ireland, of Scotland, by right of conquest. After the Roman evacuation Britain was conquered by the English, who drove the Britons, naked howling savages painted blue, as their very name Bryth (painted) testifies, into Wales and Cornwall. King Edward I. reduced these Britons, Welch, or Cymru, to the position of vassals of the English Crown. Jenny Jones never has been all she ought to be; and it is unlikely that any strain of untainted British blood has survived to the twentieth century. Ireland was granted to the English by the English Paparch Nicholas Breakespeare (Hadrian IV.) acting in his capacity of ὁ οἰκουμενικὸς ἐπιστάτης (*cf.* the Roman Pontifical, "Rector Orbis"), and was conquered by King Henry II. Scotland also was conquered and its king killed at Flodden by the English. It is the English race which is, and for more than a thousand years has been, the conquering race; and which is to be the dominant race. We do not know of any fresher, or more vigorous, or more ruthless statement of historic events than this. Its audaciously categorical conciseness will naturally fail to recommend it to Fenians, Druids, and unspeakable Scots, whose sentiments are otherwise. But we must always remember that Pericles of all orators is the master in the matter of reducing fallacy to the nudity of fact. He points out, in continuation of his thesis, that England at the present time increases her boundaries more by the power of love than by the arbitrament of arms. Canada, Australia, and the rest, he says, are English because they love England; and if they desire specially to be named in the titles of England's king, they have a right to offer him a title of their own choosing. Would they choose a style of Romaic origin, "Princeps," "Prince of All the English," is an immense and noble style. Would they choose a style of Hellenic origin, "Pontokrator" (Ruler of the Sea) and "Pananglican Pamprotos" (The Very First of All the English), possess magniloquent sonority and significance. Would they choose a style of Byzantine origin,

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"Lamprotes," "Splendour of the English," has its recommendations. But, circumlocution aside, all the styles in the world, Thakubs, Emperors, Basilees, Gaikwars, Presidents, Princes, amount to no more than First, Head, Chief, of more or less extensive demesnes, of more or less glorious a race of mortal men: whence Pericles ingeniously deduces the axiom that the importance of a style inheres chiefly in its territorial qualification. The King of England, he says, in his relation to other monarchs is as the Head of the Sixth Form is to the heads of the gulf, fifth, shell, fourth, not forgetting the lower-third; and his Majesty's predecessor King Henry V. was called "England" all stark, five hundred years ago. For sheer sumptuous sonority, Pericles can find no stronger combination of sounds than the English "King of England." He says that even the enormous Italian word "donde" (said by a Tuscan) cannot be named in comparison with the clanging splendour of that reiterate N, *ng*, *ng*, *nd*. He reminds us that the Venerable Servant of God Alfred the Great, Saint Edward Confessor, William the Conqueror, Henry the Fifth, Charles the Martyr, were Kings of England, as Edward the Excellent is King of England. And from this point he proceeds to the climax. "King" is the style for the English Sovereign. His Majesty is already a four-fold King, of England and Wales and Ireland and Scotland. How many other demesnes acknowledge him as king, although as yet no territorial qualification indicates the magnitude of his sovereign sway? Seven? Or nine? Or nineteen? If the loyal subjects in his Majesty's colonies are moved to offer for his acceptance new additions to his regal style, obviously such additions should be territorial additions, *e.g.*, "of Canada," "of Australia," "of New Zealand," "of the Islands," &c. &c., each colony of importance being designated separately and particularly, and appended to the title of "king"; which, by accumulation, will result in the collective, tremendous, and unapproachable style of "The Seven-fold King," or "The Nine-fold King," or "The Nineteen-fold King," as the case may be.

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The elaboration, the allusiveness, the opulent fancy, which Pericles has brought to bear upon this section of his demegory, by no means fail him when he deals with the more practical and perhaps less decorative portions of the subject. He shows a thorough grasp of both the general and the particular problems which affect King Edward's empire. Nothing, for example, could be more convincing than his luminous appreciation of Lord Selborne's "Memorandum," as displayed in the masterly epigram:

> *τὸ δὲ ναυτικὸν τέχνης ἐστὶν ὥσπερ καὶ ἄλλο τι καὶ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται ὅταν τύχῃ ἐκ παρέργου μελετᾶσθαι.*[1]

It would be impossible, in the limits of this review, to follow him through all the details of his treatment of these problems from the point of view of each colony. We may, however, instance his remarks on Canada. After a brief but pregnant summary of early Canadian history, he draws a vivid picture of the growing estrangement between the Upper and Lower Provinces in the reign of King William IV. The rebellion of 1887 seemed at the time to preclude, once and for all, any possibility of a peaceful arrangement; but the constitution of the two Canadian Houses of Parliament solved the difficulty, and the federation of British North American Colonies into "The Dominion," made Canada what she is to-day. Pericles points out that the successful application of the federative principle should lead us to consider the possibilities of Imperial federation. He believes that the two great obstacles will be found in the question of Protection, and the question of the position of India. He deems the former of these to be, in point of fact, far less formidable than is usually supposed; for federation would make England so very dominant throughout the world that commercial prosperity, enhanced by power, could afford to yield here a little and there a little until a *modus operandi* should have evolved itself. But, on the

[1] The naval, like other sciences, is the effect of art. It cannot be learned by the way or at chance times.

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other hand, he pragmatically asserts that we are bound to deal with India firmly, even high-handedly, and without any approach to truckling to the hysterics of half-penny unennobled morning sentimentality. There can be no doubt whatever, he declares, but that in a federative assembly, the quantitative superiority of India must be reduced to the level of her qualitative inferiority. Imperial Federation points the way to the realisation of that great scheme which Pericles here tries to bring home to us. Little idea, unfortunately, can be given in the space at our disposal of the mature oratorical power which he has expended upon this subject. He is a rhetor, trained by the experience of something under seven and twenty centuries. Also he is one of us, for he is human, and he is sympathetic; and we may listen not unprofitably to such an one:

ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου.[1]

[1] The admonition of a companion is good (of its kind). (*Iliad*, xi. 492.)

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

VII

SEATON, on realising that some of the guests had arrived, retired for refuge to the conventual seclusion of his bedroom, and did not appear again till the gong sounded for dinner. He was giving his white necktie one last disconsolate pull, when Glanville knocked, looked in at the door, and exclaimed with a laugh, "Capital! I see you are quite ready for the theologians in disguise downstairs."

With a sinking heart Seaton entered the drawing-room and found himself alone with a man who was standing before the empty fireplace. The aspect of this personage was certainly not theological. His age might have been about sixty. His carefully trimmed moustache was slightly waxed at the tips; a turquoise, surrounded with diamonds, shone on his shirt-front; and his collar, as though it were a bearing-rein, so upheld his chin, that he jerked his head at intervals with an air of jaunty restiveness. Seaton, with his grey-blue eyes, which were dreamy though half humorous, with his shock of ruddy hair, and with the shy uncertainty of his pose, formed a curious contrast to the stranger. The two men bowed and looked at each other like dogs of two different species.

At last the gentleman of the magnificent turquoise stud gave a nervous pull to a pair of jewelled cuffs, and said, "Have you come here for the fishing?"

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Seaton replied in accents of courteous and soft aloofness, "I am not certain if there's any river to fish in."

The other glanced at him, made a slight grimace at the window, and then continued reflectively: "I wonder if our host has any grouse here? Ireland, if properly managed, might be the best sporting country in the world. But it's never been the fashion. God knows why—but it hasn't. Ah," he exclaimed, his face suddenly lightening, "there she is! That woman," he went on confidentially, "has the finest figure in London. If you'd known her, as I did, in the school-room—by Gad!—you'd never have expected it. It's astonishing how they fill out—some of them."

The object of this eulogy had hardly caught sight of the speaker when Glanville made his appearance, with another lady preceding him. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her handsome face was thoughtful; and Seaton, the moment he saw her, experienced a sensation of relief. "My dear Mr. Glanville," he heard her say to her host, with a quick glance at the gentleman of the turquoise stud, "I'd no idea I was to meet such very smart company as this."

"Never mind," replied Glanville in a soothing voice, "he's only here for a night. To-morrow he joins his yacht—he and several others." Then, coming up to Seaton and laying a hand on his arm, "I see," he said, "you've already made acquaintance with Sir Roderick Harborough. Here is Mrs. Vernon, who tells me she's an old friend of yours."

Seaton started; he looked at the lady in black; and then was aware that his hand was being grasped by hers, whilst her cordial voice was recalling the pleasant fact to him that seven years ago she had met him at his uncle's house in Lanarkshire. Their incipient conversation, however, was promptly interrupted by Sir Roderick, who, feeling that the times were out of joint when anybody of importance overlooked him, claimed Mrs. Vernon's attention as something properly belonging to himself.

Mrs. Vernon responded with a graciousness that had some-

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thing of frost in it, and at once went on to the question, "How is Lady Honoria?"

Sir Roderick was a man whom any allusion to his wife was apt to affect like cold water dropped into a boiling saucepan. "Lady Honoria," he said drily, "is enjoying the best of health, which she wouldn't be doing if she came yachting with me.—And tell me, my dear sweet child, how is your delightful mother?"

These last words were addressed not to Mrs. Vernon, but to the lady whose figure he had just now been commending, and to whom he had by this time attached himself by taking possession of her hand, and turning her round to the light, in order to examine her necklace.

Meanwhile the room had been slowly filling. Seaton could not make out much with regard to the composition of the company; but he found, when dinner was announced, that Mrs. Vernon was assigned to him as a partner, whilst Glanville led the way with a lady of stately aspect, to whose hair, like white floss-silk slightly sprinkled with diamonds, some black lace was attached, which gave her the air of an abbess. When the dimness of the drawing-room was exchanged for the sparkling lights of the dining-room, some dozen people found themselves confronting each other at a round table; and Mrs. Vernon's attention having been engrossed by her other neighbour, Seaton had nothing to do but look about him and listen. At first everything seemed to him hardly more real than a dream. Then gradually out of the confused murmur of voices he heard certain conversations emerge which, to some degree, were intelligible. They bore a singular resemblance to those which had, at the ball in London, sent Mr. Brock to his bed with such a sense of his own superiority. Indeed, one of the subjects was the same—namely, the doings of the fair Mrs. Majendie, who was, it appeared, on the eve of achieving renown in the Divorce Court, and already was far more celebrated than most Cabinet Ministers. Another subject which seemed to be equally popular, was some one

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bearing the surname or the christian-name of Marcus, who had been caught cheating at cards, and whose reputation had exploded like a shell. A certain Lady Cicely Morland was frequently mentioned also, with a blame that was akin to pity, as having once again been her own worst enemy, by what seemed her besetting weakness—a public lapse from sobriety; whilst another lady, with whose name Seaton himself was familiar, she being now on her trial for maltreating one of her children, was much in request as a victim of indignant conversational justice. Opposite to Seaton was a dignitary with a starched face, whose garb proclaimed him a bishop. He alone, with a soft-voiced lady next him, seemed lost to the world in the privacy of some superior intercourse; and he trifled meanwhile with a curious antique spoon, which he eyed superciliously as though it were a Roman doctrine.

Seaton at last, however, began to feel somewhat happier, when Mrs. Vernon, freeing herself from his rival, turned to him with an air of intimacy; and having soon ascertained that all the guests were strangers to him, she discreetly lowered her voice and set herself to give him an account of them. One was Lord Restormel, an ex-Viceroy of India. Another was Mr. Brompton, once a Roman Catholic priest, who had married a wife and invented a new religion. There was also a girl—a certain Miss Agatha Hagley—with frank protruding eyes and something like a splutter in her utterance. "And that," Mrs. Vernon continued, "is the Bishop of Glastonbury facing you. The lady," she said in a whisper, "who has been talking to him about sermons and services is the wife of Captain Jeffries, my neighbour. She's the largest-hearted woman in the world. She never says 'No' to man, and she never abuses a woman; and the odd thing is that the saintliest clergy adore her as much as secular sinners, though we hope in a different way. The man with the sparkling eyes and eager gesticulating hands is Mr. Hancock, the editor of 'The Dictionary of Contemporary Life.' There's no one he doesn't know, and there's nothing he won't talk about. The white-haired lady by Mr. Glanville is

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Lady Snowdon, my aunt. Happily she's as clever as she thinks she is, else she would not be endurable. The man who is trying to make love to the dark-haired woman next him is that odious Sir Roderick Harborough. His wife is an admirable woman, and yet he has three establishments. I'll tell you some more afterwards. Let us listen to what the Bishop is saying."

It seemed that by this time the general circulation of topics had brought to the Bishop the story of the lady who had lapsed from sobriety, and that he was wrapping her reputation in the mantle of episcopal charity. "In a case like hers," he was saying to the whole table, "one should be very cautious in judging. Her father, her grandfather, three of her four uncles —all had the same failing. One may venture to call it in her case not a fault but a physical malady."

"Quite right," said Sir Roderick. "I knew them all—every one of 'em—capital fellows, except—well—except for this":—and he delicately emphasised his meaning by raising a glass of champagne a trifle higher than was necessary before he proceeded to drink it. "It's not her fault—not her fault at all. Eh, what?" he exclaimed, suddenly leaning forward. "What's that you're saying, Rupert? Do I hear you saying you'd have Marcus down here to stay with you? Why, I tell you, Jack Hereford saw the cards in his hand. God bless my soul! you'll be having Mrs. Masters next—is that the she-devil's name?—who crippled her child by beating it."

"I think," replied Glanville, "we are probably much too hard on her. For all we know, the child was exceedingly irritating; and I'm sure, from her pictures, that the mother must naturally have a bad temper."

In spite of the deference due from guests to a host, this utterance of Glanville's was received with a murmur of surprised remonstrance; whilst Sir Roderick pulled his moustache by one of its waxen ends and dragged a fold of his throat through the points of his collar in indignation.

"How do you know," said Mrs. Jeffries, her cheeks growing

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pink with emotion, "how do you know that the poor little thing was irritating? A woman, with Mrs. Masters's mouth, would be cruel to a perfect angel."

"By the way," said Mr. Hancock, eagerly leaning forward, "I can tell you about Mrs. Masters a very curious thing. I was talking to Dr. Hudson, the celebrated criminal pathologist, and he assures me that the skull of this lady is just the same in shape as that of Marie Godin—you must all remember the case—who murdered two of her children six years ago at Lyons."

"I can quite believe it," said Captain Jeffries solemnly. "I saw Mrs. Masters in court, and I can tell you, Rupert, if she wasn't and didn't look like a lady, she's the sort of woman a policeman would run in in the street, without waiting a moment to ask if she'd done anything. And her being a lady only makes it worse."

"And tell me, Dick," said Glanville, "do you think that a British jury, when they look as they probably will look, into the fascinating eyes of Mrs. Majendie, will decide on pronouncing against her in the same summary manner?"

"Mrs. Majendie," interrupted Sir Roderick doggedly, "is a very dear little, nice little, amiable little lady. She never did an unkind thing in her life. She couldn't. It's not in her. I only wish I could have taken her yachting with me until all her troubles are over."

"That, Sir Roderick," said Lady Snowdon, "would have established her reputation at once." Lady Snowdon spoke in a tone of condescending sarcasm, but her words came to Sir Roderick as the choicest of all possible compliments, and he smiled at himself in his silver plate, rejoicing that he looked so young.

"Listen, Roderick," said Glanville. "Let us make up a yachting party together, you and me. You shall bring Lady Cicely and Mrs. Majendie. I'll bring Mrs. Masters and Marcus. These two could help themselves no more than the others. You tell us that Mrs. Majendie can't help being kind. The

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Bishop tells us that Lady Cicely can't help being tipsy. Dr. Hudson says Mrs. Masters can't help being cruel; and Marcus—why should we leave him out in the cold?—he, no doubt, is unable to help cheating. They are none of them guilty of faults. They are all the victims of malformations—or maladies, for that is the word which, I think, the Bishop recommends to us."

The Bishop looked at Glanville with an expression of extreme annoyance.

"If you argue like that," said Lady Snowdon, to whom such discussions were familiar, "where will you draw the line?"

"Precisely," said Glanville. "That is the problem—where? Who is the theologian, who is the philosopher that will tell us?"

This sceptical question, however, was hardly out of his mouth when it seemed as though a prophet had been specially raised up to answer it. The Bishop's lips were tightly closed like a vice; but Sir Roderick Harborough, who had been fuming for the last five minutes, now saw his opportunity, and pushing his wine-glasses away from him, spoke under an inspiration so urgent and copious that it hardly allowed his message to arrange itself in logical order. His style, moreover, fiery as it was, was hardly that of an Isaiah.

"Hang it, Rupert," he began, "it's very unbecoming in me, who sit here drinking your champagne—and very fine champagne it is—if I'm not mistaken, it's Pol Roger, of 'eighty—it's very unbecoming in me to tell you you're talking nonsense. But do you mean seriously to say that a man like Marcus—born a gentleman—a cool man, with all his wits about him—I never saw anybody cooler under fire than he was—could no more help cheating at cards than he could help having measles or a cough—for that's what your talk about bumps and maladies comes to? Do you mean to say that we—the Committee of the Turf Club—should have kept the fellow on, in order to have our pockets picked by him, on the

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ground that he picked them because he couldn't possibly help it?"

"My dear Roderick," said Glanville, "you might have kept him out of the card-room. That would have been quite sufficient. Nowhere else would he have robbed you of a single sixpence. You might have safely smoked and dined with him, or have walked with him in the Park, as I've very often seen you doing."

"Walk with him in the Park!" exclaimed Sir Roderick with increasing vehemence. "Walk in the Park in the morning with a man who, whether he could help it or not, would, as all London knows, be picking my pocket at night—or if not mine, yours! But it's not that, Rupert. You're quite on the wrong tack. The fellow *could* help it—let his head be what shape it will. He needn't have done it, and he did it; and I'd say the same, and I'd never be in the same room with him, if I knew he would never touch a card again till doomsday. God bless my soul!" he continued with a fresh access of ardour, "what would become of us all—the Bishop will bear me out—what would become of religion—what would become of morality—what would become of the turf, if we could none of us run straight when we were tempted to run crooked? And Marcus wasn't tempted—that's another point. What was a ten-pound note—what was a monkey—to him? He cheated because he was determined to cheat; and if the Committee hadn't done what they did—not that there was any question of that—I for one should have resigned, and I'll tell you on what grounds. I don't want," he said, "to usurp the Bishop's place—but I'm quite sure he'll agree with me—I should have resigned on the grounds that to condone a fault is to be guilty of it."

This new summing up of the Christian code of morality produced a silence which was tempered by a few slight smiles. It was however immediately broken by a quite unexpected speaker.

This was Miss Agatha Hagley, the young lady with the

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spluttering utterance, who suddenly plunged after Sir Roderick into the deep waters of philosophy, and her thoughts wandering to certain South African warriors, abruptly exclaimed, "Yes —and if cowards can't help being cowardly, brave men can't help being brave; so why should we praise heroism?"

"Very well put, Miss Hagley," said Mr. Hancock. "We can't have one logic for our virtues and another logic for our vices, any more than we can have one law for the rich and another law for the poor. And now, if you'll let me, I'll ask Mr. Glanville something. When a dinner was given last autumn to General Grandison, Mr. Glanville made a most eloquent speech in honour of him. But my friend Dr. Hudson tells me that General Grandison's head is the typical head of a soldier, just as the head of Mrs. Masters is the typical head of a criminal; and we all of us know besides that he comes of a fighting family. If, then, we are right in exonerating monsters like Mrs. Masters—if the shape of their heads or their parentage is really any excuse for them—what sense is there in honouring magnificent men like General Grandison?"

"And look," said Miss Hagley, "just look at Charley Langford, and the way in which he stuck to the girl he was engaged to marry, when everybody tried to make out that she'd forged a cheque—which she hadn't done! If he couldn't have helped sticking to her——"

"Let us wait a moment," said Lady Snowdon, who had been on the point of rising, "and hear what would have happened. My dear, finish your sentence."

"I was only just saying," continued Miss Hagley in a slightly masculine voice, "that if anybody stuck to me when I was in a tight place, simply because he couldn't help sticking —here, Sir Roderick, be a brick and pick up my rather dirty glove—I'd as soon think of saying 'Thank you' to a bit of old cobbler's-wax."

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VIII

"That's a damned good sort of girl," said Sir Roderick, settling himself down by Captain Jeffries. "She gave it them straight that time. I'm glad she's coming on the yacht with me. Never sick; and, when swimming, she's almost pretty. What's this? Rupert's old Madeira? It's been in the cellar, he tells me, seventy-five years. Nobody touches Madeira excepting our two selves. We'd better stick to the bottle."

The rest of the gentlemen had meanwhile rearranged themselves also; and, leaving Sir Roderick, who regarded his moral mission as accomplished, to discuss with Captain Jeffries the merits of a new Hungarian jockey, they prepared, as they filled their glasses, to resume the suspended fray.

"Hancock," said Glanville, "look here. You were asking me a question when the Muse of philosophy interrupted you. If I believe myself justified in not blaming a born blackguard——"

"My dear Glanville," interposed the Bishop, like a schoolmaster correcting an exercise, "you're running away with assumptions. No man is born a blackguard."

"Very well, then," said Glanville, "let us say a born dipsomaniac. You can't object to that. If I believe myself justified in not blaming a born dipsomaniac, how am I justified —this is what Mr. Hancock asks me—in consenting to spout in public the praises of a born hero? And I'm bound to tell him that, in making the speech he refers to, though I should, no doubt, repeat the proceeding, I can make no reasonable defence of it. The whole of our higher impulses are equally opposed to reason. All that we feel is in conflict with all that we know. There is my position. Now let us have yours."

The Bishop's face, as he heard this portentous avowal, looked as though sulphur were beginning to burn in his dessert plate.

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Mr. Hancock's reply, however, did something to soothe him. "I'm sure, Bishop," he said, with the confident familiarity of a successful man of the world, "you won't mind my speaking plainly. You're much too wide-minded for that. Well," Mr. Hancock continued, in tones of intellectual briskness, "I confess that, so far as mere evidence goes, I consider Mr. Glanville right. I can't see, as a man of science, or as a strict logician, at what point freedom, responsibility, moral praise or blame, find their way into the mechanism of human life. But they may come in—mind you, I add this—they may come in, in some way of which we know nothing. Scientifically—theoretically—I'm an absolute Agnostic about the matter. That seems to me the only position possible. But, practically," Mr. Hancock continued, gesticulating with an emphatic hand, and upsetting a pyramid of French bon-bons as he did so, "practically, I say, whether our wills be free or no, we are bound to assume that they are free, as a kind of working hypothesis. We had to-night a remarkable proof of this. Everybody at this table, except Mr. Glanville himself, has shown that what I call this 'working hypothesis of freedom' is practically instinctive in his mind or in hers; and Mr. Glanville himself, as I very shrewdly suspect, is pulling our legs when he affects to think differently."

"I don't doubt it," said the Bishop drily. "Glanville, I must confess that I utterly fail to see what all this discussion is driving at. You agree with me that we, as practical men, cannot palter with the fact that we are free and responsible agents. Any child might have told you the same thing; and to play at turning the most sacred beliefs into doubts merely for the sake of reviving them under the name of 'working hypotheses' seems to me not only a useless but also a dangerous game."

"You must remember," said Glanville, laughing, "that to-night it was you who started it, by saying that an hereditary drunkard cannot morally be blamed for drinking. Some of us may be born drunkards, but nobody is a born blackguard. This is what you have told us. I don't say myself that both state-

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ments are not true. I only say that, myself, I am unable by reason to reconcile them. I would ask you if *you* could," he added with friendly deference; "only I know that it takes generally longer to defend a belief than to attack it; and we can't call on you, like highwaymen, to stand and deliver here."

"I have not the smallest objection," said the Bishop, mollified by Glanville's manner, but speaking nevertheless in a tone of almost contemptuous concession, "I have not the smallest objection to giving you a short answer. It is one which is not new, but which will also never be old. The operation of free-will suggests numerous difficulties to the mind. The degree to which circumstances and inherited tendencies interfere with it is one of these. But the fact of our freedom is no whit more doubtful on account of them than the fact of our consciousness being temporarily associated with matter is made doubtful by the fact that it is not only difficult, but impossible, to understand what the nature of this strange association is. Consciousness of self, as we all know, is logically our first certainty—consciousness of self as a single and indissoluble entity; but our consciousness of freedom is really no less fundamental. *I think, therefore I am,* may be equally well rendered by *I will, therefore I am.* Yes, Glanville, wait—for I am going a step farther—" And the Bishop spoke as if he were warming at last to his work. "With equal distinctness we are conscious of one thing more—not only that we exist, not only that we will freely, but that being, of two courses, able to will either, we are under an obligation to a lawgiver higher than ourselves freely to choose one and freely to renounce the other. There you have what the Americans call bed-rock—the individual indissoluble self with its three primary attributes—existence, freedom, obligation. In these three data of consciousness you have natural theology in a nutshell. No science," said the Bishop, contemptuously brushing away a few profane crumbs which had ventured to settle on his apron, "no science can touch them."

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"Well," said Mr. Hancock, anxious to make things pleasant, "I congratulate the Bishop on an admirably lucid statement. Even if we can't all of us quite go with him theoretically, we all go with him practically. Without what I call this 'working hypothesis of freedom,' what would become of morality? What would become of religion? What, I will even venture to say, would become of business enterprise?"

"And you may ask also," said Lord Restormel in a low musical voice, laying a finely-shaped hand on Mr. Hancock's gratified shoulder, "what would become of love, of romance, of poetry? We all of us remember a certain poem by Sappho —I've no doubt the Bishop has birched many a boy for not being able to construe it—in which she describes by its signs the love that has made her deathless. We remember the fire, the cold, that ran through her shuddering body, the dimmed eyes, the confused murmuring in her ears. To quote Swinburne's echo of her, we can still see the face '*White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer, ravaged with kisses!*'" The face of the Bishop at these words underwent a curious change. "Well," Lord Restormel continued, quite unconscious of the fact, "I can only say that if Sappho had no will of her own—if her soul was nothing but the sum of her nerves and tissues—then a headache means no more than a stomach-ache; and that not only Sappho's poetry, but all the love-poetry in the world, is not poetry at all, but a doctor's diagnosis in metre."

It would have been so difficult to imagine Sappho, in even her most abandoned moments, feeling either fire or cold on account of the Bishop of Glastonbury, that the very mention of her ravaged complexion within a four-mile radius of his presence constituted an incongruity of which nobody was more conscious than himself.

"Don't you think," he said to Glanville, "that this room is getting very hot? Sir Roderick and Captain Jeffries, I see, have both gone to the window. Don't let me disturb you; but, with your permission, I will join them."

"By all means," replied Glanville. "Have your coffee

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outside. You'll find coffee, Roderick, and everything else, on the terrace."

"Our host," said the Bishop to Sir Roderick, as he went with him through the open window, "is endowed with a fine intellect—but an intellect gone astray. Were it only as healthy as yours, he is a man of whom I could make anything."

Sir Roderick was pleased by this compliment, but he did not entirely comprehend it; and seeing that Captain Jeffries overheard it, he could not resist winking at him.

As soon as the last dark flutter of the Bishop's coat-tails had vanished the party at the dinner-table assumed slightly easier attitudes.

"I think," said Mr. Hancock, indulging himself in a smile which he had been long suppressing, "our right reverend friend was not very happy in his apologetics. If modern psychology shows us anything at all, it shows us that our supposed immediate consciousness of freedom is a delusion—pure delusion—an absolute inversion of facts. If the doctrines of evolution and heredity have any truth in them whatever—and even Bishops to-day don't any longer reject them—man has not a single faculty the natural origin of which is more easily traceable than the natural origin of conscience is. Conscience no more represents the direct voice of a deity than the human body represents his direct creation—that is to say, so far as positive science can inform us."

"And tell me, Mr. Hancock," interposed Seaton, joining in the discussion for the first time, "does science dissolve our consciousness of our own existence as completely as it dissolves our consciousness of obligation and freedom? Or is it good enough to spare that?"

"It all depends," said Mr. Hancock good-humouredly, "what you mean by the word '*us*,' or by *self*, and *we*, and *I*. If you mean by *we* and *I* some simple and indissoluble entity —which is what the Bishop means—science dissolves our existence like sugar in a cup of tea. *I* is merely an expression

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for the unity of a co-ordinated organism, just as the term *a daisy* is. That's how the matter is put in a book I was reading yesterday—and very well put, too. The *I*, instead of being simple and indissoluble, is the result of a gradual aggregation. It is often divided in life, and we can often note the stages by which it goes to pieces in death."

"It is an astonishing—an astounding thing," said Lord Restormel presently, "that a shrewd man like the Bishop should be content to base the convictions of which he is the special exponent, on arguments which would rouse the laughter of any clever boy in a Board school."

"He merely shares the fate," said Glanville, "of all our clergy. It is not their fault. It is the fault of their inevitable circumstances. They are like the cashiers of a bank which has lost its assets; and their sole task is so to cook the accounts that the wretched depositors may fancy it still solvent. You would not, perhaps, take me for a great reader of sermons. I am though—at all events, of sermons addressed to doubters. And what do I find even in the most thoughtful and best of them? Never a reasonable attempt to meet doubting thought by believing thought. The preachers are content with administering little doses of Soothing Syrup, which lulls doubt, but does not meet it—which may momentarily relieve the cough, but which never even touches the malady."

"The only objection," said Mr. Hancock, "which I make against all these criticisms is that they don't go far enough. It is not the Church, or the Churches, as such, that produce this intellectual swindling; but any desire, whatever form it takes, to defend any kind of supernatural belief against naturalism. I'll give you an instance of this. The other day I was at Cambridge, and there I was shown a book called 'Naturalism and Agnosticism,' by Professor James Ward—a learned man—a subtle man—a man fully familiar with the scope of scientific discovery. But he's got this bee in his bonnet—he must prove, against science, that he has an immortal soul. And here's one of his arguments. No fresh arrange-

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ment of lifeless particles can endow them with a quality—such as life—in which separately they are all deficient; and he goes on to deal with an illustration used—I think by Spencer—to refute this view. The illustration is this—that if we take three straight lines, and join them together in a triangle, the triangle has qualities which the separate lines have not. And how do you think Professor Ward answers this? 'Yes,' he says, with a solemnity which is really amusing, 'but these new qualities develop themselves only when we add to the three straight lines a fourth thing; and that fourth thing is a plane superficies for them to rest upon!' He actually does not see that, even if Spencer himself has not specifically assumed the plane superficies at the beginning, we can assume it ourselves at the beginning just as well as at the end; and the force of the argument is absolutely unchanged. Can you imagine a more contemptible quibble—contemptible in precise proportion to the shrewdness of the man that has used it! That's what makes it so instructive. If he had not thought it an argument in favour of his precious religion, no one would have seen its childish, its helpless dishonesty more quickly than he. We may well say, when we think of cases like this:

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

"Did you ever," said Lord Restormel, leaning back in his chair, and speaking with the air of a man who was about to change the subject, "did you ever hear the story of the magistrate who, when sentencing a wretched little *gamin* for stealing an old gentleman's handkerchief, sought to add to the chastisement of the law the more searching discipline of religion? 'Boy,' he said, 'if you go on acting in this way, where do you expect to go?' The little boy screwed up his eye and answered: 'I don't know, nor you neither.' There you have a perfect illustration of the condition of the world to-day, and of the manner in which this differs from its condition in other ages. To mediæval ears the

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boy's words would have been blasphemy. Now they merely express what nine-tenths of every class are thinking."

"Do you remember, Restormel," said Glanville, "that, when you and I were at Rome together, you used often to dip into the folios of the scholastic philosophers? People who have never read them laugh at these men to-day: but all the knowledge that was then within human reach found its highest and most logical expression in their doctrines of God and man. Knowledge then overarched life like a firmament, which reverberated the humblest word of faith which the peasant faltered. But now matters are turned upside down. The firmament now reverberates, not faith but denial. The most ignorant blasphemer in the street, or the youngest little infidel in the dock, however unable to defend his doubts himself, knows that he need merely shout them in the first words that come to him, and all the heaven of knowledge will murmur his words back again."

"You're still at it, I see," said a rich lazy voice which seemed to drag heavily under a load of sluggish good-nature. The speaker was Captain Jeffries. "I've come," he said, "to ask for a cigar. I don't want to interrupt you. But, all the same," he continued, sinking into a chair, "I thought about something just now which reminded me of what was said at dinner. It's to do with dogs and horses. You know, Rupert, I can't say that I go with you—not altogether anyhow—in what you said about Marcus. Whatever else a man can't help doing, I maintain that a gentleman *can* help cheating at cards. But," continued Captain Jeffries, having enunciated this new psychological doctrine, "I've had hounds that were born wrong 'uns—it's the oddest thing in the world—surly brutes from the very day they were littered. The rest of the pack hated them. And then mares too—I daresay you all of you know this—you have mares sometimes that won't look at a horse. I suppose my wife," said Captain Jeffries, exhibiting an opinion of her not shared by his intimates, "I suppose, if they were women, my wife would regard them as saints, and have a

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service in honour of them. I don't think she'd get many breeders to go to it. Well—life's a rum thing. Men are like animals, and animals just like men. After all—Rupert, just chuck us the cigar-cutter—after all, I suppose we're all of us in the same box. If the Bishop could prove that we were not—by the way, I daresay he's proving it to my wife now—if he could prove that we were not, to me or any sensible man, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd bring in a Bill in the House of Commons to increase his salary by five thousand a year."

When the *séance* at the dinner-table broke up, as it did presently, and those who had assisted at it made their way to the terrace, Lord Restormel put his arm within Glanville's, and began to loiter with him by the orange-trees whilst the others sought the portico, where lamps from the drawing-room mixed their rays with moonlight, and women's voices murmured from a flower-bed of skirts and draperies.

"I remember," he said, "once trying a very curious experiment—not designedly, but by accident. I tried to make love to a woman after I'd been reading a modern book on psychology, and when I was steeped in the idea that what we call our will is merely a passive consciousness of the activity of the physical organism—an activity which we can no more control than we can that of the planets. Well, I found that under these conditions to make love was impossible. Whatever course I took I was brought up against a stone wall. When the lady talked of some passages in her own past life, which she wanted me to wonder at, to condemn, to deplore, to pardon, I had nothing to tell her except that she did what she did because it was quite impossible that she should have done anything else. You never heard anything so flat in your whole life. I made some notes of this conversation, but, unfortunately, I lost them at Simla. God bless my soul; look there!"

This pious ejaculation was elicited by the spectacle of two figures—a male figure and a female—who were slowly walking past them, not, indeed, arm-in-arm, but still in pleasing

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propinquity. The male figure was tall, and his hands were clasped behind him. The female figure, which glimmered in white satin, was listening to its companion with an air of confidential reverence, and seemed to be attached to it by some invisible ligament. Mrs. Jeffries—for this figure was none other than hers—had, with all her benevolence, not been able to discover any male member of the company with whom she might manage to sit hand in hand after dinner, except Sir Roderick, of whose abilities in that direction, though they were copious, she was somewhat tired. Lord Restormel had looked preoccupied; Seaton she did not think promising; and her host she knew to be impracticable—though why he should be, when his past life was considered, was a question which perplexed her intellect without wounding her vanity. She had therefore resolved to put up with what her spirit knew to be the best, in spite of her heart, which told her that somehow it was the second best only, and to sacrifice the obscurity of the beautiful summer night to a spiritual communion with the Bishop, which would have been equally suitable in the daytime. Her spiritual propensities were, however, perfectly genuine; the Bishop, besides being a Bishop, was a specimen of the eternal masculine; and she was far from being wholly discontented with the turn that matters had taken. The Bishop's voice was clear, his enunciation slow and incisive; and Glanville and Lord Restormel, as he approached and passed them, could not help catching the tenour and some of the words of his conversation.

"We have," he was saying, "a mind to guide us, greater than our own—and that is the mind of the Church. Individually, no doubt, all Churches have erred—the schismatical Church of Rome, as we all of us know, amongst the rest. But the Church is more than the Churches, and the mind of the Church of England——" Here, to the unintentional listeners, his accents became inaudible. It appeared that he had had, however, a third listener also. This was Mr. Brompton, who, having failed to capture the ears of any of

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the ladies in the portico, approached Lord Restormel and Glanville in a state of considerable excitement.

"Do you see that?" he said. "It's the old, old story—clericalism—clericalism—clericalism. Everything would be so clear—everything so grand—so glorious—if only the world would free itself from this nightmare of dogma and discipline."

"Well, my dear fellow," said Glanville, "you must let us have your own views by-and-by. Come," he continued, "let us join our friends in the portico. We won't even countenance the Bishop's rites by observing them."

"Well, Mr. Glanville," said Lady Snowdon as they approached, speaking, as she generally did, with a spacious and commanding suavity, "we don't think it at all fair that all our intellectual leaders, having excited our interest at dinner, should with one accord desert us, especially as Mrs. Jeffries has monopolised the guidance of the Church. Only Mr. Hancock has been faithful to us. Come, sit down here. He, Mrs. Vernon and I have been hatching a little plot, which we're very anxious to propose to you. But first—come closer all of you. I must ask Mr. Glanville something."

Glanville, Lord Restormel, and Mr. Brompton found seats as they were bidden, and completed an intimate circle of which Lady Snowdon was the centre.

"And now tell me," said Lady Snowdon, in a tone discreetly modified, "the Bishop is going on—isn't that so?—in Sir Roderick's yacht. And she, too, Mrs. Jeffries—and her husband? Is Captain Jeffries anywhere near?"

"He's there," said Glanville, nodding towards a spot where Captain Jeffries, seated on a step, was lost in solitary meditation. "But he won't hear. By the shape of his back I know he's thinking of Newmarket. Yes—they are going, all three, and one or two of the others. The Bishop wants to visit the scene of some late evictions. That's why I asked him to come here."

"Well, then," said Lady Snowdon, "as soon as the orthodox

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party have left the rest of us to ourselves, we were thinking—— Here, Mr. Hancock, you explain what our plan was."

"It's this way," said Mr. Hancock. "Lady Snowdon was telling us about some gatherings which used to be called Conferences, given by some friends of hers at a well-known house in Hampshire. To these Conferences guests of all kinds were invited, whose sole bond of union was a common interest in religion. Converted crossing-sweepers testified against the erros of the higher criticism. Baptists and archbishops exchanged views as to episcopacy. There was naturally a Babel of doctrines; and the building of the tower of faith failed to proceed in the manner which the host and hostess anticipated. But why couldn't we here—this is what Lady Snowdon asks—do something of the same kind in a more methodical manner? Why couldn't we arrange to consider in some sort of order the subjects of which everybody this evening has been just touching the fringe?"

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon. "Let us make out a list of questions, and deal with them one by one. Why, for instance, do we believe—or do we really believe?—certain bits of the Bible, when we none of us believe, or even pretend to believe, the rest?"

"The Bible!" echoed the voice of Captain Jeffries sleepily, as, roused from his reverie, he turned himself partly round. "We're told now that it was written by Ezra or Esdras; anyhow, it wasn't Moses. By the way, Rupert, you've provided us with a card-table in the drawing-room. I think I'll see if I can't get up a rubber."

"Who," said Lady Snowdon, as Captain Jeffries moved away, "will be able to doubt the spread of education after that? But to go on with what we were saying—let us take the various influences, of whose practical results Captain Jeffries is so bright an example—the influence of science and Biblical scholarship, and so on; and let Mr. Glanville, or let somebody else, deal with them, as I say, one by one, and give us some slight account, in language which even women can

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understand, of what these influences are, and what they really amount to.

"Do," said Mrs. Vernon. "Nothing would be more interesting."

"Well," said Glanville, "to-morrow, let us try to arrange a programme. To-morrow is Saturday. We can't well begin till Monday; for the Bishop won't go till to-morrow evening; and on Sunday two clergymen are going to solace us with divine service."

(To be continued.)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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IS IT SHAKESPEARE?

IT has been too often forgotten by the holders of creeds that faith is not a fortress, but a camp on the march: a camp too, not of armed men, but of explorers. Till there is nothing more to know we must be moving continually forward, and an undertaking to show us that we are not on the right road is an offer of service, not an attack. We shall do well to accept it readily, but at the risk of the volunteer himself: he must first make trial of the path he recommends and take all the chances of discomfiture, tragical or ludicrous.

There is certainly plenty more to know about the Elizabethan age, and the old guides have not always proved trustworthy on points of detail. Still we have advanced, and the road through Stratford-on-Avon has seemed one of the plainest and the straightest to most of us. The world has paid little heed to those who cry that this is no road at all, that the highway goes in reality by St. Albans, that the sign-posts have been intentionally falsified these three hundred years past. Many an adventurer has plunged with a gallop down that phantom highway, and gone to pot in the end: and here comes another with the same feverish haste and volubility, the same readiness to rush in, the same heroic disregard of obstacles.

It can hardly be from lack of courage that the latest propounder of the question, "Is it Shakespeare?"[1] has concealed

[1] "Is It Shakespeare?" By A Graduate of Cambridge. John Murray. 1903.

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his name from us: for he has in the pages of his book dealt with Elizabethan history and literature in such intimate detail as to expose his scholarship to the severest examination. The experts will doubtless be at him with their acid tests: we shall be glad to have their analysis in due course, but in the meantime one or two general remarks occur to us.

First, we would remind the readers and critics of this book, that as Science excludes prejudice, so also she knows no such terms as "profane" or "indecent." Argument, if it is to be at all, must be serious: serious not in the sense of non-humorous, for humour is a trenchant weapon too seldom used, but as being intently directed to carrying the point at issue. So long as the exploration is justified by its object, it may be done as the explorer can best do it, on foot, horse or wheel: if it is really worth while to clear the way at all we must not be afraid of spoiling the landscape or of cutting up the old roads. In our opinion, the authorship of the Shakespearean literature is certainly fit matter for argument: it follows that any serious argument on this matter should be sure of finding a publisher, and that so long as the parties to the argument are in earnest, neither should attempt to silence the other by an irrelevant cry that the moral reputations of the past or the religious feelings of the present are in danger. Those who, in the Shakespearean or any other cause, meet unorthodoxy or criticism with resentment instead of with a scientific examination, are justly suspected of being uncertain of their faith, and too often they add a prudishness which will only admit truth on condition that it be not naked. Such tempers are perhaps in the majority, and the author of the book before us has every reason to expect rough treatment at their hands, for it is hardly too much to say that in the way of reputations he has touched nothing that he has not torn.

This is a work then for the study and not for the drawing-room table. It is, moreover, one to be read with care, for it is written partly wrong way round and partly upside down, in order that the newest and most striking matter, or some of it,

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may come first and cover the familiar assumption which forms the real backbone of the argument. The skeleton, if we may rearrange it, is something like this. William Shaksper, of Stratford-on-Avon, was a low-born fellow of no education, quite incapable of reading the classics, writing good English, moving in society or entering into aristocratic views of life. Further, his morality, though imperfect, was imperfect after the normal way, the way of a man with a maid. Francis Bacon, on the other hand, was well born, well educated, intimate with the highest persons in the State, aristocratic in habit and feeling. Moreover, and this is here made an indispensable qualification for the authorship of the Sonnets, he was the kind of incarnate devil known as an "Italianate Englishman," with a taste for vice of the abnormal kind. From these premises two conclusions are drawn; first, that "Shaksper" did not write the Sonnets; secondly, that Bacon did.

One part of this argument is old and has been answered again and again. Probably nine Baconians out of ten derive their opinion mainly from a feeling that the man who on Ben Jonson's testimony had "small Latin and less Greek," could not have written the passages whose learning they admire. They allow nothing for genius: they do not know how much classical knowledge was acquired, for instance, by Tennyson (and still more by Keats) after leaving school; they forget that the creator of "Soldiers Three" was never in the army, that the writer of "McAndrew's Hymn" was not bred up a marine engineer. Moreover, in their eagerness to make the most of their case they minimise absurdly the possible sum of education obtainable at Stratford in the latter half of the sixteenth century. This particular heresy has been fitted with a coffin, if not finally screwed down, by Mr. Churton Collins in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, and we need not consider it further.

The other part of the argument is, however, new: so new that it has not yet had time to reach Mr. Arthur Atkinson in New Zealand, and is consequently not touched upon in the

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contrast drawn by him, on a later page of this REVIEW, between the characters of Bacon and Shakespeare. That contrast is so striking and so vital that it must, we believe, in default of direct evidence for their case of a kind hardly imaginable, always prove fatal to the Baconians before any competent jury. Our Graduate of Cambridge knows the difficulty well, and his method of getting round it, though inconsistent (he is often inconsistent), is certainly ingenious. The plays, in which the author has writ large his own character upon a vast and open page, do not help much in the required direction; they form, in fact, a very embarrassing record. They are accordingly treated somewhat cavalierly as the *joint* product of Bacon, the learned, aristocratic and poetical partner, and of Shakespeare, the play-broker, the gag-maker, the handy man, who lent his vulgar shoulders to bear in public the weight of a fame which would have been for various reasons dangerous to the real author.

So our attention is directed mainly to the Sonnets. The view of two well-known but erratic men of letters is first adopted—that the Sonnets contain a revelation of a particular crime, one according with what we know of Bacon's but not of Shakespeare's character. But this thread is tangled up with others: one of which consists of a string of facts and fancies offered as direct evidence that Bacon wrote and claimed to have written the Sonnets and the poems *Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis;* another, slipped in after an interval of some two hundred pages from "the scandal," is nothing less audacious than the proposition that "as a matter of fact and evidence we may safely say that Francis Bacon, with all his faults, was a man of a higher, nobler, and diviner nature than William Shakespeare." This statement and the argument by which it is led up to, an argument for "a belief in the innocent and platonic character" of the Sonnets, are saved from appearing in their true light, as fatal to the whole inference drawn from Bacon's abnormal viciousness, by a delicately balanced pendulum of inconsistencies, swinging

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from talk of sowing "wild oats" to phrases which "exclude the grosser view," and back again to more talk about "the conventions of the age for a courtier." The situation may be cleared up thus: Bacon was criminally vicious, the Sonnets are criminally vicious, therefore Bacon wrote the Sonnets: but it is highly desirable to consider the Sonnets and even Bacon (if possible) as entirely innocent, and we can do so if you will accept his authorship as proved by the *direct* evidence.

What is this direct evidence? Very mixed in character. We will select two examples, the weakest and the strongest. The weakest is perhaps the sonnet preserved in the Lambeth Archiepiscopal Library, written (in French) by one La Jessée about 1595 and addressed to Francis Bacon. It contains the line, "Bien que *vostre Pallas* me rende mieux instruite," which an unprejudiced reader might be excused for taking as a conventional tribute to Bacon's learning, and especially suitable in the case of one versed in statecraft and government. But no: "Pallas," it appears, "was *Hastivibrans*, a Shaker of the Spear or Lance," in the Greek mythology: and in one or two instances, on title-pages and dedications (but unfortunately not on the Sonnets) the name of the poet is spelt *Shake-speare*, with a hyphen. This, to a Graduate of Cambridge, is evidence that Bacon was generally known as Pallas, and translated himself, when dedicating poems, into Shake-speare. He backs it with other stuff of the same kind, including the opinion of an American named Edwards (author of a book on Butterflies!) to the effect that "the name Shakespeare is quite another, etymologically and orthographically, from Shagsper or Shakspere or Shaxpeyr or Shaxper." "It is not in evidence," this expert continues, "that any author lived in the reign of Elizabeth whose family and baptismal name was William Shakespeare or Shake-speare. There is no such historical man—no individual known who bore that name." No individual known to entomologists perhaps: but there is for the rest of us the individual known to the generation before Bacon as Mr. John Shakespeare, father of William, of Stratford-on-Avon, who

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applied to the Herald's College for a grant, and for whom was tricked the famous coat of arms whose sole charge is the spear upon a bend. The drawing, with the name and the herald's manuscript notes as to the propriety of the grant, are still in existence. The same can hardly be said of Mr. Edwards, as an authority on historical sources.

Let us turn to the strongest piece of evidence, that set out at the beginning of our book, as most likely to take the reader by storm. *Lucrece* was dedicated by William Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton with these words among others: "The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous moity." The first two lines of the poem begin with the words "From" and "Borne," so printed that the capital letters, F, R, and B, form a kind of set piece, which any one who wishes may believe to stand for FR. B(acon). This, in some perverse way, explains why the pamphlet is said to be "without beginning." It is also useful as an echo or fulfilment of two lines in Sonnet xxvi., which hitherto have made good sense enough in their context, but are now to be read as revealing "the very name of the hidden author." These two lines are

> Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
> Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

How many of us have used the phrase "he can't show his head there again" without knowing its real meaning! "Head" means, we now learn, nothing like "face" or "person," but is purely and simply the equivalent of "monogram." Bacon "shows his head" when he prints his monogram at the beginning of *Lucrece*. Further, the "love without end" of the dedication is explained by another typographical curiosity, in two lines of the same poem: it is "without end" because the lines form the end of the poem, just as the pamphlet was "without beginning" because "Bacon's head" was at the beginning. The last stanza of *Lucrece* ends as follows:

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The Romans plausibly did give con / sent
To Tarquin's everlasting ba / nishment

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The transverse guiding line, and the separate spacing of the syllables are, of course, not in the original: they are not even, we grieve to learn, due to the ingenuity of a Graduate of Cambridge; they were made in Germany. Still we welcome them, they appeal to us, they are the kind of evidence we should expect. If Bacon was capable of the stupendous miracle of writing two masses of literary work mutually exclusive in character, he may well have thrown in a delicate allusion to the feat here and there. As a matter of fact—and this discovery is due to an Englishman, though only to a Graduate of Oxford—such cryptograms are freely scattered through the Sonnets. The one in Sonnet xxvi. is the only one we need give here: it is of special interest because it more than fulfils Bacon's promise to "show his head"; it reveals him "in the altogether":

Duty so *great*, / which wit so poor as mine
May make seem *ba* / re, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good *con* / ceit of thine
In thy soul's thought *all naked* / will bestow it.

Such then, with the addition, of which we here make a free gift to him, is the direct evidence offered by our author; and, he adds feelingly, "When there seem so few possible solutions that will float us out of the sea of difficulty, we are ready to catch at any straw." The cry is natural enough, for what a sea it is! First there is the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page; then the two entire sonnets devoted to playing upon the name "Will," ending with the line "And then thou lovest me, for my name is Will"; then the description of the writer as one for whom Fortune provided nothing better "Than public means which public manners breeds"; who had to go here and there and make himself "a motley to the

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view"; who was not of those who could glory in their birth, their skill, their wealth, their garments, their hawks, hounds or horse; nor even learned, but only earnest that his love should advance "As high as learning my rude ignorance." Not much sign of Francis Bacon! But the sea of difficulty is wider and deeper far when we look into the content of the Sonnets. Of the infamous vice which our Graduate postulates in his fourth chapter, to match his evidence of the character of Bacon, there is, to one impartial reader at least, not a trace. "Mine be thy love," says this lover, "and thy love's use *their* treasure." "My *spirit* is thine, the better part of me." He speaks his love "like prayers divine. . . . Even as when first *I hallowed* thy fair name": and his petitions are "Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege. . . . How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!" "Then give me welcome. . . . Even to thy pure and most most loving breast." Sonnet by sonnet, and line by line, the waves of this sea roll over Bacon's head: if he had not shown it once more in his cryptograms he must have been drowned full fathom five. Happily there they are, to restore truth "all naked" to the world, and give our latest benefactor the right to his triumphant question—"If Shakespeare really wrote these poems, why on earth should Francis Bacon want to hide his name at the beginning or end?"

Why indeed?

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ON THE LINE

THE two volumes entitled **The Life and Letters of Friedrich Max Muller** (Longmans, 32*s.* net) are not, in the full sense of the word, a biography. Mrs. Max Müller has rightly abstained from attempting a portrait or an estimate of her husband; her book is simply a detailed and admirably compiled record, illustrated by the letters which Max Müller, like other great men, poured forth with astounding fertility, and by a few special contributions from those who had the good fortune to know him intimately. To many the great attraction of the life will lie in the romance of a wonderful career; of this we have already spoken on a more appropriate occasion, when reviewing the autobiographical fragment left by Max Müller himself. And certainly there is a freshness and simplicity about the earlier chapters of the story which give them a special charm, naturally not to be found in the record of the labours and complexities of later life. But this later life, just because it was so laborious and so complex, has a varied interest of its own, not often paralleled. If the whole pattern is less clear than some others of the same kind, it is chiefly because of the greater number of threads in it which insist on catching the eye. It would be an interesting study to take several of these in turn, and follow them right through, keeping each one distinct as far as possible. Among the results would be a chapter on the internal history of Oxford, one on the leaders of thought in the Victorian age, one on the international

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position of England, one on *East and West*, and so on: the views expressed being naturally of unequal value, but covering a period full of stirring movements and events, and based in many cases upon unique knowledge. Of these threads there is one which is of peculiar interest at the present moment, when Mr. Myers' work on Human Personality is much in men's thoughts. Max Müller was a believer in the Brâhman doctrine of the *âtman* or soul-in-itself; he believed, we are told, in a "thinker of thoughts," a "doer of deeds," a Self within the person, which was the carrier of his personality, and a Self without, which was the carrier of the world; "God, the highest Self;" these two are ultimately the same Self. In a letter to the Rev. G. Cox in 1888 he is at great pains to express this clearly:

> So you yourself, you are a child, a boy, a man, a woman, a father, a mother, an Englishman, a clergyman, a Christian; wise or foolish, good or bad; but all this has come, has begun, will change, and you are something else, something higher—what? the Self, the Spectator, the Witness, he who could look on while he seemed to be a son or a father; nay, who could see his Self in his fatherhood and childhood, but know himself distinct from all these phases. A man need not go into a cave because he has found his true Self; he may live and act like everybody else; he is givan-mukte—"living but free." All remains just the same, except the sense of unchangeable, imperishable Self which lifts him above the phenomenal Self. He knows he is wearing clothes, that is all. If a man does not see it, if some of his clothes stick to him like his very skin, if he fears that he might lose his identity by not being a male instead of a female, by not being English instead of German, by not being a child instead of a man, he must wait and work on.

Elsewhere he says:

> Does our personality consist in our being English or German, in our being young or old, male or female, wise or foolish? And if not, what remains when all these distinctions vanish? Is there a higher Ego of which our human ego is but the shadow? . . . the time comes when we awake, when we feel that not only our flesh and our blood, but all that we have been able to feel, to think and to say, was outside our true self; that we were witnesses not actors.

The effort of the Vedântist to strip the clothes off, to lay

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bare "the abysmal deeps of personality," is in reality a double one. The first part of it is perhaps the less difficult. Tennyson found when a boy—and many other boys have found the same—that by sitting down in some lonely place and repeatedly pronouncing his own name aloud he could for the time suspend his sense of personality: the clothes fell off. But he records no gain of insight into what remained. It is with this part of the problem that Mr. Myers is concerned; he has seen enough "to indicate to us how great a reserve of untapped faculty is latent at no great depth beneath our conscious level." This is the subliminal Self, which is many times more extensive than the every day or supraliminal Self; which includes much that is inherited and instinctive and much that is "potentially memorable," though we are unconscious of all this till the moment comes for using it; for "it is the business of the subliminal self" to keep the "ideas which I need for common life easily within my reach." Genius, according to this theory, becomes "a power of utilising a wider range than other men can utilise of faculties in some degree innate in all," and the most obvious advantage to be aimed at practically will be the sorting and stablishing into sanity of "strange bewilderments" and "paralysing perturbations," by means of "some appropriate and sagacious mode of appeal to a *natura medicatrix* deep hidden in the labouring breast." We may be misrepresenting a book which we confess we have but partially read, but so far Mr. Myers seems to us to have unintentionally turned from the spiritual to the organic, and to be pursuing investigations which, however valuable for other purposes, cannot form the basis of an argument as to the nature of the true Self. Probably he was led on step by step until he could no longer see the wood for the trees, or recognise that he had passed over into the forest of physiology, the one most congenial to the Western mind. Max Müller was far more in touch with the Oriental, and we can but regret that he is not at this moment with us to illumine, as he always did, the eddying current of contemporary thought.

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There are so many points of view from which **A Free Lance of To-Day** (by Hugh Clifford, Methuen, 6*s.*) might be discussed, that some injustice must be done to discuss it at all within these narrow limits. The conduct of the "Free Lance," an adventurous, unpolitical person, who goes to fight for the Achehnese against the Dutch, raises deep questions: the responsibility of the white race to the brown—of members of different branches of the white race to each other—of the white man to himself and his own conscience. The writer's attitude is that of one who loves the natives, but is not in love with them. He never denationalises himself like the writer of "The Soul of a People"; his imagination has been taken captive, not his judgment. Yet the book does not possess the strange, wandering charm and glamour of "Kim"; the transition from scene to scene is not always perfectly contrived, though the scenes are in themselves admirable. It lacks the relentless artistic force and something of the atmosphere of Conrad's "Youth." With the exception of the degraded European turned medicine-man (and he has a remarkably good funeral), all Mr. Clifford's characters fare well at his hands; he cannot find it in his heart to be cruel.[1] Even the flirt Etta has flashes of pure womanhood; she loves her old father, and in the end it is she who helps her sister to a husband. The plot is not the most truthful part of a book that rings true everywhere else. The shipwreck happens too much *à propos;* the arrival of the British man-of-war suggests a comic opera. These things are thus, no doubt; real life is more unreal than fancy can conceive, but art, in default of sight, demands a visible chain of cause and consequence. One of the subtler problems of art—the introduction of magic—is attacked with skilful courage. Magic occurs in "Kim," but less often and with a greater air of mystery. Mr. Clifford

[1] He behaves to them as Maurice behaves to the Pâwang. "All the same," continued Maurice, "I'm most infernally sorry for you, because it must be very awful indeed to be what you are, and I don't want to make things harder for you than they are already."

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treats it in the direct, broad daylight manner of Scott; and handled thus, as if it were a fact among other facts, no more wonderful than they are, it becomes grotesquely effective. Who can help but believe the enchanting story of the little pots—of the dagger that turned to water and then to a headless snake—of the yellow dog—of the heraldic tiger that vanished as soon as Maurice Curzon fired?

Impossible—only I saw it!

Vivid touches of personal experience play in and out of the narrative.

The habit of early rising is one which is formed by most Europeans in the East and is rarely broken, until, on their return to the West, the extreme embarrassment of stumbling over kneeling housemaids has forced itself upon the attention of men who, during long years, have never seen a white woman engaged in menial tasks, and find their ideas of propriety hideously outraged by the spectacle.

And again, when Maurice comes to the rescue of the brave men in a tempest:

His weight, which was nearly double that of any of the Malays, was useful, helping to keep the boat's leeward bulwark clear of the water-line; also he knew that in no other fashion could he aid his comrades; wherefore, so long as the fury of the storm held, he hung out over the side, dripping, cold, but happy with excitement and the uncanny joy which danger sometimes brings with it.

The style of the book is clear, masculine, full of wisdom. Now and then it rises to poetic beauty, as in the analysis of Maurice's feelings when "the mystery of Asia possessed him."

Often he seemed to be standing, holding his breath, on the brink of some portentous discovery, his ears strained to catch the murmured sound that might perhaps be the master-word of a great enigma, his brows puckered by the effort of peering so eagerly into the luminous darkness in which, as behind a veil, moved dim figures secret and wonderful.

Lovely are the pictures of the morning birds that at this hour

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are wont to wake with a comfortable rustle of tiny feathers and a sleepy cheep or so, ere they settle down to the last nap which is the sweetest of all. But the sounds thus made are drowsy, indolent noises, which drop back into the silence as gently as a leaf falls through still air.

And again, when "it seemed to Maurice that his halting prayer was being completed, amplified, made perfect by God's purer creatures,"

that noble anthem, the evensong of Nature, which bursts forth in greeting to the sunset from a myriad tiny throats, rang suddenly through the endless aisles of the forest.

Maurice is a delightful character. He is not the improbable though charming Fairy Prince, nor the simple fool that has of late threatened to dethrone him, nor the victim of circumstances, nor the introspective dreamer who hates action, nor the swashing fellow whose every word is a blow. He is a young Englishman full of old-fashioned chivalry, one who sees with his own eyes, not through the spectacles of others, courageous enough to feel and to express no shame because he has, once or twice, felt afraid. He is also a man who believes in God and in his own soul, simply—as a matter of course—always.

The infant Goethe, who is now, we will hope, the charm and the bewilderment of some quiet nursery, will be delighted with **James Flaunty, or The Terror of the Western Seas**, by Jack B. Yeats (Mathews, 1*s.* net). His German predecessor looked back to the puppet-show, arranged by a provident grandmother for his edification on the Christmas Eve of 1753, as to one of the great events of life. Whether the infant Shakespeare will be equally gratified is an open question. The infant Shakespeare would, perhaps, wish to act himself—nay, to play every single part himself, and to wear all the clothes. He would not be content with cardboard figures neatly cut out and set on bits of metal. Possibly he would rather invent than learn by heart. But to the Goethes, who are born and bred artists rather than dramatists, these things are capable of

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giving infinite pleasure. And any child who has a drop of Italian blood in him will enjoy them; for the Italians, artists pre-eminently, are of all people the most passionate lovers of Marionettes. The opinion of a baby of Greek parentage would be an interesting speculation. The Greeks combined the artistic and the dramatic instincts. They insisted on actors, but they insisted on stilts and masks for the actors, so that they must have been rather like Marionettes on a big scale. *The Treasure of the Garden*, another of these plays for the miniature stage, is not a book at all. It is a toy. Where are the scissors? Where are the little tin stands? How can we get the curtains? It is rather expensive. The play costs 5*s*., the stage costs 5*s*. more—the whole thing, set up ready for acting, costs three guineas; but then more than two pounds eighteen shillings' worth of joy would be lost. The only necessary outlay is the initial 5*s*., which will provide the figures and the scenery. The child who cares to play this game can do the rest. Full, kindly, and ungrammatical directions are given at the beginning.

Mr. Jack Yeats, clearly cut out himself by name and nature to be the author of such works, has caught the spirit of them admirably. Marionettes demand highly sensational treatment, and a jerkiness of plot suitable to the staccato manner in which they move. His plots leave nothing to be desired in this respect. His language is excellent. The ships—for Marionettes are nothing if not nautical—are called the *Spitting Devil*, the *Happy Return*, the *Pearl of the Gulf*, and His Majesty's ship *Cormorant*. The captains are entitled Gig, Flaunty, and Willie McGowan. They talk to each other "as one white man to another," they casually let drop, "A word with you in private!" they swear by the Star of the Sea; when they are condemned to death for conspiring to betray with pirate Blackbeard, they picturesquely desire to be shot on the shore of the creek when the sun is just sinking behind the palms, prefacing this request with the irresistible appeal, "All I would say now is—what one Brave might say to another Brave." Who can hold out against this? And yet the rising generation

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shows itself perilously indifferent to puppets. Punch and Judy are by this time little more than a beloved or a terrific memory, as the case may be. Even the dear little Marionette lady who used to shake tiny Marionettes from her skirts as she danced, has vanished from the streets of London. *O tempora! O mores!*

It is usual, in writing about Wordsworth, to mention Coleridge and Mr. Myers. The passionate but discriminating faith and the somewhat one-sided affection which Coleridge entertained for his brother-poet, the perception inspired by companionship and the appreciation which grew by distance—these qualities lend a special point, rare in contemporary criticism, to the references to Wordsworth in the *Biographia Literaria*. Years afterwards, when thought had fallen on a more unproductive age, when the new sweetness of Tennyson, in which the strength had not yet been discerned, seemed a trifle cloying to the palate, Mr. F. W. H. Myers led men back to the claustral founts from which Wordsworth drew inspiration. He revealed the figure of the poet, with a primrose, opening, in his hand, and broke down, once for all, the tradition of austerity which laziness or lack of trust had suffered to obstruct the poet's helpfulness.

What is left for criticism to compass? Years hence, in the fulness of time, we may all be Wordsworthians. We may all accept as a creed what now to most of Wordsworth's readers is rather a kind of aspiration. We may all see and feel with him, and not merely through him, the new heaven and the new earth, founded on a reconstruction, a reformation, of our social and ethical religion. Then the critics of Wordsworth will be critics of life in their own degree. "Those who have undergone his influence," wrote Walter Pater, "and followed this difficult way, are like people who have passed through some initiation, a *disciplina arcani*;" and Mr. Walter Raleigh in his **Wordsworth** (Arnold, 6*s*.) echoes him in saying, "It is a good discipline to follow that intense and fervid spirit, as far

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as may be, to the heights that denied him access." Till the peace on the heights be won, there is little more to be said. "Sanity," Professor Raleigh continues, "holds hard by the fact, and knows that to turn away from it is to play the recreant. Here was a poet who faced the fact, and against whom the fact did not prevail. To know him is to learn courage." And till his disciples have acquired the courage of his convictions, and hold it as their own, the criticism of Wordsworth must be hortatory, and not œcumenical. Meanwhile, Mr. Raleigh's volume is a fresh incentive to the goal. Unlike Matthew Arnold and Mr. Morley, he does not apologise for the poet, and his book will accordingly appeal to the believer rather than to the novice. The University Extension student will discover some memorable passages. "Wherever deep emotion fails him, these ornamental excrescences are liable to occur" (p. 104). "A comparison of Wordsworth's greater poems with those which Tennyson wrote under his immediate influence must not be used to depreciate the younger poet. Tennyson was unhappy in yielding too easily to that overmastering influence" (pp. 113–14). "A parish register is not itself a poem; and the poet who aims at a similar economy of matter, while he avoids all the flowery enticements that allure weaker feet, is likely enough to fall out of poetry on the other side" (p. 115). Such sayings will furnish meat for a wilderness of babes, and they are scattered plentifully through the book. But the ordinary reader stops short when he is warned "to divest himself of all literary predispositions, put his books behind him, and begin again from the beginning." The literary trifler does not commonly reflect that, "without happiness for its background, tragedy is inconceivable." Elegant extracts have no room for the following aphorism, "Science has widened man's outlook on created things, and this in itself is a kind of magnanimous happiness"; nor is it to men half asleep that the sermon is preached, "To love and to be strong, this is the fulfilling of the law, for beast and man." These articles of faith are

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re-stated for the satisfaction of the Wordsworth-adept, and it is for his benefit primarily that Mr. Raleigh has written this book. He considers the whole man, wholly, and only in such a survey are the "faults" seen in right perspective, as structural and deliberate, not negligible nor due to oversight. We rise from reading it, as from every fresh version of the *religio Wordsworthiani*, with a keen appreciation of the pleasure that went to its making.

Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer. By his Grandson Viscount Goschen. (Murray, 86*s.* net). Goschen's memory is worth preserving because he was a pioneer in the art of beautiful printing (the German Elzevir, the German Didot, he was called), and because he was the friend of Goethe, Schiller, Körner, Wieland, Klopstock and other lights of literature, and lived in the eventful years during which Germany was Napoleon's parade-ground, and when every good German, and especially every good German publisher, had a part to play and a risk to run.

The most interesting part of the book, apart from the general atmosphere of virtue and beneficence in which all Goschen's life is passed, is the series of scenes or sketches in which the great writers of the age come before us. Schiller, as high-souled and all-understanding a genius as ever, but capable of impatience and not undervaluing *honoraria;* Goethe, the Olympian, giving us always the impression of being far greater than any one who came near him; Körner, the struggling man of genius, glorified at last by the war of liberation as poet, hero and martyr; Wieland, the beloved patriarch of German literature; Klopstock, the *sacer vates;* Iffland, the actor and dramatist. Goschen's relations with all these authors were honourable and dignified, but his course was not smooth. His passion was to bring German typography to perfection; and whilst riding this most expensive hobby, he had to found as well as build up his business; he had innumerable calls upon a fluctuating income; authors

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great and small were never up to time, and continually demanded payment for work delayed by their own unpunctuality. He lost Goethe by declining to print his now famous Essay *On the Metamorphosis of Plants.* But Goethe, as Schiller testifies (vol. i. p. 271), was never satisfied with his publishers—he lost Schiller in consequence of a dispute in which Schiller showed some want of consideration and even delicacy, Cotta the rival publisher no delicacy at all, and Goschen not unnaturally lost his temper; he did not always know when to give and when to withhold: but no one ever accused him of being in the smallest degree insincere or parsimonious.

The helplessness and despair of Germany after Ulm and Austerlitz is well described in Lord Goschen's notices of his grandfather's struggle and aspirations. After Jena, "neighbouring Weimar, peaceful Weimar . . . had to bear her share of the horrors attendant on a battlefield. The town was swept by the smoke of battle and resounded with the roar of cannon. Shells exploded in the calm home of literature." The murder of the Duc d'Enghien and of the humble printer Palm, and the kidnapping of Rumbold showed that neither treaties nor sanctity of frontiers gave any security against Napoleon's violence. Zacharias Becker, a publisher at Gotha (the capital of an independent and friendly duchy), was suddenly arrested by order of General Davoust, kept in a dark prison at Magdeburg for seventeen months, with the thought of Palm's death always before his eyes, and tried for his life on frivolous charges. He was only at length released by the Emperor himself in a moment of good humour, when he allowed himself to be melted by a personal appeal from the prisoner's mother, "with the stagy effects of an apparent act of grace performed amid the cheers of an admiring crowd." Saxony, hectored into alliance with Napoleon, had to pay a million sterling as a military contribution. Trade was ruined by the operation of the *Berlin decrees.* "The eagerness shown to destroy British commerce has destroyed the commerce of

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the rest of the European world." "No one buys . . . we must wait till the horizon clears, and people care once more to read."

When in 1818 the national movement, heralded by the *Tugendbund*, began, Saxony, as the high road of the armies, subject to France but sympathising with Germany, was plundered and requisitioned by both armies; Polish lancers, Russian Cossacks, regular troops, French, Prussian and Austrian, neither friends nor foes, passed backwards and forwards over the unhappy country. "Dresden was taken and retaken, occupied and reoccupied, several times"—the town of Grimma, in which Goschen at this time resided, lie on the road between Dresden and Leipzig, and was continually traversed by the French and allied armies.

Goschen never lost courage nor composure, doing all that a single man could do to help the sick and wounded and to hearten up his townspeople. The cannon of Leipzig was heard at Grimma.

There are passages in this part of the biography which remind one of like scenes in Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, and show us the patriot and man of affairs not marching to battle, but tarrying by the stuff, and by forethought, wisdom and moderation pacifying the marauding bands, and feeding and supporting his townsmen and country neighbours, bearing the risk and burden of the war but reaping none of its glories.

This is true patriotism: and such Germans as G. J. Goschen, though his virtues and capacities may have been of an every-day order, do honour to their country and deserve the affectionate remembrance of a later age.

It is well that new editions should remind us now and then of such books as **Carlyle's French Revolution.** Such books? —No other such book has ever been written. *Suchness* is not predicable of the *French Revolution*. We thank Mr. Fletcher[1]

1 "The French Revolution." By Thomas Carlyle. A new edition with an Introduction, &c. By C. R. L. Fletcher. Methuen & Co.

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and Mr. Rose[1] for giving us the opportunity of reading the miraculous volumes once again—volumes which only Carlyle's own epithets can characterise; fiery-fuliginous, many-streamed, thousand-tinted, a world-epic, which does what the plodding historians, the slaves of to-day and to-morrow, cannot do; to reveal the poetic-dramatic element in human nature and history, which will not permit itself to be disregarded. Carlyle's doctrine, delivered from his prophetic tripod-pulpit, is that war and revolution are necessary and beneficent agencies for the burning up of rubbish; that great men are the instruments by which God works out the details of His mighty maze, and the salt which preserves *cette maudite espèce* from perishing in the stink of its own corruption. The clear-shining, incorruptible, minatory, thaumaturgic and otherwise-ticketed individuals, if they have not moved the world, have deflected its movement—and their counterparts or *simulacra*, the quacks, Cagliostros and necklace-Cardinals also deflect events, and must be swept out of existence by guillotines, lanternes or whatever other expedients, not of rosewater, the spirit of the age may invent. The mob must have its day of fury, for it too has a work to do; and must then be put down with conscription or whiff of grapeshot by a King or Canning Man. This doctrine, trumpeted to unwilling ears of shopkeepers, gigmen and shot-belt squires, was what Carlyle had to proclaim, and being once spoken cannot be disregarded.

On the other hand, the falsehood which underlies it is that there was wisdom, or at least necessity, in that sudden and indiscriminate conflagration of the past which left twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, creatures of the past, adrift without formulas. "Man lives not except with formulas," says Carlyle himself; and to swallow or burn up all formulas is the most hazardous of experiments. The revolutionists of 1793 vomited formulas from mere repletion of swallowing. It is a formula to say that certain forces operate by the rule of the square of the distance: there are also formulas for squaring the circle.

[1] "The French Revolution." By Thomas Carlyle. With Introduction, &c. By John Holland Rose. George Bell & Sons.

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Formulas are good and bad, true and false; a difference too little regarded by Carlyle. The formulas burnt, Carlyle's summary of the probabilities of 1789 is that the insurrectionary movement would follow its own course, "proceeding not as a Regularity but as a Chaos, till something that has order arise to bind it. This something will be not a Formula, but a Reality, probably with a sword in its hand!" In point of fact, considered as a constitution, how was the Empire less a Formula than the Monarchy? It was more reasonable, as not being bound by obsolete tradition: but what are Glory, Conscription, Conquest, but Formulas leading to defeat, depopulation, and reconquest?

Mr. Fletcher finds fault with Carlyle for "accepting without inquiry" the "hungry-and-misery" view of the *Ancien Régime*: thinks it exaggerated and blown up by Paris reports; France was really prosperous before the war; harvests were good and land went up. But he himself allows that famine may go "hand-in-hand with good harvests and extensive cultivation"; it was made easy by the obstacles put in the way of every operation of bread-making, from the furrow to the baker's oven. "In the different provinces there was upon the slightest failure of crops very frequent local and partial distress." He does not, we think, give sufficient weight to Arthur Young's observations and opinions. Young was not infallible; but he travelled in every part of France, conversed with people of all conditions, and had experience as well as insight to direct his observation; and he had read from four hundred to five hundred of the parochial *cahiers*. Writing in the earlier years of turmoil, 1789–1792, he gives a picture of distress and destitution, local but widespread; tracts of waste land ill cultivated by reason of the poverty and ignorance of the inhabitants; itself a result of feudal oppression and neglect; absenteeism combined with feudal dues producing hatred of the nobility. No bands of imported "brigands" were needed to induce the peasant to revenge himself on his seigneur; nor is *national character* a sufficient explanation of the *jacquerie* of

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1789. "A whole parish slaves to the lord of the manor": "vexation, ruin, outrage, violence and destructive servitude, under which the peasant, almost on a level with Polish slaves, can never but be miserable, vile and oppressed." . . . . We cannot wonder at his conclusion that "a revolution is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the kingdom."

Mr. Fletcher doubts whether the French peasant of to-day is materially better off than his ancestor of 1789. This is (to use his own phrase) "to ignore all the teachings of history." The French peasant now is master of his own land. In 1789 he owned it subject to feudal dues under which "the industry of the people was almost exterminated," as Arthur Young says. There is a sombre side to peasant life; but it is no longer "miserable, vile and oppressed."

It is strange that Carlyle should have ignored among the causes of revolution, "the free and noble ideas that were afloat in eighteenth-century Europe," inspired by English statesmen and writers, French *philosophes*, and American patriots. Arthur Young heard much of this in all societies. The ideas of 1798 were not created in 1789. They were in all men's mouths, and would soon have burst into action even if there had been no hunger and bankruptcy to quicken them.

Less strange, but not less mistaken, that he should never have been able to conceive it possible for a Roman Catholic to be a sincere believer, still less a Roman Catholic priest. His mind was here as inaccessible to reason as the mind of John Knox.

Carlyle accepts the Terror as a "necessity," and credits the old *régime* with it. There was in fact no necessity for the Terror. If Louis XVI. had had sense and courage, he could have kept down the passions of the Parisian mob by disciplinary measures, and he could have saved the monarchy whilst giving constitutional liberty to France. There would have been no anarchy and no Terror, no Directory, no Empire, and no Moscow. The dangers of invasion, royalist plots, class hatred, the imminence of famine, national bankruptcy, were

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real dangers, but exaggerated and inflamed by Parisian panic, caught up and reverberated by provincial panic, a common phenomenon in French history. The Terror was as unnecessary as the anarchy which preceded and followed it; what was necessary and bears fruit to this day was the establishment of the "Principles of '89." The Terror had no principles, and Carlyle in representing it as a beneficent volcano, a violent effort to gain equilibrium, instead of an uncontrolled outburst of ferocity and rascality, a needless and criminal interruption of the natural course of history, confounds two different things and darkens judgment.

When after describing guillotining, scuttling of barges, burning of villages, fusillading, murdering of women and children, the "25 Noyades of Carrier," and the devilries of Tallien, he bursts out into dithyrambs about "the newest Birth of Nature's waste inorganic Deep, which . . . knows one law, that of self-preservation—*Tigresse Nationale:* meddle not with a whisker of her! . . . the Fact, let all men observe, is a genuine and sincere one . . . the sincerest of facts," and so on, he is talking nonsense. The Tigresse was not raging in self-defence, but from mere ferocity. If Danton, Marat, Robespierre and their like are to be held up to admiration by reason of some indefinable virtue called "hatred-of-shams," and the blackest crimes are palliated by the plea of sincerity, then right and wrong have changed names; and we prefer the old cant to the new.

Both our editors dispose shortly of the "legend" of the Girondins, which Carlyle accepts. The Girondins were not "respectable middle-class men who wished to set up a plutocracy.[1] Nor, according to Mr. Fletcher,[2] were they "moderate republicans of austere virtue and splendid talent." The Girondins were the principal authors of the war, and had a hand in the crimes of 1792. They were not directly responsible for the September massacres, but had helped to fill the prisons with those who perished in the massacres. "The

[1] Rose, Introduction, p. xvi. [2] Fletcher, Introduction, p. xliv.

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earlier machinery of the Terror proper, viz., the Tribunal of August 17th; . . . its successor, the true Revolutionary Tribunal of March, '93 . . . the Revolutionary Committees in each *Commune* of France . . . the savage laws against the priests and the Emigrés; finally, the Committee of Public Safety, were all either directly proposed by the Girondist leaders, or carried by their acclamation in an assembly in which their influence was overwhelming." [1] They only became moderates when power was slipping from them and their own heads were in danger. The cause of their fall was rather want of faith in their principles than virtuous weakness.

Again, according to Mr. Fletcher, Carlyle was wrong in representing the Terror as a means of carrying out the wishes of the French people. The Convention was elected under the pressure of fear; the moderate deputies sent up from the country were bewildered, and as the Terror developed, "cowered lower and lower in their *marais*." . . . "From June '93 to July '94, the entire nation was gagged and bound speechless and motionless in abject terror." . . . "The drift of opinion all over France was wholly towards constitutional monarchy."

For the reader of this far-sounding epic the important question is this: Did Carlyle weigh justly the forces in action? did he estimate at their true moral worth the human beings about whom he wrote? To such questions as these the two editions before us help to supply an answer. If the pictures—for Mr. Fletcher justly calls the book a succession of pictures, not a history—are true in their main outlines, lights and shadows, we need not trouble ourselves about inaccuracies of facts and dates, plenty of which are discovered by both editors, who have the advantage of Carlyle in access to new material. His portrait-painting is magnificent, of course, and Mr. Fletcher thinks most of his personal portraits faithful: Danton, Marat, Robespierre, almost all except Madame Roland. For the great passages of scene-painting, which in vividness and power

[1] Fletcher, Introduction, p. l.

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have never been surpassed, his own description will suffice:[1] "To splash down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance, which it is. . . ."

Mr. Rose's final characterisation of the great book is, that Carlyle, "while failing to appreciate, or wish to appreciate, philosophic, political or economical generalisations, caring little for institutions, laws or other formulas, and indeed feeling little interest in the collective activities of our race, shows us the working of the human heart." History, as he saw it, was a succession of dramatic scenes, not a conclusion from premisses with illustrations. We must look for that elsewhere. As for Carlyle's creed, here it is: "The people alone are powerless to work out their own salvation; constitutions are as good as worthless; find your great man, and then follow him in utter trustfulness; such is Carlyle's creed when it comes to the 'whiff' of grape-shot,' and such it remained to the end of his days."[2] That was his doctrine, right or wrong, and he believed it. "It is not altogether a bad book," he wrote. "For one thing, I consider it to be the sincerest book this nation has got offered to it for a good few years, or is likely to get for a good few."

But the more orderly historians do not move the heart; Carlyle's pictures once taken in are never forgotten. It is excellent to have a giant's strength: and this is a gigantic book. "It is a prose poem with a distinct beginning, a middle, an end. It opens with the crash of a corrupt system, and a dream of liberty which was to bring with it a reign of peace and happiness and universal love. It pursues its way through the failure of visionary hopes into regicide and terror, and the regeneration of mankind by the guillotine. It has been called an epic. It is rather an Æschylean drama composed of facts literally true, in which the Furies are seen once more walking over this prosaic earth and shaking their serpent hair."[3]

[1] Rose, Introduction, p. xxvi. [2] *Ibid.* p. xv.
[3] Froude, "Carlyle's Life in London."

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KAFFIR LABOUR AND KAFFIR MARRIAGE

THE Kaffir, like most of the African natives, unless a very considerable inducement be offered him, is averse from the underground labour of the mines. This is scarcely to be wondered at. The hardships he has to undergo are immense; he has to leave his country for a long time, to go a great distance away amongst absolute strangers; and the risks he runs until inured to his new life are far greater than are generally supposed. A considerable number of those who seek work in the Transvaal never see their homes again; not because they are not well looked after there—for in most of the mines they are—they are too valuable not to be—but from the risks attendant upon the journey, and upon a perilous and unfamiliar occupation.

Much indignation has lately been expressed that a native miner should be able in a brief three years to earn enough to live in indolence for the rest of his life; it is never, however, brought sufficiently into prominence how difficult and arduous is his work; that he, just as much as the white workman, is entitled to a heavy wage for it; and that unless he is assured of that he will naturally either remain idle, or will adopt some other form of employment.

Nevertheless, as the success of the South African Mines mainly depends upon a full and constant supply of native labour, the question is urgent: What form of pressure, direct or

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indirect, is legitimate, by which he can most rapidly and effectually be compelled or induced to work?

Most of the advocates of indirect coercion seem to be of opinion that the fault lies chiefly with the native marriage laws, and that if a radical alteration were made in them the labour difficulty would be largely surmounted. Mr. Lionel Phillips, for instance, in his answer to Sir William Harcourt, published in the *Times* of February 24th last, writes: "May I in turn protest against the profound immorality of perpetuating a system that not only recognises polygamy (about which there may be differences of opinion), but that countenances the purchase of a number of wives whose labour, and that of their offspring, is treated by their black lord and master as a mere commercial asset, upon which he lives at ease."

This view is very widely held both here and in South Africa. The *Times* itself in a leading article on February 5th speaks of the Kaffir's "natural condition of indolent dependence upon the labour of his slave-wives." And Mr. Chamberlain in one of his Johannesburg speeches was even more explicit. "We had done much to put a stop to slavery," he said, "and in theory we had stopped it. It would therefore be a surprise to some philanthropists at home to hear that we were encouraging it in another form. The Kaffir worked with the object of being able to buy himself a wife who should keep him in idleness," apparently taking it as an accepted and indisputable fact that a Kaffir marriage is merely a form of slavery, that the price in cattle paid by the husband to the father or guardian is the purchase price paid by him for the absolute acquisition of his wife, and that after payment both he and she cease to have any further interest in it.

But is this so in reality? Is not this price an elastic species of dower which has been in force among the South African natives for generations, a payment closely interwoven with their tribal organisation, and one with which it would be exceedingly hazardous, if not disastrous, to tamper?

In the report of the Commission appointed in 1882 by the

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Government of the Cape Colony to inquire into native laws and customs (of which it may be said in passing that Sir Richard Solomon, the present Attorney-General of the Transvaal, was a member), there is a valuable and definite pronouncement upon the nature of native marriage and the custom of *ukulobola*, or the purchase of wives by cattle. The whole report will repay perusal, but the sections dealing with this particular subject are of especial importance at the present juncture. The more material of them are as follows. Section 62 states briefly the theory of sale and purchase:

In endeavouring to deal with the subject of native marriages, the Commission was met at the threshold of its inquiry with the objection that the great essential of marriage is *ukulobola*, by some said to be a contract between the woman's guardian and her intending husband, by which, without her consent, she is bartered away for cattle to the highest bidder, and that polygamy is the inevitable and actual outcome of this system, which reduces the woman to a condition of slavery.

Sections 70, 71 and 72 set forth the final conclusions, in opposition to that theory, at which the Commissioners arrived.

Section 70. *Ukulobola* may be taken to be a contract between the father and the intending husband of his daughter, by which the father promises his consent to the marriage of his daughter, and to protect her, in case of necessity, either during or after such marriage, and by which in return he obtains from the husband valuable consideration, partly for such consent, and partly as a guarantee by the husband of his good conduct towards his daughter as wife. Such a contract does not imply the compulsory marriage of the woman. The *ikazi*[1] may, therefore, upon every principle of sound law, be recoverable under such a contract, unless a native marriage involves a condition of slavery, and thus becomes illegal.

Section 71. All the evidence, however, proves that the woman is not the slave of her husband. He has no property in her. He cannot, according to native law, kill, injure, or cruelly treat her with impunity. He cannot legally sell her, and with the exception of paying cattle to her father, as dowry upon marriage, there is nothing to indicate that native law or custom treats the wife as a chattel; nor is there anything in that law to indicate that a child is its father's slave unless it be shown by this contract of dowry. . . .

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[1] *Ikazi*, the marriage contract price.

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The next section is even more applicable now than when it was written.

Section 72. As stated in a previous section of this report, the Commission recognises the fact that interference with the long-established customs of any unenlightened people requires considerable care and delicate handling if any beneficial result is to follow. This is specially the case in reference to any custom, the abolition of which would directly touch material interests, or lessen or destroy what was considered, however wrongly, a right and lawful source of individual wealth. Individual interest and national customs and feeling are all thus attacked at the same time. *Such a difficulty particularly surrounds the subject of ukulobola, with the addition, at the present moment, of an irritable and suspicious mood among the whole native people within and beyond the Colony.* . . .

Mr. Ayliff, one of the Commissioners, made a separate report, holding that ukulobola *is* practically a bargain and sale.

An immense mass of evidence was taken, though it will suffice for the present purpose to quote from that given by one or two of the more important witnesses, whose testimony makes the question clearer than do the set findings of the Commissioners.

Cetewayo, ex-king of the Zulus, examined by Sir J. D. Barry, Judge-President of the Eastern District Court, said in reply to Question 24:

Ought not a father to consult the happiness of his own children?

Yes, and that is just the reason why a father now and then marries a girl without her consent. He looks out for her welfare in the future, but did he not do so, a girl would sometimes get married to some man her father did not approve of, and would shortly afterwards leave him, because the marriage was made without much consideration.

Q. 26. Is not the effect of the law this: that you sell your daughter to the man who gives the largest number of cattle?

A father does not look to the number of cattle always he receives. When he determines that a girl must go, she must. But suppose two men want the same girl, he asks the girl to choose between them, and allows her to have the one she prefers.

Q. 27. That is, I suppose, if they will each give the same number of cattle?

The girl is not really married for the sake of the cattle. She would be allowed to have whichever she preferred. In many cases the father tells his daughters to point out to him the men they wish to have, and if he

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approves the king says it is all right, and they can arrange about paying the cattle, and then they can have the girls. But if he sees one of these men looking worthless he will not allow him to have his daughter, but marries her to some other man.

In answer to another question he said:

As to the description of labour performed by men and women, the man's work consists in making kraals, huts, digging corn holes, clearing the bush from the ground that is about to be cultivated, herding the cattle, making spoons, baskets, and buckets, and very often, among the lower ranks, helping his wives in hoeing and weeding. The woman's work consists in cultivating, reaping, getting wood and water, cooking, making matting for covering huts, making mats for sleeping on, making "izilulu," *i.e.*, a large sort of grass receptacle for putting corn in, cleaning up the house, and having everything to do with the food; and above all, cultivating and reaping.

Pombani, one of the Fingo headmen, gave similar evidence in a more picturesque way. "It is not a sale," he declared, "because where a husband and wife disagree, the wife can return to her relatives, and that is a proof that there is no sale. Where a husband dies the woman returns to her relatives, therefore there can have been no sale. A husband buying a wife has no right to sell her again, and if you beat her the case is 'talked,' and settled at the kraal of her relatives. If you buy a horse, and have a quarrel with him, would you think of bringing the cause about it to the person from whom you bought it? For this reason, I also say the woman is not bought."

A like interpretation of the custom was strongly supported by the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. John's, Umtata. Nothing can be more decided than his words.

"I consider the *ukulobola* system to have for its objects—

"(1) The protection of the maiden from corruption.

"(2) The security and welfare of the maiden when she becomes a wife.

"And that to a large extent it effects these purposes, more effectually than we by a law could effect them. The consent of the woman is not necessary, and marriage

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negotiations may be conducted without reference to her feelings. But it is common for a woman to make the offer of herself, as the first step in the negotiations. 'Falling in love' and courtship take a somewhat similar course as in other countries."

Sir Theophilus Shepstone added the weight of his great authority to the same side, and he showed also, that although the wife works, a great portion of the proceeds of her toil belongs to herself personally, and does not go to her husband —a very different matter to her maintaining her husband in indolence. "A wife," he says, "who by her industry produces corn enough to maintain her family, and with surplus to barter a cow, that cow, with its increase, is looked upon as her property separate from the estate of her husband."

The Commissioners, as the result of their deliberations, finally recommended the adoption of the following alterations in the native law, by which a very large measure of protection was assured to native women both married and single.

Section 74. By the first of these changes, which are now to be made an essential of the marriage contract, the coercion of the native woman into a marriage distasteful to her or quite unsuited to her from age or any other cause, as has often been the case hitherto, is provided against, and any marriage so contracted is, upon evidence being shown, rendered illegal and invalid. And, still further, to prevent a too late remedy for so serious an evil, powers are proposed to be given to magistrates to inquire summarily into any case where there may be information laid that such coercion is being, or about to be, practised. This applies both to the Territories and the Colony.

By the second change proposed, and which applies to the Colony only, native women would, on and after a certain date, be freed, if they so desire it, from the bonds entered into in polygamous unions.

By the third, *ukulobola* has been shaped into its least objectionable form, and recognised as an obligation undertaken to maintain the woman in case of need; while its reception constitutes that obligation. . . .

It will be seen from the foregoing extracts that a Kaffir marriage is very far indeed from placing a woman in a degraded or enslaved condition, that *ukulobola* suits the people, and

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that it would be in the highest degree inexpedient, if not dangerous, to interfere with it. As Sir Theophilus Shepstone drily remarked, to attempt to do away with it would be very much like attempting by legislation to straighten the hind legs of a grasshopper.

The opponents of *ukulobola* have not, indeed, as a rule, made it clear whether they wish to have the purchase of wives by cattle abolished altogether (which, as has been pointed out, would be a most risky experiment), or if they merely wish, by cutting down the Kaffir's wages, or by increasing his taxation, to compel him to labour for double as long a period as he now does, before he can save sufficient to enable him to marry. In the latter case the woman would not be benefited; she would still have to labour; for her father or guardian, instead of for her husband; that would be all; and the intending husband would have to wait six years for his Rachel instead of the present three.

The importation of Chinese labour would aggravate and not diminish the difficulty of the situation. Most people in South Africa are agreed that the one thing necessary—indeed imperative—is to force the Kaffirs gradually into becoming an integral part of the labouring community. They are increasing rapidly in numbers, and if they are allowed to live in idleness in their kraals they will become a very real and serious menace; for a Kaffir war would be a far more terrible affair than the late war has been. The true solution to the problem would seem to be contained in the suggestion made by Mr. Hennen Jennings, in the long and careful statement read by him before the Mines Commission which sat at Johannesburg in 1897, that greater facilities should be given to the natives for making their home in the country where they have to work.

> There is much latent possibility in them for learning, but they leave us often as soon as they become really useful. . . . *If they had facilities for making their homes in this country, and if they could be induced to remain with us, I am satisfied that their efficiency could be increased twofold,* and they could even be trained to do much higher grade work than they are now employed at. This

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fact is illustrated in these fields by the boys who have worked long periods being able to finish their task in half the time that raw boys require. . . .

What we require from both black and white labour is greater efficiency, which, if really obtained, renders rate of wages a secondary consideration, as shown by the bonus system in sinking deep-level shafts.

Given security of life, protection from ill-treatment, and a sufficiently high wage, and in time the natives will bring their women with them and form regular settlements. In this way, and in this way only, can a mining population be gradually built up, accustomed from infancy to underground work, and accustomed also to work continuously, not only that they may obtain the necessary dower for their wives, but that they may also obtain the luxuries for which a closer contact with civilised habits will assuredly produce an appetite.

There might at present be a practical obstacle to the formation of such settlements, because the bulk of the boys now employed in the mines come from Portuguese territory, and opposition might be made by the Portuguese Government if their own labour-supply were to become permanently depleted by the natives settling in British territory instead of merely going there for a limited period to obtain work. Still if these settlements were really deemed desirable it ought not to be impossible for the two Governments to come to some satisfactory understanding.

It cannot be too often repeated that what is wanted is not the maintenance of the natives in their present isolated state, but that they should become gradually and willingly absorbed, in their own immediate locality, in agricultural, mining, and industrial pursuits, so that they may become bound up in the prosperity of the country and form part of it, instead of being an ever-threatening danger outside. The introduction of Chinese or Hindu labour, or any violent interference with native customs and habits, will only delay the desired consummation; both time and patience will be required to bring that about, but the ultimate benefit of the whole of the peoples of South Africa, black as well as white, is of greater

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Imperial moment than the immediate exploitation of the Johannesburg mines.

The ore in many of those mines is of a low-grade quality, and the introduction of white labour in large quantities is impracticable. It would result in the closing down at once of probably half the mines now at work, and in a great reduction of the dividends paid by the remainder. The same result, however, would not follow if an increased wage were to be paid for the native labour which, after all, is the natural labour of the country; the difference in rate is so enormous. Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons that the mine owners are reduced to this: "Their choice is confined to Kaffir labour at 50*s.* or 60*s.* a month or skilled white labour now worth £80 a month." There is ample margin, therefore, for a very substantial increase without the natives' wages approaching to anything like those paid to white men.

The only result of such an increase would be that the development of various reefs *might* have to be postponed, and that some of the poorest of the mines *might* have to be shut down for a time; to be worked again when the expense of living has lessened, and the rate of wage has gone down proportionately with it. That would not necessarily be a bad thing. Great Britain does not desire feverishly to exhaust all the wealth of the Transvaal: she wants a slow and steady progress, with other mines coming gradually into operation when the present mines have been worked out, so that Johannesburg may become of permanent value to herself as well as to South Africa. And she emphatically does not desire to run any risk of arousing native discontent.

Since his return, Mr. Chamberlain has definitely stated the amount of taxation now imposed upon the Kaffir in the Transvaal. It is a consolidated tax of £2 a head as against a total of £4 6*s.* 6*d.* for various taxes imposed in Boer times, with, however, a further liability to £2 a head for a second wife, and a graduated increase for every additional wife thereafter. If, then, a man has four wives he will be taxed presumably £10 or £12

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instead of the previous £4 6*s.* 6*d.*—a very crushing increase. The tax will not do away with polygamy; it is not possible, in that way, suddenly to alter the ingrained habits of a race; nor is it apparently intended to do so. Mr. Chamberlain has stated its object quite frankly: "Although the discouragement of polygamy may fairly be an object, I do not think it has ever been put forward as an important or principal ground for the tax. On the contrary, what has been said is, that polygamy is taken as evidence of wealth." That is to say, the additional wives to which the Kaffir is by his own code of law, and by the immemorial usage of his tribe, entitled, are to be treated for the future avowedly as taxable chattels. Could there be anything better calculated to arouse a bitter feeling of anger both in the husband and in the wives whenever the wife-tax has to be paid?

By all means tax the natives more heavily if £2 be thought insufficient, but let it be a tax that is not antagonistic to tribal custom. All our experience of subject races has taught us (notably so in India) that we should hesitate greatly about doing anything that conflicts with social or religious usage: nothing inflames suspicion so readily, and no suspicion when aroused is so difficult to allay. Why should this experience be disregarded in South Africa?

The wife-tax, as it stands, is a more galling intermeddling with domestic life than we have ever ventured upon in India (which is a polygamous country just as much as South Africa is), and it is surely the very farthest limit to which Government interference should go. A less provocation led to the Indian Mutiny.

H. C. Thomson.

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AMIR HABIBULLAH AND THE RUSSIANS

THE desire of Russia to get into direct communication with the Court at Kabul and to extend her diplomatic relations with the present ruler of Afghanistan, nearest neighbour to the frontier of India, has brought the name of Habibullah into prominence. The son and successor of the late Amir Abdurrahman is by no means a *novus homo*, for his appearance on the scene of political events dates from 1881 when his father had to march against Ayub Khan, his most dangerous rival, and to quell the rebellion in Herat. Habibullah was at that time scarcely eleven years old, for we read in the autobiography of the late Amir[1] (vol. i. p. 146): "On my first arrival in Samarkand (1870) I had married the daughter of the King and Mir of Badakshan, and in the second year the Almighty gave me a son, whom I named Habibullah (Beloved of God). He is now my eldest son and heir-apparent." Later on we find Habibullah as regent in Kabul during the campaign of his father against his rebellious cousin Ishak Khan in 1888, where he behaved splendidly, as may be seen from the praises Abdurrahman bestowed upon his son. "On my return to Kabul on July 24, I found that during my two years' absence my son, Habibullah Khan, had governed the country so wisely, cleverly, and so entirely in accordance with my wishes, that I

[1] "The Life of Abdur Rahman." John Murray. 1900.

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conferred two orders upon him, one for his distinguished services in the administration of the kingdom; the second for having very bravely put a stop to a mutiny, which was caused by my own soldiers of the Kandahar-Hazara battalion. He acted most bravely on this occasion, riding alone in the midst of the rebellious soldiers without showing any fear of their injuring him." The late Amir Abdurrahman speaks also on various other occasions in most laudatory terms of his favourite son, and without giving a too implicit faith to the paternal utterances of the late ruler of Afghanistan, we do not run much risk in presuming certain praiseworthy qualities in the character of the present "Man on the Musnud" in Kabul. Judging from his acts before he came to the throne, as well as from his behaviour after his accession, we may fairly describe him as a prince of mild disposition, lacking the firmness but lacking also the cruel qualities of his father, whose memory he keeps in great reverence, whose advice he is anxious to follow, and whose prestige may well protect and lead him if untoward events, such as rebellion or attack from outside, do not trouble the present quiet waters of Afghan political life. As matters stand to-day, the peace prevailing in Afghanistan has decidedly been a disappointment to the enemies of his country and of England. After the death of the late Amir everybody expected the outbreak of internal troubles owing to the previously current rumours of discord amongst the sons of Abdurrahman fostered by harem intrigues and by the unruly chiefs of the various clans, always ready for internecine wars. First of all it was said that Habibullah's brother, Nasrullah Khan, who enjoys a certain amount of popularity with the army, would contend for the throne, as there were sundry quarrels between the two brothers during the lifetime of their father. Next to this came the news of the plotting activity of Bibi Halima, a name, the literal meaning of which, namely, "the Mild Princess," is not at all consistent with the very ambitious and imperious character of its bearer. This lady, a grand-daughter of Dost Mohammed, appears to have thought that her son,

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Umar Khan, a pet of the late Amir, had stronger claims to the succession than Habibullah, whose mother is said to have been a slave-girl from Wakhan. This latter assertion is, of course, refuted by Abdurrahman himself, as may be seen from the above-cited quotation from his autobiography, where it is said that she was a daughter of the King and Mir of Badakshan. But ladies, whether in the East or in the West, stick generally with a particular tenacity to their pretensions; still Princess Halima, whilst acquiescing with but an ill grace in Abdurrahman's order of succession, has nevertheless kept quiet up to the present, peace and order have not been disturbed, and the governmental machine works as regularly as is possible with the unruly and quarrelsome Afghans.

Certainly we do not go too far in appreciation of the personal qualities of the present ruler of Afghanistan, when we assume that the reigning peace is mostly owing to his conciliatory attitude towards his brothers, with whom he honestly shared the offices and dignities of the government by appointing Nasrullah Khan as the head of the army and Umar Khan the head of the government offices. This seems to have contented the ambition of both his brothers; but if the spirit of unity still prevails in the family of the late Amir it is also partly owing to the consciousness of the danger that would result from internal troubles in face of the threatening position of Russia, and partly to the friendly warnings sent from time to time by Lord Curzon, whose practical experience of the country, coupled with his personal relation with Habibullah, cannot fail to produce a salutary effect. Taken altogether we fail to see in the acts of the present ruler of Afghanistan any proof of an estrangement from England, and still less any sign of a vacillating character in his policy, or a hidden leaning to Russia. There are certainly sundry incidents, which have been misinterpreted by his critics and explained as indications of an intentional deviation from the policy bequeathed to him by his father. Such, for example, is the extreme attention paid to the late Hadda Mullah, named Nedjib-ed-din, whom he

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invited to his Court, sending him an elephant with a howdah, in order that he might officiate in the accession ceremonies fixed for the feast of Novuz (New Year). To this, however, the ladies of the harem added 12,000 rupees as travelling expenses, which the shrewd Mullah returned, keeping, however, for himself a handsome fur coat of which he afterwards made a present to Syed Akbar Khan of Tirah. The reception accorded to the Mullah, known as the inveterate enemy of the English, was a cordial one, for the young Amir aimed principally at a display of his religious zeal and great piety. He presented to his guest a whole set of the publications of his late father, and drew his particular attention to two tracts, known as "Takwim-ed-din" ("The Strengthening of Religion") and "Targhib-ul-djihad" ("The Prosecution of the Holy War")[1] with the request that he would propagate the contents of these two writings and impress the frontier tribes with the tenets of Islam and with the duty of waging the holy war *only with the consent and by the order of the King of Islam, i.e.*, of the Amir of Afghanistan. Plainly spoken, this means that the border tribes should cease giving trouble to the English and that they should look upon the Amir as their protector and well-wisher. This is beyond doubt an act of friendliness; and the further object Habibullah had in view was to play the part of a religious teacher to his people, as his father did, and thereby ingratiated himself with his fanatical subjects, who, as I can judge by personal experience during my stay in Northern Afghanistan, exceed in Moslem zeal even their spiritual teachers of Bokhara. In this light must also be viewed his first public speech, a kind of sermon, made at the Durbar of Novuz, March 21, 1901, in which he exhorted his hearers to adhere strictly to the Mohammedan Law as laid down by the Prophet himself, this being the only way to earn the blessings of God in this world and hereafter.

[1] A translation of this pamphlet, by Sultan Mohamed Khan, Mir Munshi to the late Amir, was published in the MONTHLY REVIEW for November 1901, under the title *Abdur Rahman: Commander of the Faith.*

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Apart from his duties as a King of Islam the Amir endeavours at the same time to follow in the footsteps of his father in worldly matters also. He takes particular care of the army, which he tries to raise in number as well as in efficiency. He is engaged in reforming the uniforms and in preparing arms and ammunition. The total number of his army is to consist of 80,000 men men besides the force serving on the border. The salaries are to be regularly paid and promotion will depend only upon good service, steady industry and integrity, and not upon patronage or recommendation, as was hitherto the case. It is true, his personal qualities are not eminently fitted for military administration, and he has acted wisely in delegating a good deal of power to his brother Nasrullah, but here he is always haunted by hidden jealousy and by the fear of rebellion, and it is for this reason that since the death of General Ghulam Hyder the post of Commander-in-Chief has been left vacant. Quite recently there has been a great deal of talk, to the effect that Asaf Khan, the brother of the Amir's favourite wife, a grand-daughter of Yahia Khan, is to be raised to that high position, but as this would much displease Nasrullah and embroil the two brothers, it is to be hoped that the Amir will drop this plan. Polygamy, always the main source of disorder at Oriental Courts, is threatening to augment the troubles at Kabul, and Habibullah, too accessible to the intrigues and undercurrents of the harem, is in great danger of being led to frustrate his best intentions. We are told that a similar influence prevailed upon him, when, at the instigation of Khwas Khan, the Afridi Malik (Headman), he planned the recruiting of Afridis, which was much commented upon in India and has excited just suspicion. To find the Zakka Khel and other predatory border tribes enlisted in the Afghan Army is by no means reassuring for the peace of the newly created frontier province. Fortunately Habibullah has renounced the carrying of this plan into effect, and it is to be hoped that he will in future keep strictly to the policy laid down by his father, and abstain from measures which must

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give umbrage to his suzerain without being profitable to his throne or his country.

In view of the assurances as to his policy given by the Amir to his people and to the Indian Government, we are at a loss to understand the rumours current in India about the dubious attitude of the ruler of Afghanistan towards the suzerain power and about the change he is supposed to be meditating in his relations to Russia. Judging from my long experience of the character and tendencies of Mohammedan princes, I am certainly not in the least prone to expect, either from Habibullah or from any other Moslem prince, a firm and sincere attachment to a Christian Power, and still less can I believe in the unshakable faithfulness of an Afghan. I beg even to differ from the opinion prevalent in England about the former sympathies of Dost Mohammed Khan, for his friendly behaviour during the Sepoy mutiny in 1857 was the outcome of his unsettled situation in Afghanistan, and not of a particular love for the English. Nearly the same was the case with Shere Ali and with Abdurrahman, for no sooner had the latter found his position strong enough to raise his head then he began to come forward with all kinds of pretensions and finally he showed signs of throwing off his allegiance, for in formulating the desire to be officially represented at the Court of St. James, he was paving the way for a future independence. But with the approach of Russia to the frontiers of the Afghan country a great change has set in with respect to the line of policy to be followed by the rulers at Kabul. They are fully convinced of the fact that the English, having rounded off their conquest in India and being anxious to maintain in peace the possessions they have acquired, must and will henceforward look upon Afghanistan as a wall of protection, which they have to strengthen and fortify materially and morally; whereas to Russia, whose goal of desire is the further South, and who will never renounce the idea of becoming an immediate neighbour of India, Afghanistan forms only an *étape* towards the object in view, and must

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consequently be conquered. This has become quite clear to every simple Afghan mountaineer. The affair at Penjdeh in 1885 greatly contributed to the corroboration of this view, and seeing the vigorous assistance lent by Englishmen in building up the Afghan rule, it is very natural that the former inimical feeling has nearly disappeared, and in spite of religious fanaticism the English are looked upon as the friends and well-wishers of the country.

Such being the case, I do not see any possibility of Russia's gaining ground in Afghanistan unless she comes forward arms in hand, either by taking Herat—a short way only from her railway terminus at Kushk—or by advancing on the left bank of the Oxus to seize Balkh and Maimena. It is true that the policy of direct conquest, equivalent to a challenge of England, is inopportune and is actually not in favour with the politicians on the Neva. Hence the diplomatic feeler stretched out with regard to the appointment of a Russian representative, or a political agent, at the Court of Kabul, where Russia is anxious to settle occasional frontier troubles and to further indirectly her commercial interests, which are said to be constantly tampered with by Afghan border authorities. This plea is deserving of a full examination. We beg leave to ask : What kind of troubles can Russia have on the frontier which cannot be arranged on the spot without direct communication with Kabul ? We have but to remember the dispute regarding the Kushk River Canals, which arose in 1898 between the Afghans, settled here by the late Amir for the purpose of having pure Afghans on the frontier, and the Turcomans on the Russian side of the Badghiz. At that time the Anglo-Indian Government despatched Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Yate at the head of a Commission, whilst on the part of Russia there appeared M. Ignatieff accompanied by a few officers and Cossacks. A very short time was spent in examining the various canals and the work was finished off at the Chihl Dukhtar Canal in a few days, to the satisfaction of both parties. A similar procedure we noticed when Russia came forward to advocate the interests of

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her Bokhara vassal with respect to Darvaz, Roshan and Shignan; this dispute was likewise peaceably arranged between the two suzerain powers, England, of course, giving in on both occasions to the not very plausible demands of her northern rival. If, then, it was possible for Russia in times past to adjust affairs without recurring to Kabul and without forcibly ignoring the rights of the Afghans' protector, we are well entitled to ask: What are the motives of Russia for seeking direct communication with the ruler of Afghanistan? The answer is obvious and near to hand. The politicians on the Neva seem to be tired of waiting for a plausible ground of interference and of watching from a distance for an opportunity to be offered by the gradual evolution of events; hence their anxiety for a position which would enable them to precipitate affairs through personal contact with the leading power beyond the Suleiman range.

It is this and no other purpose that Russia has in view, and in the face of this new method it is worth while to examine also its chances and to ask ourselves whether the present state of affairs in Afghanistan is favourable or not to the secret plans of Russia, and whether England will look on quietly with folded arms at the machinations of her rival at the Bala Hissar? As to the first part of this question, we have pointed out already that the Amir is by no means inclined to alter his course of policy with regard to England, and whatever may by said about his fickleness, as well as about his love of intrigues and secret dealings, he will never depart from the line of policy bequeathed to him by his father, for this is the only means by which he will be able to ward off any danger coming from outside and to find security against internal troubles. Forty years ago, when Shere Ali Khan was fighting for the throne, the then Governor-General of India declared openly that England, unwilling to involve herself in affairs beyond the Khyber, can and will acknowledge only the *de facto* ruler of the country; and he, in fact, abstained from all interference. To-day the situation has essentially changed, greater interests

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are at stake, and it is very unlikely that England will remain a quiet spectator if any civil war threatens to shake the foundation of a fabric which she has helped to erect. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that of his own free choice Habibullah will never enter into any negotiations with Russia, whatever be the golden promises employed to allure him. It only remains to be seen whether Russia, which is constantly trying to seduce the Afghan vassal of Great Britain, will be discouraged in her underground work, and whether she will not have recourse to some other means by which the secret enemies and rivals of the present ruler may find sufficient support to induce them to manifest their discontent and to raise the standard of revolt.

Such an emergency, of course, would give a different turn to affairs in Afghanistan, for there is no use in ignoring or denying the fact that the combustible materials are amply at hand and any spark thrown by Russia may cause a conflagration. The intrigues of Bibi Halima to secure the throne for her favourite son, Umar Khan, are still dormant, and it is only the death of General Ghulam Hyder, her staunch partisan even in the lifetime of Abdurrahman, that has frustrated or delayed the realisation of her plans. Besides this ambitious lady the position of Prince Nasrullah Khan must not be left out of account. The relations between the two brothers is not one overflowing with love and tenderness, and in spite of the high position accorded to Nasrullah, he is always trying to gain a party and preparing to come forward at an opportune moment. A peaceful succession to the throne of Afghanistan, such as the last one was, is unique in the history of that country; its main cause lay in the relations with England and not in the lack of pretenders, and if these latter find support from outside they will certainly try their luck, for the Afghan princes are the last in the world to whom patriotic considerations would serve as a barrier against personal greed and ambition. Russia knows all this very well, and being ever ready to augment the troubles of her rival, she will not be

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restrained by conscience from availing herself of any eventual discontent at Kabul. It is in order to give effect to this policy that the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan has always received with open arms the defeated opponents of Abdurrahman Khan, in the hope that he may be able to avail himself of their services in any future complication with England. Ishak Khan, a cousin of the late Amir, has been a Russian pensioner since 1888, as well as his son Mohammed Ismail Khan. The former, a fanatic Mohammedan, more in place at the head of an assembly of Dervishes than as a pretender to the throne, has ceased to be of any importance, for he is now an old man and will probably never come out against any one as an antagonist. As to the latter, he must be looked upon as a more serious rival, for he is young, energetic, full of ambition and is supported by General Ghulam Hyder Verdak, a former adherent of Shere Ali Khan, and by a son of Ahmed Shah, the ruler of Herat in the time of Dost Mohammed. Without giving credit to bazaar gossip, which puts him already at the head of an army of malcontents ready for an attack upon Afghan-Turkestan, we believe the man to be capable of mischief, and willing enough if Russia will lend him assistance, or at least if she will connive at his plans. But this is not very likely, since Russia, having once already burnt her fingers with Abdurrahman, will not a second time commit the mistake of helping her enemies. The rest of the Afghan refugees fed by Russia cannot be of much use for future combinations, for a good portion of them have returned to their native country and have made peace with the legal successor of the Amir. The only visible chance Russia may have in her designs upon Afghanistan rests with the Afghan subjects on the left bank of the Oxus, namely, with the Usbegs and the Turcoman tribes of Erzari, Alieli and others, who are bitter enemies to the Afghans and who would hail with joy any power, were it even a Russian, which would deliver them from the hard yoke of their oppressors.

To sum up what we have said with regard to the present

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position of affairs, it must be patent to the unbiased reader that the realisation of Russia's schemes upon Afghanistan can hardly be effected from outside and that she must necessarily extend the thread of her machinations to the central seat of Afghanistan by attacking British influence in Kabul, just as General Kauffmann did through the mission of Stolyetoff to Shere Ali Khan. Hence her desire for an official representation at Bala Hissar, for which purpose she has stretched out a feeler, without, however, being determined to press the matter, for there is no doubt that England cannot and will not acquiesce in such a demand by her rival, not even upon the condition of Russia's agreeing in return to the admission of English representatives in Bokhara and Khiva. It is only by sheer force, by open aggression, that Russia can enter Afghanistan, for Amir Habibullah will hardly walk into the trap of Russian diplomacy, but on the contrary, he will be always bent upon keeping the Russians as far as possible away from his capital. Even supposing that he should be inclined to follow the lurking passion for secret dealings, which he shares in common with all Orientals, he will have to take into account the great change which has taken place in the feelings of the people towards England, a power in which every Afghan has learned to recognise the only real and true friend of his country and a staunch supporter in any eventual attack from outside. Russia's demand for an official representation at Kabul is, in short, as matters stand at present, an idle threat by which nobody will be frightened, and by the next visit of Amir Habibullah to Lord Curzon in India the whole bogey will disappear.

A. Vambéry.

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THE AMERICAN INVASION OF NORTH-WESTERN CANADA

WINNIPEG

IN the United States wild land, fit for the cultivation of wheat, is no longer in the market.

The wave of migration has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the tide is gradually rising till it has begun to trickle over the 49th parallel, the barrier that has hitherto dammed its headway to the North. Seven years ago the new settlers entering Western Canada from across the border could be counted on the fingers of one hand; during the past six years they numbered 77,000; in 1902—the fiscal year ending in June—there were 21,672; this year the estimate varies from 50,000 to 150,000, or more.

Pioneering seems to be hereditary, like certain forms of insanity, and the generation of farmers who first established themselves and raised families in Minnesota and the Dakotas is now being crowded out by the steady influx of the main army from Europe and the Eastern States.

There is a method in its madness, however, as there generally is in the movements of the American hustler, rural or urban, for the second generation has grown up and is desirous of acquiring farms of its own near the parental homestead. Now land there is selling for $40, $50, and $60 per acre, while land of the same quality, or better, may be purchased under

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the Union Jack for just one-tenth of that price; and, therefore, the successful American agriculturist is selling his holding to the new arrivals, and coming here to buy homes for himself and family out of the proceeds of the said sale.

Hitherto the area of cultivation in this country has been increasing at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. In 1902, the estimated crop of wheat in Manitoba was 53,077,267 bushels; in the North-West Territories, 14,649,500 bushels; making a total of 67,726,767 bushels raised from 2,625,516 acres of soil. At this rate we should in five years be producing 100 million bushels, with an average crop of 20 bushels per acre; in ten years we should be producing 200 million bushels.

Now in 1901 Great Britain imported 130,195,949 bushels. Without any abnormal increase in immigration (and consequently in the cultivated area) Manitoba and the North-West Territories should be able in six or seven years to produce enough wheat to feed the entire population of the British Isles.

The average Englishman altogether fails to realise the importance of these figures, and he is not much to blame, considering that even experts share his non-comprehension. There arrived in Winnipeg last spring a leading New York grain exporter, who has handled enormous quantities of grain from Manitoba and the North-West Territories, as well as from the Dakotas and Minnesota. He reported that, even in New York, the leading men in his own business, specialists all of them, were extraordinarily ignorant of the conditions of this country. "Till the last few months," to use his own words, "we have regarded Winnipeg as 'the jumping-off place,' and imagined that there was nothing beyond." At the local grain Exchange they showed him an "Elevator Map," and pointed out that there were already 586 elevators, with an average capacity of 25,000 bushels apiece, in the Manitoba Inspection District, some of them being situated 1000 miles beyond Winnipeg.

Now an elevator somewhat resembles a sky-scraping packing

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case, approached by a covered driveway. The thresher delivers his wheat into the waggon-box from the sheaf; the waggon is then driven straight to the nearest elevator, enters the driveway and dumps its load, which falls of its own weight into the "pit." Thence it is drawn up by an endless chain of scoops into the cleaner, and subsequently dropped into the hopper of the scales. In five minutes fifty or sixty bushels will be cleaned and weighed, and a receipt ticket made out and handed to the driver, who returns for a fresh load. The amount retained in the elevator is poured through a revolving spout into different bins, according to the grade to which it may be assigned, and thence transferred at the proper time to the railroad car, one of which—with a capacity of 1000 bushels—can be loaded in fifteen minutes.

There are to-day 806 of these elevators, dotted along the principal lines of railway like the blockhouses in South Africa, and if you add to their number the Eastern Terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, they show a total licensed capacity for the period 1901–1902 of 25,128,100 bushels. Applications are coming in daily for sites for new elevators of similar capacity.

It has always been the policy of the Canadian Government to encourage the construction of colonisation lines, and Southern Manitoba is already pretty well gridironed with railways, including three lines running to the United States border, and there joining the American system. The Canadian Northern has already opened up the Northern part of the Province to the extreme North-West angle, on the edge of Saskatchewan, whence it is to push on through the Yellow Head Pass to the Pacific Coast, thus giving Canada its second transcontinental line. The exact route of the Grand Trunk beyond Manitoba is not yet known, though the line will probably run through Battleford and Edmonton, and thence by the Peace River, Pine River, or Yellow Head Pass to Fort Simpson. The country generally, throughout the province, consists of open prairie, with wooded river banks aud poplar groves scattered

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over its surface. The area available for farming is calculated to be twenty-five million acres, of which over three millions were in crop last year.

The "District of Assiniboia" contains an area of fifty-eight million acres, divided by nature into two great sections. Eastern Assiniboia, "the park country" of the North-West, is a vast stretch of rolling prairie, of clumps of trees bordering lakes, meadows, and streams; a soil pre-eminently adapted for wheat growing; while Western Assiniboia is better suited for mixed farming and for ranching and stock-raising. The main line of the Canadian-Pacific Railway runs east and west through the District: from Moose Jaw, about forty-two miles west of Regina, the capital, the Soo Railway affords direct communication with the U.S. points by way of St. Paul; from Regina itself a branch railway runs north to Prince Albert, the principal town of the District of Saskatchewan. The North-Eastern portion is connected with Manitoba by the Manitoba and North-Western Railway, now absorbed into the Canadian-Pacific Railway system.

North of Assiniboia is "Saskatchewan,' with an area of seventy-three million acres, a mixed prairie and wooded region, including in the South a proportion of the great plains, with vast timber areas to the North.

West of these two districts is "Alberta," the great stock-raising, dairy-farming, agricultural and mineral country, situated at the base of the Rocky Mountains, the paradise of the English younger son, containing sixty-eight million acres, and traversed from East to West by the Canadian-Pacific, and from North to South by the Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

The smallest of these four great divisions is larger than England, Scotland, and Wales put together, and the four represent that portion of Western Canada (exclusive of British Columbia) which has been opened up by railways, an area more than twice the size of France. They also form the Southern boundary of the "Territory of Athabasca," into

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which the long steel tentacles have not yet penetrated, with an area of over a quarter of a million square miles; and of the great "Mackenzie Basin," reported by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, in a recent lecture before the Canadian Institute, to be one of the richest wheat districts on the continent.

It is a great field for American enterprise.

The restless racial craving to cut a path through the wilderness, and found new homes in wild lands, must find a scope somewhere, and to-day its only outlet is to the North. The Canadian Government has established agents and sub-agents in all the Western States, who hold meetings, deliver lectures, and personally canvass possible settlers. They form farmers' clubs, whose members select one of their number as a delegate to inspect, report on, and (in many cases) purchase outright land throughout the North-West. Advertisements are being run in over 8000 newspapers, with a combined circulation aggregating over 9,000,000 a week; and carefully selected exhibits are being displayed at all the inter-State, State, and county fairs.

Already the yellow journals are prophesying the peaceful annexation of this section of the British Empire to the United States. They are painting vivid pictures, in three colours, of sturdy American farmers building to themselves homes scattered over the prairie; with the Stars and Stripes flaunting over the little school-house; with portraits of George Washington and President Roosevelt hung behind the box-stove. Wherever the new settler comes he will bring his nationality with him; he will teach his children to scream like the American eagle, and he will not be content to dwell under the institutions of an effete monarchy for an hour longer than he can possibly help. The Uitlander shall inherit the land, and the hour of its destiny has struck. Thus the yellow journal.

The Canadian takes things more quietly. He is too busy just now raking in American dollars to devote much time to questions of Imperial interest. But when he does find leisure

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to dwell on the subject, he is apt to point out that there is another point of view from which it may be regarded. He says that a very large percentage of these pioneers from over the border is composed of returned Canadians; of settlers who were attracted to the United States by the glittering promises held out by the very men who are now devoting all their energies to exploiting the virgin soil on this side of the line. To this percentage you have to add the immigrants from European countries, the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Russians, and others whose loyalty to the American flag, and to American institutions, as such, is as yet somewhat tepid, and who would probably never find out that the constitution of the United States differed from that of Great Britain, unless the fact were pointed out to them by some chauvinistic and interested Republican. Lastly, experience has so far shown that the ordinary American, when once he is domiciled in Canada, usually becomes one of the most patriotic citizens in the Dominion, as well as one of the most efficient.

But some of the most far-seeing and most experienced business men in this country hold that the question whether the new immigrants will Americanise Western Canada, or whether they will themselves become Canadianised, is much more grave than even the people here realise; that the importance of the movement can hardly be overrated; and that the consequences, from an Imperial standpoint, are extremely difficult to forecast.

At present—by an apparent reversal of the law of evolution—the different elements of the race that is destined one day to occupy Western Canada are in a state of "definite, coherent heterogeneity." You can get a pretty good idea of these various nationalities by visiting Winnipeg in the month of July, during the great annual Exhibition.

Less than a generation ago this city was a little village clustered round the stockade of Fort Garry, dotted here and there with Indian teepees, and perched above the confluence of the Red River and the Assiniboine. On the banks of these

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you could hear the grating creak of the old "Red River cart," built entirely of wood, without a scrap of iron in its composition. You could see the camp-fire smoke of the Bois Brulés, and their long lines of ponies loaded down with fur-packs from the prairie and from the Far North; you could smell the incense of the buffalo meat, and of the marrow-fat, and the beaver-tails. There are men alive to-day who have seen their fellow men scalped within gunshot of the principal hotel in the place; you have only to drive along a country trail to see the bleached bones and skulls of the practically extinct buffalo.

The scene during "Exhibition week" presents a strange contrast. Almost every colour, race and creed has its representative; the red man in tattered European clothes, a pitiful caricature of the painted brave who used to hunt over these very plains; the yellow man, with his pigtail carefully rolled up inside his hat; the negro, who has never seen Africa; and last, but most numerous, the pale-faces, the new masters of the soil. Sturdy Canadians of English stock; "Macs" and O's"; "habitants" from the Eastern Provinces, still dreaming of the land their fathers left, still in this new home living on the banks of the "Seine," still speaking, they will tell you, the true French, the language of the sixteenth century uncorrupted by modern Europe.

There are Doukhobors in peaked caps and wide-skirted coats, who came to this country under the guidance of quiet, sad-eyed men bearing such names as Hilkoff, and Tolstoi, and Kropotkin; Armenians from under the shadow of Mount Ararat; Galicians from the terraces of the Carpathians; Poles who have at last despaired of their own land; Mennonites, once the most persecuted sect in Europe; Jews, who hope to make their livelihood out of the tillers of the soil; flaxen-haired Icelanders, descended from the Vikings, who are reported to have discovered this continent centuries before the birth of Columbus; Assyrians from the Euphrates; ringletted Magyars from Hungary; and Cockneys from Holborn. To-day these

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are all British subjects living under the Red Ensign charged with the maple-leaf; and it may be that their children in another generation will be hailed as Sons of the Blood.

But some of the settlers in the North-West manage to preserve their nationality with the same fervent single-hearted devotion as did the Jews of the Exodus. The Mennonites, especially, hive together like bees; they intermarry; they cherish their own language; they hoard every penny they earn; and they hold little or no social intercourse with their neighbours of different race. The Icelanders will take up their abode on the shores of the great lakes, and live by fishing, though they are not so exclusive as the Mennonites; while the Galicians pick up English with extraordinary quickness, and are apparently quite willing to merge their own identity with that of their neighbours.

The mere fact that he speaks the same language as ourselves makes it possible for the American to mix at once with his Canadian compeers. There are one and a half million Canadians now settled across the border, and a large majority of these have taken up their abode in the States that lie along the dividing line. There is no religious bar to separate the two peoples, and their sports—with the doubtful exception of lacrosse—tend to bring them together. Rinks from St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth, contend annually in the great Manitoba Bonspiel; the Winnipeg Baseball Club belongs to an American League; Canadian crews have more than once carried off the championship of the Continent, rowing on American waters; promising youths in Winnipeg business houses have been offered highly salaried positions in New York on account of their prowess at hockey; as a racing centre Winnipeg belongs to an American "racing circuit," whose rules are laid down by an American Turf Club; and most of the best dogs in the United States are entered in the Manitoba Field trials.

As long as it was to the interest of unscrupulous land agents to keep immigration on the other side of the line they

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did not hesitate to draw fearsome pictures of the fate which awaited the luckless settler under British rule. He had to pay tithes of all he possessed to the Government. Even if he *could* manage to raise a crop in the frozen tundras of the North-West, what would it profit him, if he were doomed to perish in a blizzard? But to-day circumstances have changed, and the same land agents have reversed the shield, and are now stentoriously calling attention to the dazzling sheen of the other side. The yellow journals in New York are forecasting annexation; and the newspapers in St. Paul and Minneapolis, with their advertisement sheets full of glowing descriptions paid for by Canadian landowners, are preaching peace and unity.

The real danger to British interests lies in the insuppressible American tendency to do everything on a big scale. A European nation thinks it has accomplished great things when it has constructed a line of first-class transatlantic mail steamers; a plain American business man will not be happy until he has acquired control over the entire traffic on the ocean highway. The flood, just now, is only trickling over the dam, but if the great American syndicates are to begin, or rather to continue, buying land in blocks the size of an English county, and colonising them wholesale with inhabitants transplanted by the cityfull from the United States, it is not difficult to see that the map of Manitoba and the North-West Territories might soon be—figuratively speaking—dotted over with garrisons flying the Stars and Stripes. So long as the new settlers arrive individually, or in small clusters, they can settle down among the 450,000 inhabitants who are now occupying that enormous area in the proportion of one human being to five or six square miles. The latter will assimilate them easily enough, and there will be no danger of their leavening the whole lump with disloyalty to the British Empire. But if they come over in swarms, and gravitate together on their arrival, they may fulfil the predictions of the New York *Sun*. They may, quite conceivably, foster their existent patriotism

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to the land they have left and insist on teaching their children, in their school hand-books, to dislike and distrust the land of their adoption, till in a few years the annexation of Western Canada may prove to be the "mere picnic" that the American jingo claims it is to-day. At all events, they will create a new public sentiment out here. Not necessarily a desire for political incorporation with the United States; not even, perhaps, a desire for republican institutions as opposed to monarchical. But a sentiment to which the idea of Imperial Unity is, if not actually repugnant, most certainly non-essential.[1]

It used to be reckoned that each individual immigrant was worth a thousand dollars to the country of his choice. Less than a score of years ago the steamship facilities to Canada were so inadequate that the large majority of intending settlers for the Dominion travelled by way of New York, and were intercepted at that point by enterprising agents of American Railway Companies, who diverted them, on all sorts of plausible pretexts, to various points in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Idaho, and the Western States generally. The object of this, of course, was not merely to capture the railway fares, but to secure future traffic by colonising the lands tributary to their different lines.

Even as lately as 1901 the statistics show that 104,195

[1] The following telegram from Ottawa appeared in the *Morning Post* on March 21, of this year:

"The sales of land made by the Canadian-Pacific Railway during the present month will probably be larger than those made during the first three months of 1902.

The greatest demand for new land continues to come from the United States, and American settlers are crossing the frontier in increasing numbers.

The new settlers are of the best class, and, in nearly all cases, experienced plainsmen, who make the best use of the new land. *There are already settlements in the new country which are entirely American.*

In most cases the Americans prefer to buy land from the Canadian-Pacific Company which is near the railway, rather than take up free but more remote Government land. Purchasers of Company land are not required to become British subjects."—[Editor MONTHLY REVIEW.]

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emigrants left Great Britain for the United States, as against 15,757 for the North American colonies. The establishment of a really fast and efficient steamship line to Canada would revolutionise all this, and direct the incoming throng straight to the virgin soil of our own prairies. Meanwhile the influx of British blood into one end of the long arteries that run from the Atlantic to the North-West is forcing American blood into the British veins at the other . . . and is being heavily taxed for doing so.

The syndicates and the land speculators from over the border are doing a roaring trade. They buy in big blocks for three and a half dollars per acre, not infrequently paying the whole price, or an instalment of $50,000 or so, down on the nail. For a long term they pay 6 per cent. to the Canadian proprietors, and then sell for seven dollars per acre to the new settler, charging a similar rate of interest on the hundred per cent. profit. The great railway companies allow speculators six years wherein to pay the purchase-money in full; *bonâ fide* settlers are allowed ten, no principal being called for, by special arrangement, between the first and third years. It is obvious that the capitalist is growing rich, and it is equally obvious that the future emigrant from the British Isles can do a great deal better for himself by making straight for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, instead of settling in the United States and paying enhanced prices for what is, as often as not, inferior land, and for doubtful "improvements," and thereby enabling the more enterprising American pioneer to colonise our own possessions for us.

Let us take the imaginary case of an English farmer coming to this side of the water with $10,000 in his pocket. If he bought 160 acres of improved lands in the United States, he would have to pay, at a very moderate computation, $4800; nearly one-half of his capital. In Canada he could get "wild" land of superior fertility for $480. In addition to this he could "homestead" another 160 acres for a merely nominal fee of $10 by making personal entry at the Land Office for

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the district; or vicariously on application to the Minister of the Interior or Dominion Land Agent. After this all that is necessary for obtaining a patent is six months' residence and cultivation in each year for three years, or, as to residence, living with his parents on land in the vicinity, or on land owned by himself. By this means the newcomer will be the owner of 320 acres, and will leave himself a surplus of $9510 wherewith to put up buildings and purchase the stock and agricultural implements necessary to make the requisite improvements.

The average Old-countryman, who crosses the Atlantic in the steerage of a Cunarder or White Star boat, is a little afraid to face the unknown, and is therefore willing to pay extra for the sake of settling within sight of a church or a school-house. But, as a matter of fact, the school system of Manitoba and the North-West Territories makes this an easier matter every day. In the former province the rural schools are dotted about at intervals of three miles or so in the settled districts, and the system is free. There is a general taxation of the land within each such district, whether occupied or not, whether owned by parents or by tenants having no children. In addition to this the Government makes an annual grant of a considerable sum to each school, and out of the resulting fund all expenses are paid, including the teacher's salary. A mere handful of families is enough to obtain this grant, and the schools are inspected at intervals by official inspectors. The education is non-sectarian and national in character, and the ordinary secular branches and general public morality alone are taught during regular school hours, religious instruction being given when desired during hours set apart for that purpose.

The average Canadian is also more cautious than the average American. This may be partly owing to the fact that the million and a half already referred to as having transferred their allegiance to the United States include many of the boldest and most enterprising spirits among the former. Such

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men are naturally attracted to a wider field for activity than is afforded in their own sparsely populated dominion, while the more prudent and circumspect mortals remain at home. Where an American will cheerfully "go it blind," a Canadian will look before he leaps, or allow some one else to give him a lead over. For this reason some of the biggest undertakings in Canada have been captained by Americans. There is an actual lack of a necessary capital too, as well as a certain disinclination to risk it.

Think of the amount of energy that is running to waste at every second of time in water-power alone between the 49th parallel and the Arctic circle! A powerful American company, tempted by the opportunity offered by the proximity of this water-power to raw products, and backed by unlimited capital, might found monopolies that it would tax all the resources of the Canadian Government to resist.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Here in this North-West country is to be found the future granary of the Empire. Canadians themselves have demonstrated their faith in its stability and future prosperity by advancing their capital freely for the last twenty years, till there is to-day under the control of the financial institutions in the City of Winnipeg, a sum of $100,000,000 invested in mortgages on real estate and other securities.

The Americans have suddenly awakened to the fact that it is worth their while to follow our example, and, with their immensely superior resources in money and population, should have no difficulty in beating us at our own game. We are glad enough to have our country opened up; and, if it is not to be done by our brethren from over the sea, the next best thing is that it should be done by our cousins from over the border. But we should prefer the former alternative. We should like to see our farms occupied by British settlers, and our water-power developed by British capital. We should like to see a population here that could send, when called on for purposes of Imperial defence, not four, but forty contingents

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of the men bred on the open prairie; of the men who from their childhood have never known the pinch of narrow street life; the men who can ride, and shoot, and meet death smiling when the time comes. [1]

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

[1] This article will be followed by one from Mr. Arnold Haultain, of Toronto, answering the question "Who should Emigrate to Canada?"—EDITOR.

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IRISH MUSIC

A VOICE beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings, and Bards, and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves, whereon shy dewdrops glisten,
Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,
Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around;
And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,
Thrush-like she sings and lets her voice go free,
Her soul, of all its hidden longing shriven,
Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrow seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears,
New songs wake in the morn of her awaking
From the enchantment of nine hundred years!

JOHN TODHUNTER.

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HISTORY AND DOGMA[1]

A WRITER can hardly escape a feeling of presumption who attempts to treat briefly of a theme so large, so complex, and, when everything is said, so uncertain as the study of theology. If he happens to be a layman he may also find himself charged with a worse fault than presumption in treating of it at all, however keen his interest in any of the great questions which it involves. For in spite of what are often urged in ecclesiastical circles as the rights and the duties of the laity, to exercise them is to discover that in the minds of many of the clergy these rights and duties are meant to be restricted to the sphere of practical activity. They are recognised, that is to say, so far as the application of the faith is concerned, and wherever they may be turned to account in matters of organisation or social effort or mere learning. But if the faith itself is to be discussed they are regarded with alarm. There are communities, indeed, both in and outside the Church of England—to say nothing of the Church of Rome—where a man who is not ordained is scarcely suffered to speak on the great questions of theology ; and where, if he ventures to raise his voice, he is either ignored altogether or else told, directly or indirectly, that he is wanting in the spirit in which these questions ought to be approached. On the other hand, there is an increasing number of the ministers of all denominations who take no such exclusive view of their own

[1] Being the substance of an Address to the Churchmen's Union.

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functions; who welcome any effort, whatever its source, to promote a different view; and who perceive that if the reforms which they desire are to be carried out, if the truths of Christianity are to be stated afresh in modern language, if the creed based on those truths is to be brought into greater harmony with our general knowledge, it is from the laity that some, at least, of the driving force of this movement will have to come.

Not, then, because I am a layman do I hesitate at venturing upon this subject, even though all that I can attempt is to suggest some of the considerations which ought to be borne in mind in regard to it. I hesitate because of its immense range, because of its perplexity, because of the confusion which is everywhere visible in it. This confusion is so great, this perplexity is so obvious to all who have any perception of what modern criticism has effected, that one word only seems strong enough to describe the present state of theological study among us. That state is one of *chaos*. In other subjects of serious study there is at least some agreement as to the facts to be investigated and the principles to be applied. But no one can look at the theological literature of our day with an open mind, or read any of the hundreds of books published every year on this subject in Europe and the United States, without becoming aware that here there is hardly any general agreement as to the right way of dealing with the questions at issue; that prejudice and presupposition, and, indeed, sheer ignorance, play a much larger part than they play elsewhere; and that, as for fundamental rules to which all students can alike appeal, they do not exist.

I am speaking, of course, of theology as something which claims to be an intellectual system. I am speaking of something which proposes to give us a theory of the most important element in human experience, and appeals to reason for approval of that theory. In what other system, I ask, are we offered such different views as to the standard of truth, and where else are so many objections raised to each of them in turn? Some theologians assure us that the sole standard of

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truth is set by the Bible. But whether and to what extent the Bible is to be regarded as a revelation, when and by whom its books were written, how far it has been altered by scribes and editors, how much of it is mere legend, and how much, although accepted at one time as literally true, must now be taken in a metaphorical or poetical sense — these are questions, as we know, on which there is a profound diversity of opinion. Other theologians, perceiving these difficulties, perceiving also that the Bible will not by itself support the edifice in which they live, maintain that in the last resort truth is to be found in the voice of the Church. Unhappily for this contention, there are many Churches; and even if the oldest and the greatest of them be alone considered, we are confronted with the fact that its voice is not uniform; that sometimes, at least, it has spoken in error; that it has approved much in the past which was false and degrading; and that the only defence offered for its mistakes is the desperate assurance that it was not the institution itself but its feeble and fallible agents who were at fault. Others, again, write as if nothing were of any real consequence but a certain mystical relation between God and the soul; as if truth were the outcome of spiritual experience in the individual; as if it were a question not so much of the intellect as of what we call feeling. Those who have to teach in the Churches, however, tell us frankly that with the great mass of mankind this is a form of theology which is too vague to be of any practical use, and that what is absolutely indispensable is something definite and concrete.

The confusion goes further. If the layman asks what is there that can be said to be definite and concrete, what is the central dogma on which everything else rests, he receives contradictory answers. One school declares that the central dogma is the *Atonement*. But he no sooner begins to study the theory of the Atonement than he discovers that it may mean two quite different things: it may mean vicarious punishment for sin, or else a personal purification brought

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about by the example of Christ's life and work. Another school insists, on the contrary, that the *Incarnation* is the central and constitutive dogma of Christianity; and yet on the question how the Incarnation is to be understood, and whether a Virgin Birth and a bodily Resurrection are essential parts of it or merely transient accessories, there are as different views held at this moment as have ever been held in the past about any dogma whatever. A third school seeks relief from these perplexities by proclaiming that the living and abiding element in Christian theology is Christ's own teaching, and that the kernel of this teaching is the doctrine of the *Kingdom of God*. But even here theologians are not at one; for some of them hold that this Kingdom is entirely spiritual, and consists only in the invisible communion of those who acknowledge Christ's sovereignty over their hearts, while others maintain that the Kingdom is, in fact, the Catholic Church with its traditions, its ceremonies, and its claim to be the abode of the Holy Ghost.

No layman who has any appreciation of these dogmas in any of their interpretations, or remembers that they have been and still are the hope and support of some of the best and noblest of his fellow men, will think or speak lightly of them. But he cannot fail to recognise that so far as they are statements of the fundamental fact in Christian theology they do not agree; and in the face of this disagreement, and with so many guides calling him in so many directions, he may well ask what he is to do and what path he is to follow. If he is tempted to think that theology is not a branch of knowledge at all, but only a mass of floating and changing opinion in which nothing is fixed, nothing is certain, he may well, I imagine, be forgiven. For the confusion does not stop even with standards of truth or with fundamental facts. It is to be found in the personal attitude of the theologians themselves. Not only are they divided on the question whether it is the miraculous or the moral that makes the final appeal; but those, too, who ultimately take their stand upon miracles differ as to the events

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which ought to be placed in that category. Some of them, indeed, pay the tribute to science and to criticism, that they do their best to make little of their position, for when they speak of miracles they are very careful to add, "or what seem to be miracles." Thus, while the old dispute between believers and sceptics still continues, many of the believers themselves do not know what they believe, and where they do they are not at one as to what they mean.

It is a melancholy spectacle. We may be reminded, however—and the whole history of the Catholic Church and the rise of Protestantism are there to prove the fact—that there have often been disagreements amongst Christians on matters of theology; that the household of the faith has been divided against itself before now; and that the divisions have sometimes been marked by a bitterness which we in these days can hardly realise. We may be told that Christian theology is none the worse for these experiences; that, on the contrary, the very circumstance that it has come through them is a sign of vitality and of inner strength. We may be told that in spite of all the controversy within and without in which it has been engaged it is in all essentials unimpaired; and that if it emerged without serious damage from the great schism of the sixteenth century, and from the metaphysical and rationalistic difficulties put in its way in the seventeenth and eighteenth, it will not be changed, save in appearance, by anything that may have happened to it in the nineteenth.

Whether this assurance is well founded remains to be seen. Those who take refuge in it seem to me to overlook a very important and a very far reaching distinction between theological controversy in the past and theological controversy in the present. Except to a small extent during the Reformation, controversy up to the nineteenth century—up to a time, indeed, when the nineteenth century was well advanced, turned in the main upon speculative questions; upon the meaning, for instance, of the dogmas just mentioned, upon the relation between faith and works, between reason and revelation,

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between divine government and the course of nature. That this should have been so was inevitable, and will be recognised as inevitable when we remember that Christian theology, in the full sense, itself originated in speculation, in the necessity for providing an answer to the Gnostic philosophy of the second century. But although theology must always, I believe, contain a speculative element, and although there has assuredly been no lack of religious theorising during the last fifty years, theology is now mainly concerned not with speculative but with historical questions. What this change means some of our theologians have already perceived; but, if I am not speaking too positively for a layman, most of them still seem to be very shy of learning and applying its lessons. That the considerations which it brings with it will dominate the study of theology for a great many years to come can hardly admit of any reasonable doubt, for it has already shown itself to be a more powerful solvent of some elements in the traditional creed than all the assaults of physical science. On its results, then, any reconstruction that the future has in store for us will largely depend, however profoundly such a reconstruction may also be affected by a deeper insight into the nature of religious experience.

If I may describe this change in popular language, the speculative treatment of theology regarded dogma either as having literally come down from heaven, or from another point of view—let us say the point of view taken by the eighteenth century rationalist—as a form of truth which was evolved full-blown from human reason. In this conception of its origin and nature dogma was looked upon as something which lay at the foundation of the faith, and was, as it were, the first term in a long series; something which was given once for all, and was fixed and unalterable; something to be accepted or rejected, discussed and interpreted, but not something to be explained as a product of slow and natural growth. A product of slow and natural growth, however, is just what the historical view of dogma proves it to be. We may admit

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that in the case of Christian theology the process was so slow and so complicated that we can only with difficulty trace it; we may admit that much of the evidence of its growth is still lacking, and that the difficulty provides abundant opportunity for arguments that are legitimately drawn from considerations other than historical. Nevertheless, through the laborious researches of many scholars, we now know something of the way in which dogma drew for its first materials upon very simple facts. We are beginning to understand how these facts were interpreted and expanded in accordance with the ideas and the aspirations of the moment; and how, ultimately, they were re-interpreted and transformed by contact with other ideas and other hopes, until finally, after three or four centuries of effort and struggle, of abstruse speculation and political pressure, these simple facts were elaborated into a complex system expressed in the most subtle philosophical language. There were, of course, many theologians before the nineteenth century who were well aware that dogma had a history; some of them, indeed, who suspected that it had a very natural and human history; but it is only, so to speak, yesterday that this history has been laid bare in any fulness and treated in the same spirit of free research and free criticism with which any other history is investigated.

But the historian has not only begun to show us how dogma took shape; he has also begun to show us how the documents connected with it came to be what they are, and by what means the institution which guarded and fostered this system of belief gradually increased in power and influence. He has dealt with the text of the documents, with their date, their authorship, the trustworthy or the legendary character of what they contain; and he has brought light to bear upon them from contemporary records and from investigations in other fields. He has explained the rise and growth of this particular institution partly, at least, as he might explain the rise and growth of any other; namely, by showing that whatever was the inner secret of its persistence it, too, had to adapt itself to

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the conditions of its time. What the historian thus offers us is a view of the past, an interpretation of the facts, which is not a mere speculation, but a case supported by evidence and an argument to be decided by no other consideration than the weight of that evidence. He asks that the inferences to be drawn from ascertained and admitted facts shall be such as knowledge and common sense would draw in any other sphere.

But in this sphere, we are told, knowledge and common sense will not do everything for us. It may be urged, nay by the vast majority of Christians it is urged, that Christian theology is superior to every other branch of human knowledge in being a revelation, and that the historian will not proceed historically unless he recognises that fact. Revelation! yes, if we mean by this word the delivery of a truth unknown or unfelt before, it may well be that in the last resort we can make no valid objection to such a plea. But we must ask that revelation be taken in its fullest extent and seen in all its bearings, and that it be not limited, as is commonly the case, to the utterances of a book or of an institution. We have only to free ourselves from the fetters of an accepted usage to perceive that we have as much right to speak of revelation in the domain of science or of art as in the domain of morals or of religion. No historian of any branch of human knowledge will do his duty unless he recognises that all fresh knowledge begins and progresses in the intuitions of genius, and that in all historical research there is a point at which no investigation can carry us any further. It is, as it seems to me, false history and still falser psychology which refuses to allow for this fact. How these intuitions arise, and whence they come, is a mystery which we cannot penetrate; and I am not aware of any better way of conceiving or speaking of them than by regarding them as the gift of God and as leading us to a better apprehension of Him. If the historian will only allow for this revelation and bring it home to us; if he will only refrain from telling us that everything is to be

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accounted for by its environment or by the pre-existing conditions, he will be keeping within the limits of his own science and not be going over into matters which no historian can explain. But it is clearly his duty, so far as all available means at his disposal will allow, to lead us up to these limits, and to show us how much—and it is a great deal—*can* be explained.

How much, for instance, has been done in this respect with regard to the books of the Bible! Let us take the case of two of them: one because the results of research in regard to it are now well known, and the other because similar results have yet to make their way in the Churches. A hundred years ago practically the whole of Christendom accepted all the statements in *Genesis* as divinely inspired, and therefore as true. So far as individual Christians allowed the faintest cloud of doubt upon this subject to cross their minds, they felt that in some way they were doing wrong, and that their doubt was a subtle temptation from the Devil. We know now, however, that *Genesis* was not written by Moses with or without the miraculous assistance of the Almighty in the sixteenth century B.C.; we know that it is a work made up from at least three separate and anonymous documents, none of them earlier than the ninth century and one at least as late as the fifth. These documents embodied what in any other sphere would be called myths and legends; and some of these legends have been traced, not to Moses writing at the divine dictation, but to the epic poetry of Babylon, composed at least as long ago as the thirtieth century B.C., and still to be read on later tablets lying in the British Museum. We know this apart from what astronomy and geology have taught us as to the beginnings of the stellar universe and this speck of dust in it which we call the Earth. If such is the state of our knowledge with regard to the first book of the Bible, what is the state of our knowledge with regard to the last? A hundred years ago the whole of Christendom supposed, and probably ninety-nine out of every hundred Christians still suppose, that the *Revelation* was written by John the son of Zebedee on the

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island of Patmos, and that it is the authentic and inspired record of a series of visions in which the whole future of the universe was divinely unfolded. What are the facts? Briefly, they are these: that this book is one example only—the book of *Daniel* is another—of a kind of literature which had flourished on Jewish soil for at least three hundred years; that, like *Genesis*, it is made up from various documents; that these documents are not all of them even of Christian origin; and that, whatever measure of unity this work may now have, it cannot, if historical considerations are to have any value for us at all, be attributed to John the son of Zebedee.

I have advisedly drawn attention to the first and last books of the Bible because they illustrate a remarkable feature of the present study of theology. As a safe foundation for dogma, most of our theologians, under the stress of historical investigation, have given up *Genesis*, and indeed much else in the Old Testament; but they still believe, or at least argue as if they believed, that the existing creeds and articles of the Churches can be established by what the books of the New Testament tell us. This is a distinction which, to the layman at least, very plainly underlies much of the higher theological literature of our day. It appears, for instance, in almost all the judgments passed on two recent works in which an attempt has been made to sum up our modern knowledge of the Bible. I refer to the *Dictionary of the Bible* and the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. Most of the critics in the religious press, at any rate in England, approve of the *Dictionary* as a work which may be used with confidence, although this work goes a long way towards applying critical and historical methods to the Old Testament and depriving it of the authority which it once enjoyed. On the other hand, they condemn the *Encyclopædia*, not, indeed, ostensibly because it applies the same methods to the New Testament, but because it carries those methods further than the general opinion of the Churches is at present willing to allow. That there

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are mistaken and inadequate theories maintained in both works is sufficiently probable, but in accordance with this general opinion the alleged defects are in the one case treated leniently or as subjects on which opinion may justly differ, and in the other are denounced with extraordinary rigour.[1] The explanation is perhaps to be found in the fear that, if some of the conclusions which the *Encyclopædia* draws are correct, the various books of the New Testament will lose a good deal of their dogmatic value. An analogous contingency in regard to the Old Testament aroused a similar fear, as we all know, thirty or forty years ago. Yet if these methods have brought us to the truth in regard to the Old Testament, the layman, at least, may well ask why should we dread their consequences so much in the other? Why may we be allowed to say that the first chapters of *Genesis* are not history, that few of the *Psalms of David* are by David, that the *Proverbs of Solomon* are of various authorship, that the *Book of Daniel* was written 400 years after Nebuchadnezzar's reign, and yet be forbidden to say that some parts of the Gospels are less trustworthy than others, and that one of the four is not so much a narrative as an argument? If we admit the *Book of Job* to be largely the outcome of a creative imagination, must we be accused of wild theorising if we suggest that a similar criticism may also be true of the fourth Gospel? If we find that the *Book of Isaiah* was the work of several centuries, are we to shut our minds to the evidence that Epistles which tradition assigns to Peter and to Paul are of uncertain date and possibly also of uncertain authorship, or that various passages in the New Testament as it now stands were additions made in the interests of ecclesiastical dogma or under the pressure of philosophical speculation? That some of these additions were late is certain. We have no reason to believe that the idea of the Virgin Birth, for instance, which

[1] *E.g.*, by Mr. Andrew Lang, who suggested in the February number of a certain magazine that one of the Editors of the *Encyclopædia* was "a sneak, a humbug, and a hypocrite."

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has played so large a part in Christian theology, was known either to Peter or to Paul, or that, if it was, they made any use of it in their teaching. On the contrary, there is strong evidence to show that long after the latest date to be assigned to the Gospels, long after the days of the primitive community, this and other ideas which we find perplexing had no acknowledged place in the Christian creed.

I can only thus briefly indicate the kind of results which historical and textual criticism appear to establish in regard to the growth of Christian theology. That growth, as every scholar now admits, was largely determined by the intellectual conditions of the first three or four centuries; nay, it could not have been otherwise determined if Christianity was to live and to conquer. The process is often summarised in the statement that in this way theology became the subject of an orderly development, and that dogmas were the forms in which the truths of the religious life were gradually unfolded. But, if the expression of truth for any age must follow the thoughts and emotions of that age, this very circumstance ought alone to suggest to the student of theology that the same expression may not hold good for other ages in which different thoughts and emotions prevail, and that formulas which were true for one age may become inadequate or even false for another. This relativity of doctrine, however, although generally conceded in theory, is not so firmly held but that some of the doctrines of the past are still embraced as if they and they alone were a complete embodiment of the spiritual experience of the human race. Much of the confusion, indeed, now observable in the theological domain is due to the attempt to fit the ideas of the Greek spirit as understood in the second and third centuries to modern conceptions of philosophy and science, and there are many among us who still argue, in effect, that unless the attempt succeeds Christianity will suffer violence. Yet what is that but to claim for the formulas of the fourth century an absolute value, and to demand that the religious life must be lived within their

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limitations! Were any similar pretension advanced in any other sphere than the theological it would be at once rejected, and, unless it be rejected in this sphere, too, the study of theology must inevitably fall into complete discredit.

Here again, of course, we have a proposition which in the abstract is hardly any longer disputed. But, like other commonplaces which are praised on paper, its usual fate is to be neglected in practice. It is neglected for very obvious reasons. There are great forces always at work which hinder the transformation of theological ideas and make the abandonment or even the alteration of formulas almost an impossibility—forces which really underlie and explain the passionate conviction that the voice of the Church is the voice of truth. In the first place, with the great mass of Christians these formulas, whether drawn from the Johannine or the Pauline theology, from the decrees of the Councils or from the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, tend to be themselves regarded as the spiritual facts of which they are only an expression. Those who can rest in religion as a purely spiritual experience—as a sense, for instance, of the divine Fatherhood—are always the few. The great majority, absorbed in the pursuits of the material life, demand either some clear-cut, articulate statement of the relation between the human and the divine, or else some mysterious incomprehensible assertion which at once feeds and overawes their imagination. In the second place, there is the natural disposition of the human mind to persist in ideas when they have once been formed, especially when those ideas become, as it were, official, and are part of the very life of great institutions rich in historical associations and full of hope for the future. With difficulties of this kind in the way of any re-statement of the creed, we must not be too sanguine of early reform. We must frankly recognise that until the public opinion of the Churches is further roused to the need of reform, and there is a wider knowledge of the way in which the existing formulas actually arose, all that we can do is to shift the emphasis on to those of them which can best bear it.

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But we must also, I would insist, make a strong effort to cultivate in ourselves and others a clear sense of the evidence, often very precarious and quite as much psychological as historical, on which in the last resort those formulas rest. As much psychological as historical—this, indeed, is always to be remembered in any study of the elements of theology. The history of theology will mislead us if it suggests that the historical is the final point of view, or that, as certain critics seem ready to imagine, when we have explained how any belief arose we have explained that belief away. This is clearly not so where a great idea like that of God's existence is in question, and it is only less so in the case of subordinate ideas. The dogma which is in a measure vitiated when its intimate dependence on the intellectual conditions of a given age is made clear will come by its own again under other conditions, if it has given any expression to the ultimate truths of religion. The husk may be cast aside; but so far as the kernel arises out of and satisfies the perennial needs of the mind and heart, it is a seed that will show its life in favourable soil and develop afresh. The truth that has its roots in our inmost nature can never be destroyed by research, however plainly it may be shown to derive its form and figure from its environment; and that it is able to adapt itself to different environments is the only certain evidence that in our inmost nature its roots are to be found. In this way, then, we attain a view of theology which in some sense places it above the assaults of any historical criticism. Dogmas thus become the embodiment of an immediate spiritual experience; they are justified by their appeal to the individual soul; and so far as the claim is made for them that they follow from historical events, the claim must allow for such events being variously estimated in different ages. Spiritual experience has a method of its own, and between it and history there can be no conflict, because it is one of the facts with which history has always had and will always have to reckon.

T. Bailey Saunders.

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THE EMANCIPATION OF EGYPT

EGYPT, in her progress towards financial emancipation, has reached a parting of the ways. "The period of fiscal reform on which the Government has been engaged for the last twelve years has now," says the Financial Adviser to the Khedive, in his Note on the Budget for 1903, "almost come to an end." The financial situation is no longer a question of any concern to those who are responsible for the payment of the coupon. The assured prosperity of the country is such that the difficulty is not merely to establish an equilibrium of the Budget, but to know how to deal with the annually increasing savings now being hoarded in an unprofitable Reserve Fund. Under existing conditions, imposed on Egypt at a time when the country was almost bankrupt, five and a half millions are locked up in the Conversion Economics Fund and cannot be touched without the consent of the Powers. The result is that the Government have to pay over *cent. per cent.* when, as in the case of the Assouan dam or in the recent repayment of the Sudan Campaign loan of half a million, any provision has to be made for capital or extraordinary expenditure. So severe are the restrictions placed on their liberty of action that even so cautious and responsible a critic as Lord Cromer felt compelled to remark, in his Annual Report for 1899: "Egypt, so far as I know, is an unique example of a country the financial position of which is extremely prosperous,

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but which is debarred by International Agreement from benefiting to the full extent possible from its own prosperity. . . . It is difficult to believe," he adds, "that such a system will be allowed to continue for an indefinite period." And again, in his Report for 1901, Lord Cromer states: "It is easy to foresee that, if the present system is allowed to continue, a situation will eventually be created which will be little short of absurd."

These are strong words. Coming from the virtual ruler of Egypt, and backed up by the evidence which I shall presently submit, they are extremely significant words. Indeed, unless Lord Cromer is indulging in an idle protest, his pronouncement may be held to indicate the dawn of a new era. Has the time arrived to release Egypt from the International fetters that impose so heavy a burden on the taxpayer without in any way benefiting her creditors? And if so, is it not the duty of the Tutelary Power to demand from the Signatories of the London Convention (1885) a more equitable readjustment of the financial situation? To these two questions must be added a third, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up the others. Is there, in the present state of International relations, any indication that the Powers are agreed in principle on the problem of Egypt's destiny? I, myself, believe that an affirmative answer may be returned to all these questions, and that, within the next two years, a British Protectorate or its equivalent will be established over the entire Nile Valley. Such an issue being in the long run inevitable, the only doubt is whether his Majesty's Government recognise that fact, and are consequently prepared to seize the psychological moment for action? That they are thus convinced and prepared is the only rational explanation I can find for the Anglo-German co-operation in Venezuela, since Germany, in her favourite *rôle* of "honest broker," usually exacts payment in advance, and nowhere more than in Egypt are we in need of German diplomatic support.

Within the last few months, the diplomatic representatives

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in Egypt of France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Greece have all been replaced, as also has the French Commissioner of the *Caisse de la Dette*—the most important of all. This concurrent action on the part of the Dual and Triple Alliances would appear to point to a complete change of policy. But still more significant are the cordiality of the Khedive and the total absence of opposition to the British domination in Egypt. This was very evident on the occasion of the Duke of Connaught's recent visit to Egypt, and is further attested by the fact that, during the current year, all the available moneys of the General Reserve Fund administered by the *Caisse*, will (for the first time in its existence, I believe) be devoted to reproductive expenditure: that is to say, a sum of £1,294,000, leaving only the prescribed minimum balance of £800,000 at the close of the year. The *Caisse*, having agreed to grant out of the General Reserve Fund the difference between the sum originally provided for the Assouan and Assiut reservoir works and the actual expenditure, recognise the fact that artificial restrictions cannot obstruct Egypt's needs; and the Commissioners are now not only willing, but even eager, to act up to the extent of their powers in order to meet Government requirements.

That the Egyptians themselves realise the end of French opposition to the *Maison Britannique* may be gathered from the fact that, by the end of this year, there will be no pupils on the French side of the Primary Schools. In 1889, there were 26 per cent. of English and 74 per cent. of French pupils in the Government schools; in 1897, the percentages were 49 and 51 respectively; and in the following year, when the reservoir scheme was floated and the Sudan reconquered, the English pupils numbered 67 per cent. As a commentary on the British Occupation, these figures afford an accurate index to the native mind, because parents are absolutely free to select either French or English as the medium of instruction for their sons, and, since all hope for Government employment, they naturally side with the dominant Power.

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The anglicisation of everything in Egypt is too obvious to escape the notice of those who spend their winters on the Nile; there has been an extraordinary development in that respect within the last five, and especially within the last three, years. English capital, too, is pouring into the country—indeed, some of the companies formed are over-capitalised—and one well-known English financier has sunk many millions in the thirsty land of the Pharaohs. It is even rumoured—I know not with what truth—that he is further prepared to take over the railways, convert the Unified Debt, or any trifle of that sort: so that it is evident that he, at least, believes in the prosperity of Egypt and the permanence of the British Occupation. That our *de facto* Protectorate is becoming *de jure* may be seen in our recent treaty with Abyssinia, negotiated directly between the Sovereigns, without any reference to the Khedivial Government.

Enough has been said to outline the general situation. The Sudan has been "restored" to Egypt; a complete and (for the time being) adequate system of irrigation has been created; the National Tribunals have proved their efficiency; financial equilibrium has been established on a firm basis; and, whilst the real expenditure of the country within the last twelve years has only increased by £800,000, the real revenue within the same period shows an increment of £1,700,000. In 1901 there was a real surplus of nearly two millions, but the effective surplus amounted only to £700,000. In the words of Sir Eldon Gorst, the Financial Adviser, "from 1905 onwards the revenue may be expected to show a yearly increase. . . . One by one the chief blots in the fiscal system which existed in 1883 have been removed, and, with the total suppression of the octrois, it may be said that no tax of any importance now remains which is not sound in principle and just in practice." At the end of the current year Egypt will, according to my estimate, have nearly eight millions of funded capital (including the Economics Fund), with her Debt standing at a high premium, only ninety-five millions of which are held by the

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public. At the same time she is losing, according to Lord Cromer's figures, in his Report for 1898, little short of two millions a year on account of the Internationalism that is forced on her. Under a British Protectorate this would be saved. Thus, the Financial Adviser, instead of anticipating for 1908 a surplus of only £25,000, might safely rely, according to my estimate, on a million and a half, if Egypt were in the enjoyment of complete financial and administrative freedom. Finally, in the year 1905, there will be no International obligations, apart from Turkish *firmans*, restraining Egypt from a legitimate attempt at emancipation.

The release of Egypt from her financial bondage to Europe connotes, of course, entire administrative freedom, apart from the checks imposed by the International Courts and Capitulations. It will be necessary therefore for me to show that, under the present *régime*, there is no likelihood of Egypt lapsing from the high standard of self-government to which the Tutelary Power has raised her. In any readjustment of guarantees, the bondholders would have a right to insist on the continuance of the Single Control, under which Egypt now flourishes.

Not even the most sanguine optimist, having any experience of the country, could seriously believe in Egypt being able to govern herself independently. In all that regards initiative, supervision, and checks on corruption, Egypt depends, and must continue to depend, on the high officials in the Khedivial service, most of whom are Englishmen. Although few in number, their influence dominates every Department of State, and is now no longer challenged. The Egyptian Ministers, themselves, are little more than figure-heads, in so far as the functions of Government are concerned. Remove them, and the administrative machine would go on working as smoothly as before—perhaps more smoothly, and certainly with greater economy; but take away their European coadjutors or advisers, and the machine would ease off and stop, if only for want of power. Egyptians

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complain that our whole system is designed to achieve that object. In effect, it may be so; but we maintain that we cannot make ourselves responsible for the Administration unless we control it: and our control, so far, has proved that natives promoted to the higher administrative posts are apt to relax their efforts, shirk responsibility, and shun initiative. It is quite inconceivable that Egypt, under existing conditions, could ever again produce a Nubar or a Riaz, because, in order to develop powers of statesmanship, Ministers must enjoy freedom of action and an initiative at present denied to them. Consequently, the Single Control must be upheld.

If we admit this—and there are few at the present day, outside Nationalist circles, who venture to dispute it—we must also insist that the Single Control, or Anglo-Egyptian Administration, shall be kept up to its highest possible efficiency, in order to retain the confidence of Europe. People at home are so accustomed to hear eulogiums on the Egyptian Civil Service that it must sound like rank heresy if I speak in dispraise of it. But, since the whole Egyptian structure is based on the purity and efficiency of the Administration, it would be folly to close one's eyes to its deterioration. Five or six years ago I found nothing but terms of praise in which to describe the working of the various Departments of State. The falling off since then, and especially within the last three years, is so obvious and so widespread that it is now freely commented on both in English and native circles. The Department of the Interior comes in for most blame; but throughout the Administration there is a notable relaxation of the strenuous efforts made formerly in all the Departments to reach the highest possible stage of efficiency: and one can only account for this lapse by assuming the absence of obstruction or criticism in quarters which were not wont to be friendly or indifferent.

But the mischief lies deeper than that. Until there is an organised Civil Service, as in India, the existing haphazard system, which conduces to favouritism and nepotism, is likely to

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prevail. Unless this defect be remedied, it is easy to foresee that the Anglo-Egyptian Administration will fail to inspire complete confidence in the future, thereby affording a pretext for the continuance of International checks. The increase of crime, the recent Municipal scandals and corruption in the octrois are only a few of the signs of the times. In Egypt, as in England, we must "wake up."

The financial situation in the Sudan, too, is not altogether satisfactory. In spite of the Condominium, the entire cost of the Administration is borne by Egypt alone. Whether the country would benefit by a grant-in-aid or a guaranteed loan is a point that may be usefully considered.

The annual deficit in the Sudan Budget is over £E850,000. To pay off this, Egypt has to raise twice the amount in taxation—since, of course, it is not included in "authorised expenditure." On the other hand, military expenditure is included in the above sum. The military charge, on account of the Sudan, has now been reduced to £E120,000 *per annum*; and it has been agreed in principle that Egypt's contribution on account of Civil charges shall not be diminished: so that the annual increments of the steadily increasing revenue will be devoted to the development of the country. In other words, since the bulk of the Egyptian army can be most usefully employed and best trained in the Sudan, it may be said that the actual cost to Egypt for holding and administering the territories on the Upper Nile amounts to about a quarter of a million annually.[1] This is a considerable charge to bear, and the double of it is a heavy burden on the taxpayer. But although, economically speaking, the Sudan is merely a colony, in so far as Egypt is concerned, its value to her is not to be expressed in Pounds Sterling. The possession, or half-ownership, of the Sudan ensures Egypt's water-supply and secures her territorial

[1] If, however, the entire cost of the army be deducted, and also the Customs receipts collected in Egypt (say, £70,000) on account of the Sudan, the actual out-of-pocket expenditure would be considerably reduced. The "policy of accounts" is reduced to a fine art in Egypt.

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integrity, besides opening up a field for expansion. The Condominium relieves her of the Capitulations and Mixed Courts; and the moral connection is of incalculable value. Politically speaking, it binds her to Great Britain in such manner that it is difficult to conceive of any satisfactory arrangement by which the Protectoral Power could evacuate Egypt or relax her control. To all intents and purposes, the Sudan is almost a British Protectorate: at least, there is no doubt as to who is the dominant partner in the Condominium. The entire Nile Valley is subject to British policy.

This being the case, it would be only reasonable if the Sudan Government applied to Parliament for a grant-in-aid, in the event of any extraordinary or capital expenditure becoming absolutely necessary. Such a necessity must arise when the time comes for beginning the great engineering works in connection with the Lakes reservoir scheme, to which I shall subsequently refer in detail; and it may arise when the two and a half millions are required to build the Suakin-Berber railway. In the latter case, however, a British guaranteed loan would be better than a grant-in-aid, because it would leave the Sudan Government with a freer hand.

As things are, Egypt has to raise money on ruinous terms, and does so, rather than apply to the Powers. The construction of the Assouan and Assiut dams was a case in point. Another still stronger instance of financial bondage is the recent Daïra Sanieh settlement.

It will be remembered that, in December 1896, the mixed Tribunals (Court of Appeal) decided that the *Caisse* had no power to devote any portion of the General Reserve Fund to defray military expenditure in the Sudan, thereby compelling the Government to raise in England a loan of half a million for the prosecution of the war. In order to pay off this loan, it is obvious that the Egyptian Government could not make a fresh appeal to the Powers; neither could the money be found out of its own resources, which are pledged to reproductive expenditure. Therefore, by a roundabout way, peculiarly

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Egyptian, the financier who advanced the money receives in exchange 10,000 Founder's shares, or 40 *per cent.* of the profits in the new Daïra Sanieh Company. These shares, when the Daïra Sanieh Debt is redeemed in 1905, will, it is calculated, be worth three millions sterling, on account of the cumulative sales of land allowable under the Decree (Art. 8) of June 6, 1890, relating to the conversion of the Privileged Debt. Consequently, the Government suffer a prospective loss of over two millions in order to meet an immediate demand for half a million. Such reckless financial expedients remind one of the days of Ismail!

It is not quite clear that the authorities were fully aware of the bad bargain they were making. But, even when all allowances have been made for their fettered freedom of action, surely it was their duty to protect Egypt against such serious waste of public money? Although Internationalism is primarily responsible for the situation—levying, as it were, blackmail on the country—this was clearly a case in which the Protectoral Power, whose flag flies side by side with Egypt's in the Sudan, might have been called upon to grant so small a sum. *Noblesse oblige.* If we are not strong enough to raise awkward political issues in Egypt, we should be generous enough to bear the cost. The time cannot be far distant when our duty to Egypt will compel us to protect her from the extortions of Internationalism by providing, as only we can provide, the means for her financial emancipation. We take pride in our great work in Egypt: one is almost nauseated by the encomiums of the Press. But, if we shirk the responsibilities which are the logical outcome of Egypt's prosperity, we shall fail in our duty to the country under our control and be open to the charge of craven opportunism.

The vast and remote territories of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are so thinly populated that, for many years to come, progress in the development of the country must necessarily be slow. Instead of the three and a half millions of the present

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day, twice or thrice that number are required before the Sudan can be fully developed. It is true that gold has been found in modest quantities, that copper and iron are known to exist, and that there is some slight hope of discovering coal—Mr. H. M. Cadell, the geologist, having come across traces of it during a recent visit to the White Nile. Although Beni Shangul—the most promising gold-bearing region, so far as is known—has been ceded to Abyssinia, more than one prospecting party in the Eastern Sudan has sent home glowing reports of their success, even at spots previously worked by Mohammed Ali; whilst no serious attempt has yet been made to search for gold in the river-bed. The copper mines of Hofrat-el-Nahas are too remote to promise profitable working, and the search for petroleum has not yet met with very encouraging results; but if mineral wealth—and especially coal, which now costs £4, and formerly cost even £6, a ton at Khartoum—is added to the natural resources of the Sudan, its commercial development will receive an enormous impulse. Apart from minerals, however, there is very little prospect of its becoming a wealthy country. When the Suakin-Berber railway is built, coal at Khartoum will be reduced at once to about £2 per ton; and the exports to Arabia, principally cereals, will be immensely augmented. On the other hand, the Sudan export trade will compete favourably with Egypt's exports to Arabia, and may compel the latter to build the projected Keneh-Kosseir railway—a very desirable outlet.

Fortunately, the Sudan Government are not in too great a hurry to introduce wide measures of reform or to promote paper schemes for commercial development: their policy, so far, has been extremely cautious, considering the temptation to make some display of progress. It will take many years for these devastated regions to recuperate, many years to study all the requirements of the country, and many years to create order out of chaos or industrious communities out of free-booters and slaves. The only thing that cannot wait is the construction of railways, linking up the regions of supply and

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demand. Trade does not necessarily follow the flag, but it does follow the lines of least resistance.

Unquestionably, the most important connection is between Khartoum and Suakin, the metropolis and the natural port of the Sudan, although Akik, on the Red Sea, has still greater potential advantages in its favour. It has been decided to build a railway between Suakin and Berber (reaching the Nile at the confluence of the Atbara) at a cost of two and a half millions. Being the shortest route, it is of strategical importance. But, apart from this consideration and the question of cost, the wider scheme of connecting up the grain-producing regions and distributing-centres had very much in its favour. Thus, a line from Khartoum to Gos Regeb—an important nodality, or commercial centre, in former days—and thence on to Tokar and Suakin, offers no engineering difficulties and would be little longer, although far more expensive to construct. This trunk line would throw out feeders, or light railways, to Kassala, Gedaref, Galabat, Wad Medani and Sennar, thereby opening up the most promising regions of the Sudan, which otherwise must suffer from an arrested development. Doubtless all these railways will be built in time; and it is possible that, for some years to come, the Suakin-Berber line will be adequate to meet the immediate economical and political needs of the country. A light railway from Khartoum to El Obeid, in order to tap the gum trade of Kordofan, is certainly required, since the necessity for it is already felt; and all the others should take precedence of the grandiose Cape-to-Cairo railway scheme.

Direct railway communication between the Red Sea and the Upper Nile will be all the more necessary if, in view of the great hydrographical problems now being studied here, it be decided to create reservoirs and embank the White Nile in its passage through the *Sudd* country. Many years may elapse before such vast engineering works are undertaken. In the meantime two expeditions are now in the field. One has gone to Lake Tana; the other, under Sir William Garstin, is making

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a thorough examination of the river between Lake Victoria and Khartoum. A well-equipped private expedition also is making a special study of the Blue Nile with reference to its advantages as a trade-route. When reports from these expeditions have been received, the authorities will be in a position to decide on the momentous questions of communications and irrigation, as affecting both Egypt and the Sudan. If Egypt alone were concerned, all future requirements for irrigation could be met by building a dam in the Second or the Third Cataract, and by raising the barrage at Assouan another two or three metres; but this would not help the Sudan proper. Moreover, the unity of the Nile is as obvious in its *régime* as in its political aspect.

A. Silva White.

(*To be concluded.*)

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THE WONDERS OF THE SUDAN

LORD CROMER has recently been visiting the Sudan, from Wady Halfa to the remotest military post—Gondokoro. He reports that everything is hopeful for its future. But it is barely five years since the battle of Omdurman, and the destruction of the Dervish power. Khartoum has arisen from its ruins, and is already a model town. Everywhere contentment and progress is found under the *Pax Britannica*.

Lord Cromer, in his speech at Khartoum, alluded humorously to the superabundance of everything he does *not* want—sand, sudd, crocodiles, hippopotami; while there is a scarcity of everything needful for its development: railways, irrigation, British capital—but above all, population.

Under Lord Cromer's wise administration, much has been done for education, but still he needs more teachers. The Sudanese, although a fine race, are too illiterate to fill any important trust. The cost of running the country is much beyond its revenue, and it still forms a heavy charge on Egypt. But Lord Cromer tells us he is more hopeful for the Sudan than he was for Egypt when he took charge of it. Seeing Egypt's condition to-day this ought to be enough to satisfy us. Let us trust all to Lord Cromer's policy and rely on his wise guidance.

Gold was once a great source of wealth to the Sudan, and there are hopes of the rediscovery of the mines. Ancient

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workings have been found and are now being examined by mining experts. In addition to this, however, Lord Cromer tells us that the geological surveys give indications of veins of coal and iron, which would do far more than gold to provide wealth for the impoverished land.

But if the Sudan be poor in material resources, it is rich to embarrassment in antiquarian remains. There are hundreds of miles of land along the river, once inhabited but now depopulated—whole regions thickly strewn with the sites of ruined cities, temples, pyramids and tombs. There was once a vast population. The same fine climate exists, the country enjoys a peace it never possessed before; with slavery and slave-raiding abolished, the people will soon increase and multiply.

When visiting these regions in 1902, I was much struck by the abundant indications of great ancient wealth and civilisation, and I ventured to call Lord Cromer's attention to the importance of preserving these relics. I saw that once the great measures now in progress for the regeneration of the country were carried out, the time would come when the antiquities of the Sudan would draw tourists from all parts of the world, such as now annually visit Egypt. Lord Cromer replied, "We will do all we can," and this was enough for me. I am happy to say the authorities have already made a beginning. The monuments are to be preserved, and the first steps are being taken, but as the ruins are spread over hundreds of miles, it will take time, and we must be patient and not press Lord Cromer too much. He is straining every nerve to develop the resources of an enormous region, to make it pay its way as well as Egypt. Meanwhile the natives will be instructed, through their sheikhs and head men, that all ancient ruins are the property of the State, and must be guarded from injury.

When scientific explorers visited the Upper Nile in the last century the destroying Turk was the ruling power. It was then considered a virtue to carry off any portable monuments for safety. In this way the museums of Europe were enriched by Lepsius, Lord Prudhoe, Ferlini, and others.

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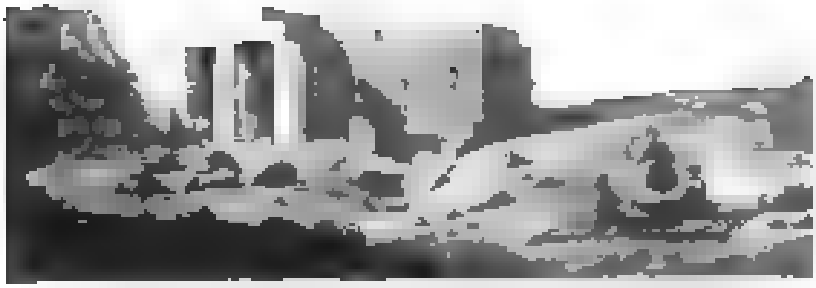

Semneh, Temple on the Left Bank *Caillaud*

Group of Pyramids near Gebel Barkal *Lepsius*

The Southern Pyramids at Meroe, Bekrawieh *Lepsius*

Colossal Lion in black granite from Gebel Barkal originally at Jebrit-Ateyes Temple at Sabûa *British Museum*

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Now the case is different, the whole land is under British control. Antiquities that may be removed from their original places will all be deposited in a Museum of Antiquities at Khartoum —nothing need be carried out of the country. As soon as possible a Department of Antiquities for the Sudan will be formed, presided over by a competent British official. For the development of such a Department, help will be needed from home, and a beginning has been made. The Trustees of the British Museum have lent the eminent Egyptologist, Dr. Budge, to inspect and report on the best means of preserving the monuments—naturally a difficult matter where the area is so vast, but a beginning can be made and future developments planned. We hope that Dr. Budge may, during his visit, discover some bilingual inscription which will elucidate the mystery of the Nubian hieroglyphs, but may sympathise with him in his difficult task in a matter that has puzzled Lepsius and all who have attempted its solution.

It is satisfactory that the Sudan Government have taken these steps so promptly. The inhabitants will see the importance the Government attaches to the monuments. The building of mills and sugar factories under similar circumstances in Egypt, before the British occupation, resulted in the ruins being used as quarries for stone, and many important temples were entirely carried away—this will now be impossible in the Sudan. A general scheme for protection and future exploration being planned, districts now inaccessible to tourists can be opened up by degrees. Assistance will doubtless come from home, as it is needed. The development of such a wide expanse of records of the past may prove too much for the resources of the struggling new country, but any outside help must be under the appointed British authority at Khartoum. The Sudan, to the general British public, is a *terra incognita*. In the last century several scientific expeditions traversed it, publishing many records and illustrations of the antiquities. These works are scarce and costly. In order to give some idea of the rich store of monuments awaiting further exploration, I

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propose to give notes of an imaginary journey from Halfa to Khartoum, with a few illustrations from the travels of Cailliaud, Hoskins, and Lepsius.

The military railway from Halfa to Khartoum cuts direct across the desert to Abu Hamed, thus avoiding the winding Nile for nearly 750 miles—along this portion of the river the greater part of the ancient cities flourished. Lord Cromer has now under consideration the question of the old line of railway of Gordon's time, which, however, only extends at present as far as the Third Cataract, about 250 miles from Halfa. This old railway, if improved, would render a visit to many of the ancient sites possible. At the present moment there is no wayside accommodation for travellers on the direct line between Halfa and Khartoum, as between these places the train travels at express speed without stoppages.

At Wady Halfa there are some remains of a small temple, which was built to record the first conquest of the "Land of Cush" by the Egyptians 2760 B.C. A stele from this temple recording the towns conquered as far as Kummeh and Semneh, is preserved at Florence. The name and titles of Usertesen I., second King of the XII Dynasty, are found thereon, and another stele from the same place is preserved at Oxford.

Usertesen I. was always regarded as the conqueror of the Sudan. The Tomb of Ameny at Beni Hasan tells of the campaign, and that much gold was brought back. The royal signet of Usertesen is in my possession. It is the most massive ring of the kind known—678 grains of solid gold—and may have been made to signalise the opening of the gold mines of Ethiopia when the land was first held by Egypt.

About thirty miles above the Second Cataract we find the two ancient Egyptian forts of Semneh and Kummeh on opposite sides of the Nile. Each fort contains a temple originally founded in the XII Dynasty, but rebuilt and extended by Thothmes III. in the XVIII Dynasty. Important records of the Nile's height in time of flood are recorded at Semneh, showing a higher level by twenty-four feet than in our days.

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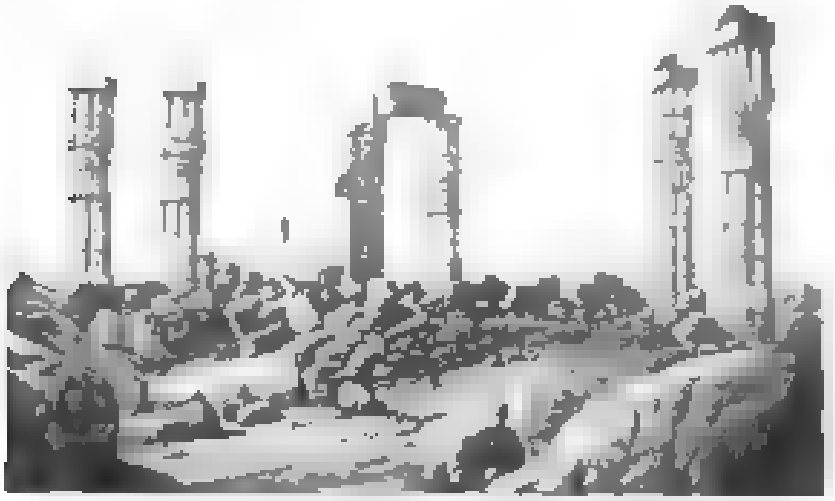
Temple Wall [illegible] Sollie *Hooker*

A Colossal Statue of Sir [illegible] Island of Argo *Hooker*



Solib Temple of Amerideh [illegible] *Hooker*

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At Amara, there are important ruins of a temple with sculptured columns. The stout Queen and her Consort, afterwards frequently seen at Meroë, are shown on the drums, and the inscriptions are in the mysterious Ethiopian hieroglyphics. Lepsius thought this temple to be of 1000 B.C.

At Sâi are the extensive remains of a town and a Coptic church, and ruins of a temple with inscriptions of Thothmes III. and Amenhotep II. Extensive cemeteries exist hereabouts showing the great population of the region in early times.

At Sedeinga, Amenhotep III. (whose colossi are at Thebes) built a fine temple to his wife Tyi. Only one column stands among a heap of ruins. Here also is an immense cemetery. Still travelling south, we reach Solib on the left bank, where vast ruins of a splendid temple built by Amenhotep III. have still many graceful "papyrus" columns standing. They are evidently by the same architect employed by Amenhotep on his temples at Luxor, Karnak and elsewhere. The Ram-headed Sphinx which Lepsius carried off to Berlin, and Lord Prudhoe's fine Lions in black granite, now in the British Museum, originally came from Solib. They had been removed to Gebel Barkal by Taharqa seven hundred years after their erection by Amenhotep III. Such a temple must have been built for a large population, whose tombs cannot be far off. We have never been told if there are mummy pits in this region, possibly no excavations have ever been made. Lepsius seems only to have occupied himself with inscriptions and architectural illustrations. It is possible, if properly searched for, papyri of great value might be found in this vicinity, which seems to have been long and powerfully held by the earlier Egyptian dynasties.

The place called Sesebi by Lepsius is south of Solib. The temple was built by Seti I., father of Rameses the Great, about 1275 B.C. There are the walls and other remains of a large city, of which a huge platform remains. Now the neighbourhood is quite deserted. The columns of the temple have palm capitals with Seti's cartouche.

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Proceeding south towards Dongola we pass the ruins of many towns whose old names are lost. Ancient forts crown the hills, testifying to a powerful people who could hold their own against invasion. Here almost every heap of ruins possesses evidence of the fate of its Christian defenders, in its destroyed Coptic church or monastery. Christianity was done to death by Moslem fanaticism, and does not own a single town or village in all the wide domain of ancient Christian Ethiopia, save what may remain in modern Abyssinia.

We are now at the termination of the old railway. It goes no further than the Third Cataract. On the island of Argo there lie two remarkable colossal statues of Sebekhotep III. of the XIII Dynasty, and on the island of Tombos to the north, a third is still lying in the quarry unfinished.

Lepsius states that the quantity of monuments in this region was wonderful, nearly all of the old Pharaohs. Two great brick forts are here, evidently of remote antiquity; they resemble the Kom es Sultan at Abydos. Exploration would, no doubt, prove their origin. Lepsius thought this neighbourhood had been a strong Egyptian settlement at the time the Hyksos ruled in Egypt. There are enormous granite bridges and inscriptions of Thothmes I. (about 1540 B.C.).

Old Dongola is a heap of ruins, quite deserted. It was the capital of the old Christian Kingdom, and evidently a powerful place before its overthrow. On a mountain near it, commanding a delightful view, stands a mosque in which the destruction is commemorated on a marble tablet. "This was opened in the 20 Rabi el anel, in the year 717 (June 1, 1817) after the victory of Safeddin Abdallah e' Nasir over the infidels." Thus perished the Christianity of the Ethiopians of the Nile valley.

Here the Nile takes a wide bend to the north. At Tanqassi, Kurru and Zûma we come to pyramid fields on both sides of the river, twenty to thirty in each, some of stone throughout, others, like those at Dahshur in Egypt, having been built of brick but cased with stone. When we recollect

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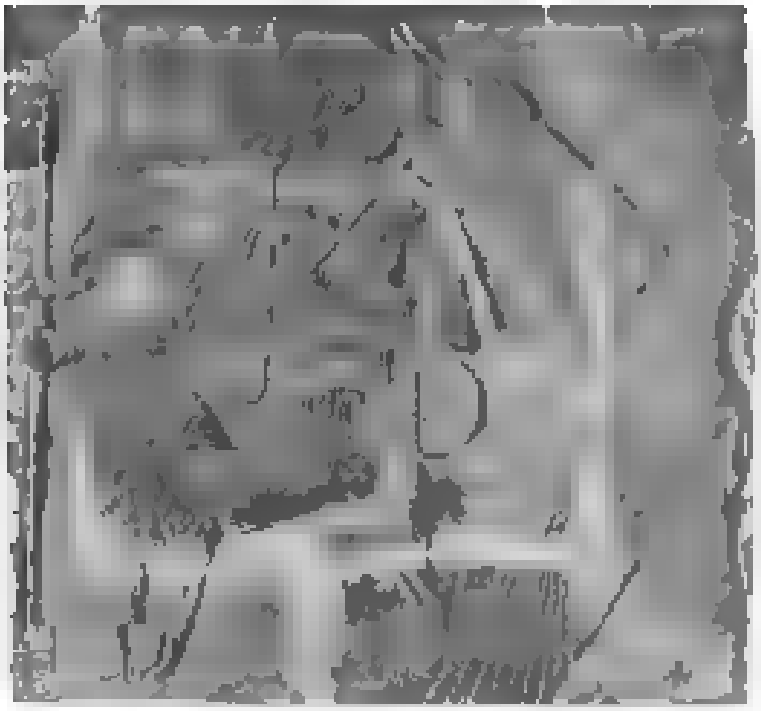

Ethiopian King from Meroe (Naturwerke) Berlin Museum

Colossal Bust of Amenhotep [illegible] from Gebel Barkal originally at Amenhotep's Temple at Soleb Berlin Museum

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the wonderful treasures found in brick pyramids at Dahshur by De Morgan, we may have more respect for the builders of the apparently inferior structures.

We are now in the ancient Ethiopian Kingdom of Napata, which gave a line of kings to Egypt, of whom Taharqa was the greatest, about 700 B.C. He is mentioned in the Bible (2 Kings xix.) as the deliverer of Hezekiah, by overthrowing the army of Sennacherib. Ruins of several cities and fortresses abound in the district, the most important being near the remarkable isolated hill Gebel Barkal, "the Holy Mountain." Here, again, are seventeen more pyramids—these being built of stone and each with its little temple attached. There is also on the opposite bank of the Nile a huge assemblage of pyramids and temples—those of Nuri—about twenty-five, and at the Wady Gazal the remains of a fine Christian church—eighty by forty feet. The ruins of Taharqa's temple and, possibly, his palace, are important. Many objects from them adorn the museum at Berlin, while Lord Prudhoe's lions are in the British Museum. Taharqa was a pious restorer of temples all over Egypt. I obtained a fine scarab of his at Medinet Habu, where he left a record of his having added to the temple. He seems to have succeeded to the throne of Egypt through his wife, and on the scarab in my possession he places, beside his own, the cartouche of Piankhi, an earlier king from whom she was possibly descended.

Taharqa, the Ethiopian conqueror of Egypt, came back to his native land in his old age. Perhaps one of these pyramids contains his remains. The whole region abounds with historic records never yet investigated properly and affords much scope for learned research. One most promising field for exploration is the native town on, or near, the site of Napata, now called Merawi, possibly a survival of the Greek name used by the classical writers—Meroë. The deity worshipped here was Amen-Ra, and it is believed that the cult was brought by the Egyptian priests who fled from Thebes after its destruction by Cambyses. If this be true history

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many ancient papyri may yet be discovered in the tombs which abound in the district.

The Nile Valley trends northward to Abu Hamed; the banks for many miles have not been explored, but doubtless will yield many memorials of the historic and prehistoric times of this once thickly peopled land. The next well-recorded field of pyramids and temples is found near Shendi. They form a remarkable group as seen from the military railway. This region has been recently more generally known as Meroë, although it is possibly an offshoot from the original locality we have described above. Certainly the style of architecture of both localities is the same, and it appears that in many cases the same kings and queens are mentioned in the inscriptions and sculptures; but the pyramids were all royal tombs and must be those of different individuals.

Dr. Budge is of opinion that some time after Taharqa's day Nubia became independent of Egypt and had its own line of Kings whose pyramids we have passed. But some of the ruins are possibly much older, belonging to princely Nubian families. Regarding the Ptolemaic and Roman times, Dr. Budge tells us in his admirable "History of Egypt" (vol. viii. p. 169), that the later Nubian Kings reigned from 200 B.C. to 200 A.D., and adopted the prenomens of some of the early Egyptian Kings, but for their second cartouches gave their own native names. But as the latter are in the Meroitic text it is impossible to give the correct readings of the Nubian titles, until this text is explained by the discovery of some bilingual inscription.

There are three separate groups of pyramids—nearly a hundred in all—at this second Meroë (now called Bakrawiyeh), —evidently of different ages. Lepsius thought he found on one the cartouche of Queen Candace, whose name is mentioned in the Acts, chapter viii. Nearly every pyramid has lost its top. There was an upper chamber in each, and as treasures had been found in one of them, doubtless they have all been injured by the search for booty. They are, however, still very interesting;

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Pyramids of Meroe (Bekrawi gebl), general view from the North East *Caillaud*

Temple of Naga *Caillaud*

Gebel Barkal, group of Pyramids from the South East *Caillaud*

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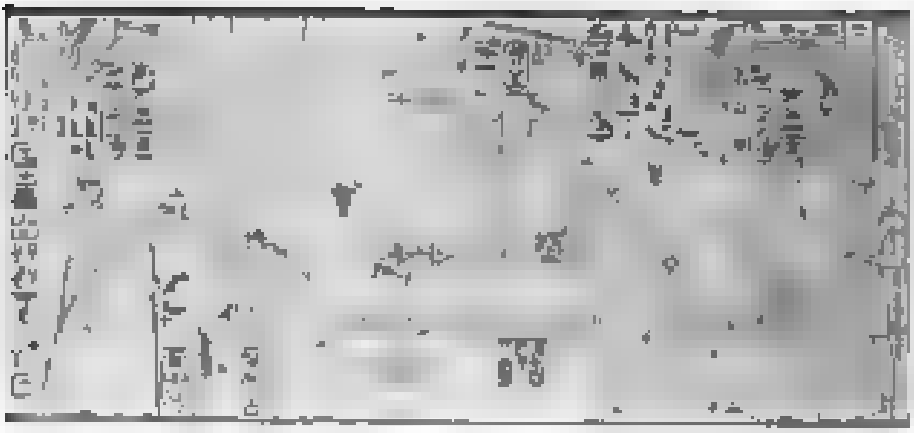
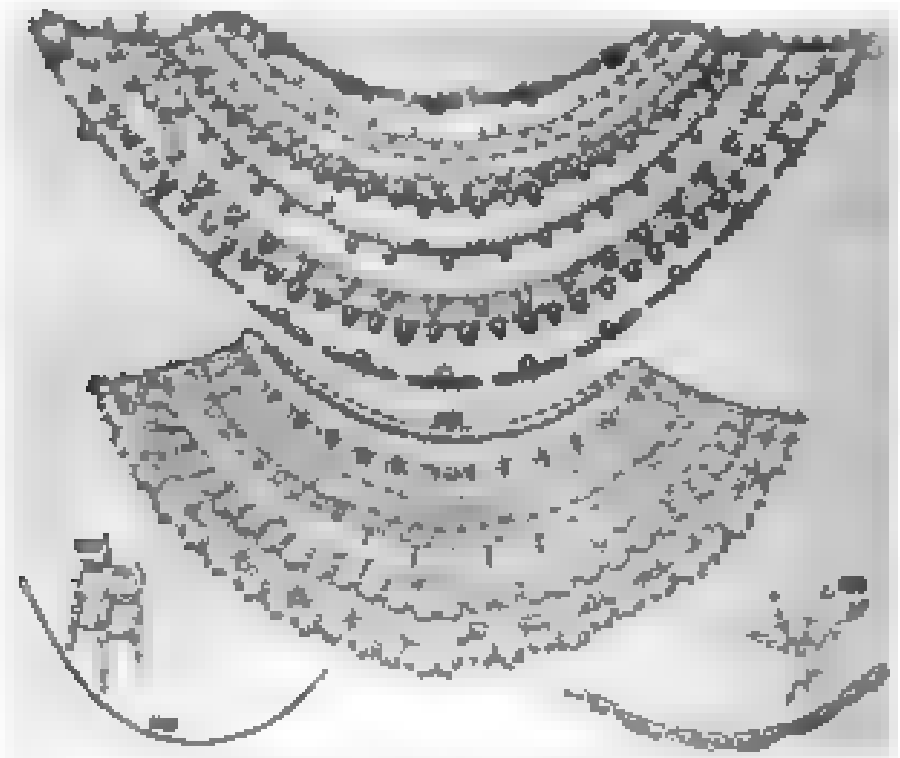
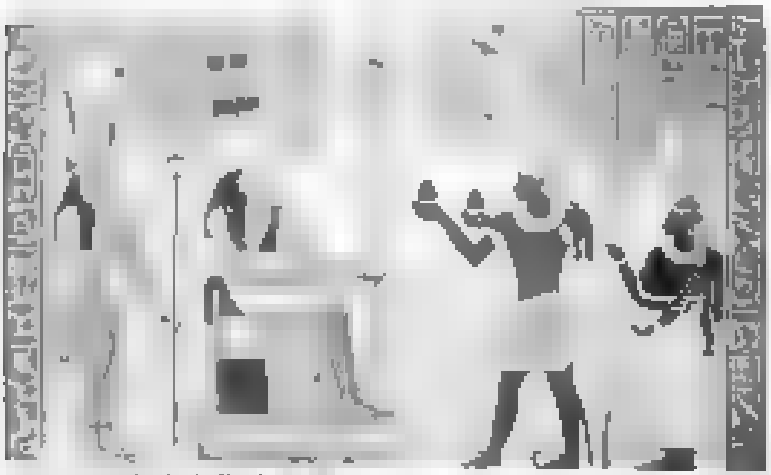


Temple of Seti at Thebes (Lepsius)



From the Berlin Museum (Lepsius)



Painting at Gebel Barkal (Lepsius)

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each pyramid has its little temple, on the eastern side, and many of them are covered with inscriptions in the Meroitic text, with figures of kings and the stout queens so much admired in those decadent days of art.

At Berlin is preserved the Ferlini treasure found here by the Italian traveller in 1884. It is of high artistic merit, more than 500 objects principally of gold and silver jewellery.

Ferlini wrote an intricate account of the treasure and its discovery. I obtained a translation of it, which I have presented to Sir Reginald Wingate for the proposed Museum at Khartoum, hoping to stimulate a desire to prevent the robberies of still existing hidden relics.

The following is an extract from Ferlini's account of his researches, from which it would seem that the queen for whom the pyramid was built was buried in the upper chamber:

> Dejected at our barren researches in the smaller pyramids I determined, as a last resort, to try for a better result in one of the larger ones standing at the top of the hill, and decided to work upon the only one that remained intact. . . . It was formed of sixty-four steps. . . . the whole height was twenty-six metres, and about forty-two metres on every side. I saw that the summit could easily be demolished as it was already beginning to fall. . . . there was soon room for other workmen. . . . We could see through the hole that was opened, into the hollow space holding certain objects. It was composed of roughly wrought stones. After the larger stones which covered the upper storey were removed, we discovered a long square space formed by the stones of the steps of the four side walls, about five feet high, and six or seven long. The first thing that met our eyes was a large body covered with white cotton cloth or byssus, which crumbled to pieces at the first touch, and underneath this a bier or litter of wood, quadrilateral, supported on four smooth cylindrical legs, its balustrade formed of a number of pieces of wood placed alternately, a large and a small, and representing symbolical figures—lotus flower, uræus, &c. &c. Under this bier was found the vases which contained the precious objects wrapped in woven-cloth. There were four vases and a semicircular cup—these were all made of a kind of bronze. . . . In the centre of the pyramid was a niche formed by three stones. When these were removed I saw some objects wrapped in cloth. These proved to be two bronze vases, perfect, of elegant shape and workmanship. . . .

Then follows an elaborate description of the treasure—necklaces, bracelets, armlets, gold and silver rings by the

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hundred, adorned with enchased ornament and enamel. The brutal way in which this poor queen's sepulchre was despoiled fully explains how so many of these pyramids have been ruined, and how nearly every one has lost its top. In the hope that means may be promptly taken to prevent further destruction, and that future searches for treasure may be scientifically conducted without destroying the monuments it is well to make Signor Ferlini's account known. The only advantage resulting to science in this case is that the beautiful jewellery is all preserved in the Museum at Berlin. Had it been found by natives the whole would have been melted down for the gold or silver. The mere list of the objects found covers a dozen octavo pages.

Lepsius considers that these pyramids prove the existence of a well-grounded empire for about a thousand years, till the land became Christian, in the second century A.D., when, he considers, the capital was possibly moved elsewhere.

Doubtless the ruins of a city are not far off towards the east. This region has its rainy season and traces have been found of extensive reservoirs for the storing of water.

At Naga, about a hundred miles farther south, there are several remarkable groups of ancient buildings, but no pyramids. Some of these structures seem to be of Greco-Roman style, but the greater number imitate Egyptian architecture, generally on a small scale. They are covered with sculptures fast wearing away, and with numerous inscriptions in Meroitic hieroglyphs.

It is strange to find pseudo-classical architecture farther south than the Greeks or Romans penetrated, as far as is recorded. Lepsius found Greek inscriptions both here and at Soba, on the Blue Nile beyond Khartoum.

In the Egpytian Fayum many classical manuscripts have been discovered in tombs of the Greco-Roman period. These Sudan cemeteries should be searched for similar treasures.

Half way from Shendi to Khartoum are the ruins of several ancient cities, now known as Ben Naga, Naga, Wady e' Sofra. These cities were supplied with water from huge

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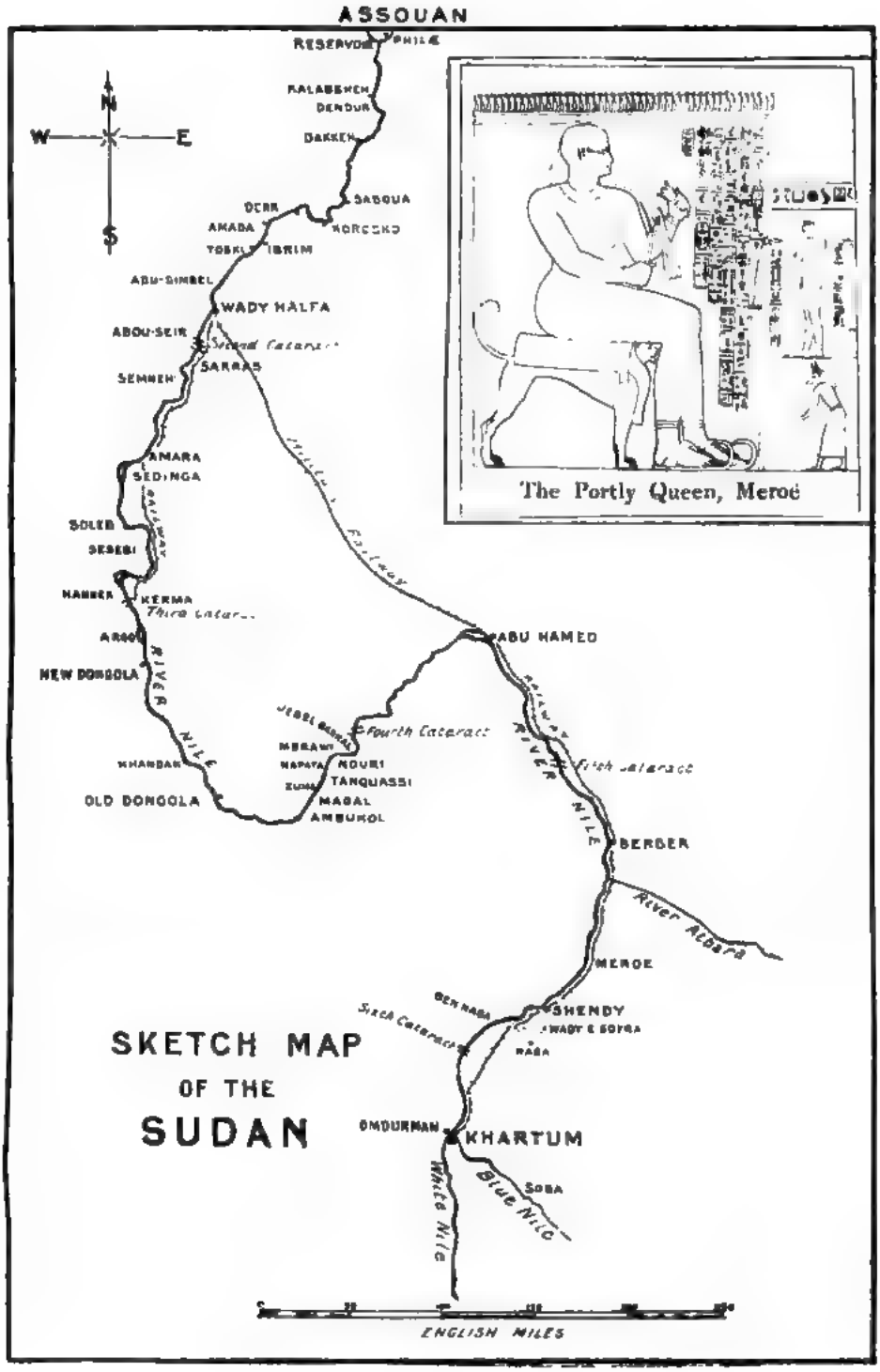

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cisterns for storing up the rain, a method which would allow of the presence of a large ancient population. Now the land is almost deserted. There are traditions of the ruins of several other cities along an ancient road extending through the desert to Soba on the Blue Nile. I have described these regions in an article on "Khartoum" in the MONTHLY REVIEW for August 1902.

The whirligig of time has placed the control of the entire Nile Valley in our hands. We have, thanks to Lord Cromer's wise administration, done our best for Egypt. May he long be spared to effect the regeneration of the Sudan! It takes a long time to restore a country that has been devastated by fanaticism, denuded of population, and has, at the best, few natural resources. But much has been done and Lord Cromer expresses his confidence in the ultimate result. We antiquarians must not worry him; he has said, "We will do what we can"—that is enough. If he asks the help of the mother country, no doubt he will obtain it. The new realm is vast, but it can be made accessible to the world by degrees. Already the Sudanese Government has organised the best express train service in Africa, from Halfa to Khartoum. As the arrangements for visiting the monuments are gradually perfected, hotels and rest-houses can be established at points now unsupplied with accommodation for tourists. When this time comes no doubt the *trains de luxe* will be much more used by strangers. At present the only place to visit is Khartoum, which at most occupies only a few days. When the programme of interesting places is gradually filled up, there will be plenty of tourists.

After all, the glamour of ancient glories forms the principal attraction to the Nile, and there may well be more antiquities, counting those known and those yet undiscovered, in the Sudan than in Egypt.

JOHN WARD.

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THE EVIDENCE FOR LIFE ON MARS

THE recent discussion on man's place in the universe has raised once more an old controversy. The question whether other worlds are habitable was found long ago to be in the abstract an unprofitable matter for dispute. One might admit the possible existence of beings constituted to enjoy the fierce sunshine that beats on Mercury, or the dismal cold in which Neptune moves, and at the same time deny the probability that they would have developed on lines so nearly parallel to ours that we could form any conception of their life. Even in the case of the planets Venus and Mars, that seem more suited to our own ideas of living, sound opinion is sceptical. As Sir Oliver Lodge says, in the *Commonwealth* for April: "We sometimes think that the planet Mars is inhabited. Perhaps it is; but I venture to think that on the whole it is most probable that we are at the present time the only intelligently inhabited planet in the solar system." He might have added that direct evidence of such intelligent inhabitation is still more probably for ever out of the question. Only by a glimpse of their works on a gigantic scale we might know that there are inhabitants on Mars, and at the best an argument based upon the interpretation of unnatural looking detail as artificial involves a conception of artificiality entirely our own. From admitting that a planet is habitable to proving that it is inhabited must, therefore, be a long step.

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This step, however, Mr. Percival Lowell resolved to take. Determined to see for himself what could be done with the best telescopes under the best possible conditions, and grasping the all-important fact that in such an enterprise fine and steady air is the first necessity, he fitted out an observatory expedition to Flagstaff in Arizona, and delivered in Boston, before he started, a characteristic lecture, announcing that he was on the eve of pretty definite discovery in the matter of life on other worlds. Nor was Boston disappointed. Within a year, after one short season's observation, he wrote a very entertaining book, "Mars," full of drawings of what he claims as intelligent design on the part of the Martians; for they are a design whose meaning we can comprehend, of a purpose which we can assign to an intelligence not unlike our own. The Martians, he asserts, enjoy a climate not more unlike ours than ours is unlike itself in different parts of the earth; the air is thin and almost cloudless, and the country badly watered; the people must irrigate to live; and the complex system of Schiaparelli's "canali" is the evidence of their irrigation works.

It is no common testimony to the interest of the book that this confession of personal bias has not deprived his work of serious consideration. But, indeed, confessed or not, the bias is evident. He seems to select the order in which each point should appear, and finds at once "phenomena so startlingly suggestive of this very thing as to seem its uncanny presentment," when one might prefer to say, startling phenomena so cannily suggested as to seem their very presentment. His enthusiasm at each designed coincidence is paralleled only by Paul Bertillon's exclamations over the *bordereau*: "Imagine my astonishment! The coincidence was exact."

And yet this estimate of the work is superficial. It is based upon an easy misconception of the scope of a book which one ought not to judge by the usual canons. One is accustomed to see an astronomer's results presented first as a series of dry facts; speculation as to their meaning should be

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kept to a separate chapter, and then, if the speculation be proved wrong, there is no damage to the credit of the facts. This method may seem dull, but it is safe. Mr. Lowell's is neither. He is not concerned with stating the bare facts that he has discovered—and this is why he sometimes seems to mistake well-known things for new—but he is engaged in constructing an argument from them to prove what he wants to prove, that Mars is inhabited by an intelligent race. Facts and theories are so tangled that it is impossible to judge how the facts would appear by themselves, before they were woven into the web of the argument.

But this difficulty has been removed by the later publication of two splendid volumes of "Annals of the Lowell Observatory." The first contains in order the details of all the observations that were drawn upon to make the book. With the finished drawings are the pencil sketches from which they were drawn; the notes of changes first suspected, and then better seen, and at last made plain; records of the steadiness of the air, and the figures of the measurements, and the little notes of doubts removed and difficulties gradually cleared up which go far towards conviction. The trouble about this Mars observation has always been that the detail of the planet is so hard to see. Very few people believed Schiaparelli at first, because no one else could see his canals. Now, as Mr. Lowell pleasantly observes, it is the fashion to see them. And just because it is the fashion there are still some astronomers who doubt the truth of these straight, hard lines that are drawn on the map of Mars, and for their benefit Mr. Lowell has written "that they are straight is certain—a statement I make after having seen them, instead of before doing so, as is the case with the gifted objectors."

It is very hard to deny the force of this contention, that no one has a right to an opinion about the truth of the drawings but those who have worked for months in a climate as good as the Flagstaff, where they were made; and there is perhaps only one other observatory in the world under a sky so fine, the

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southern station of the Harvard College Observatory at Arequipa, in Peru, which has no very powerful visual telescope—its energies are photographic. Mr. Lowell's reply to criticisms on the facts must therefore be accounted good; it is at least possible that none but himself and his assistants have been in a position to see what he has drawn. And if it is objected that there may have been a kind of a competition to see what was expected—admittedly the observers did not see the finer detail until they had learned gradually *at the telescope* what they might expect to see—the objection can scarcely be sustained. Mr. Lowell has done his best to dispose of it by leaving almost entirely to his assistant, Mr. Douglass, the preparation of the second volume of the Annals, with the results for the work of the season 1896–97. They began this campaign at Flagstaff with a bigger and much better telescope than the old one; they escaped the snowy and windy winter of Arizona by a timely removal of the whole observatory to Mexico; came back in the spring to avoid Mexico's summer storms, and finished the work in the old place. We miss in Mr. Douglass's volume the picturesque arguments and the gentle digs at critics that made the first delightful, but there is a sober array of drawings and notes that is more convincing. Mr. Lowell's earlier results are by no means always confirmed; there is room for wide revision of the conclusions about atmosphere and climate; but the maps of the hard, permanent features, the canals and the gulfs and the oases, are essentially the same. In spite of the fact that there are acute observers who have worked in favourable conditions, and who still assert that they have never seen anything remotely resembling a geometrical arrangement, we take it that there can be hardly a doubt that there is substantial truth in the representation of the surface of Mars which Schiaparelli drew, and which has been confirmed and elaborated by Lowell and Douglass.

The map gives a clearer idea than any words of the configuration of the planet's surface. Provisionally we may call the bright areas land and the dark areas seas, and we must

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bear in mind that the map is on Mercator's projection, which swells the polar regions out of all proportion and makes Greenland look as big as South America. It appears that the northern hemisphere of Mars is nearly all bright, and a great part of the southern equatorial regions is dark. The bright land is covered by a network of narrow streaks which are straight: that is to say, they run on great circles of the sphere, they are the shortest distances from point to point along the surface. And they are not arranged haphazard. In a belt about north latitude 50° there is a row of places that look for all the world like railway centres, whence the main lines diverge and join them to other places further south. On the borders of the seas there are other centres to which the lines converge as to great ports; and at all the principal junctions there are dark spots and patches like big towns. Trunk lines run due north and south at roughly equal distances apart, and others run at a long slant across the planet, keeping straight on their course for a thousand or two thousand miles. We have spoken of railway centres and ports and main lines thus deliberately because a nomenclature is wanted that does not involve for the present anybody's theory of their real nature, yet expresses at the same time their very artificial look.

Schiaparelli, who drew them first, was impressed with this strangely unnatural geometrical arrangement, like a railway system or a diagram of the principal stations and connecting lines of a great geodetic triangulation; and he went so far as to admit that some people might deem them artificial. "I am very careful not to combat this theory, which includes nothing impossible," he wrote with truly scientific moderation. Mr. Lowell is not prepared to admit any other than the artificial view. They exhibit "a hopeless lack of happy irregularity," he says; "the crossings seem to be the end and aim of the whole system." And this is only a small half the truth; the greater is that the crossings lie strung four or five together on great circles, which is doubly artificial. It is not true of an earthly system of railway junctions, for the railways had to go

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Map of Mars

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where the towns lay. It is not true of the points of a survey, which must be selected by the configuration of the ground. Some Czar of all the Martian dominions might have taken his ruler and said, The line between my capitals shall run straight, thus, and twelve chief cities of the Empire shall be moved on to the same line, and there shall be no city that does not lie in line with five others at the least. That is the curious point of this system of Martian markings. If it is artificial, it is artificiality unlimited by natural restrictions. If we tried to interpret the "canali" as railway lines we should have to explain how it is that the lines can be driven straight without regard to the lie of the land, and how it is that the towns are arranged in such an unnatural manner.

And now to come to the explanation of this system, in which Mr. Lowell works out a suggestion made by Schiaparelli; they are irrigation canals, or rather, the tracts of vegetation on each side of the main canals. Mars, he says, is very badly off for water, "so badly off that the inhabitants of that other world would have to irrigate to live. As to the actual presence there of such folk, the broad physical features of the planet express an opinion beyond the silence of consent." Without venturing ourselves to interpret this eloquent silence in a manner so advantageous to any theory, we may even accept for the moment the notion that the canals are artificial, constructed by beings whose intelligence we can comprehend, and see how Mr. Lowell develops the working of this irrigation system, granting him the inhabitants and the drought. Although there is an apparent absence of water, and not much evidence of cloud in the atmosphere, at least over the equatorial regions, a large polar cap forms late every winter and rapidly melts. This polar cap has always been supposed to be snow, and it is made the reservoir to supply the water for the spring irrigation. The appearance round it of a belt of blue or green, which represents the water from the melting snow, is the beginning of a "wave of seasonal change," which in the hemisphere's spring sweeps down to the equator, and perhaps

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beyond it. At the end of the winter the canals are invisible; with the melting of the snow they appear progressively, and by the time the equatorial regions have been watered, the polar sea is dried up. The actual water in the canals is, of course, not seen; it is the burst of vegetation as the water is led over the land that makes them visible.

Having granted the drought and the need of irrigation, we may admit that the melting of a polar snow-cap, which forms quickly and must be thin, can supply water enough to irrigate many hundred thousand square miles of country; we may grant everything that is demanded for the scheme to make it work, and yet find difficulties. A great deal has been made of the statement that the effects of the north polar flood extend beyond the equator to the south, and *vice versâ*. If it is true, the canals would have to be constructed so that water would run both ways in them, which is a serious difficulty, even in a land where gravitation is so much less effective than it is with us. And it is awkward that there are canals in the seas. The dark areas to the south of the equator, the so-called seas, grow lighter in patches towards the end of the summer, and then it is seen that the dark canals which thread the land are continued uninterruptedly across the seas. The seas, it is true, are probably not open water but well-watered vegetation; but that makes it the more unlikely that the Martians should be at such pains to irrigate them when water is so scarce elsewhere; that in the very regions where, if anywhere on the planet, vegetation can flourish naturally, they should spend water in keeping green long strips a hundred miles across at a season when things do not require to be kept green, but left to ripen. These canals persisting in their straight lines through the dark areas were most of them seen for the first time by one of the observers at Flagstaff. They are a new feature, and it is unfortunate that they should be so disposed to hoist with a home-made petard Mr. Lowell's great scheme of Martian engineering.

But it would be wasting words to insist further on a local

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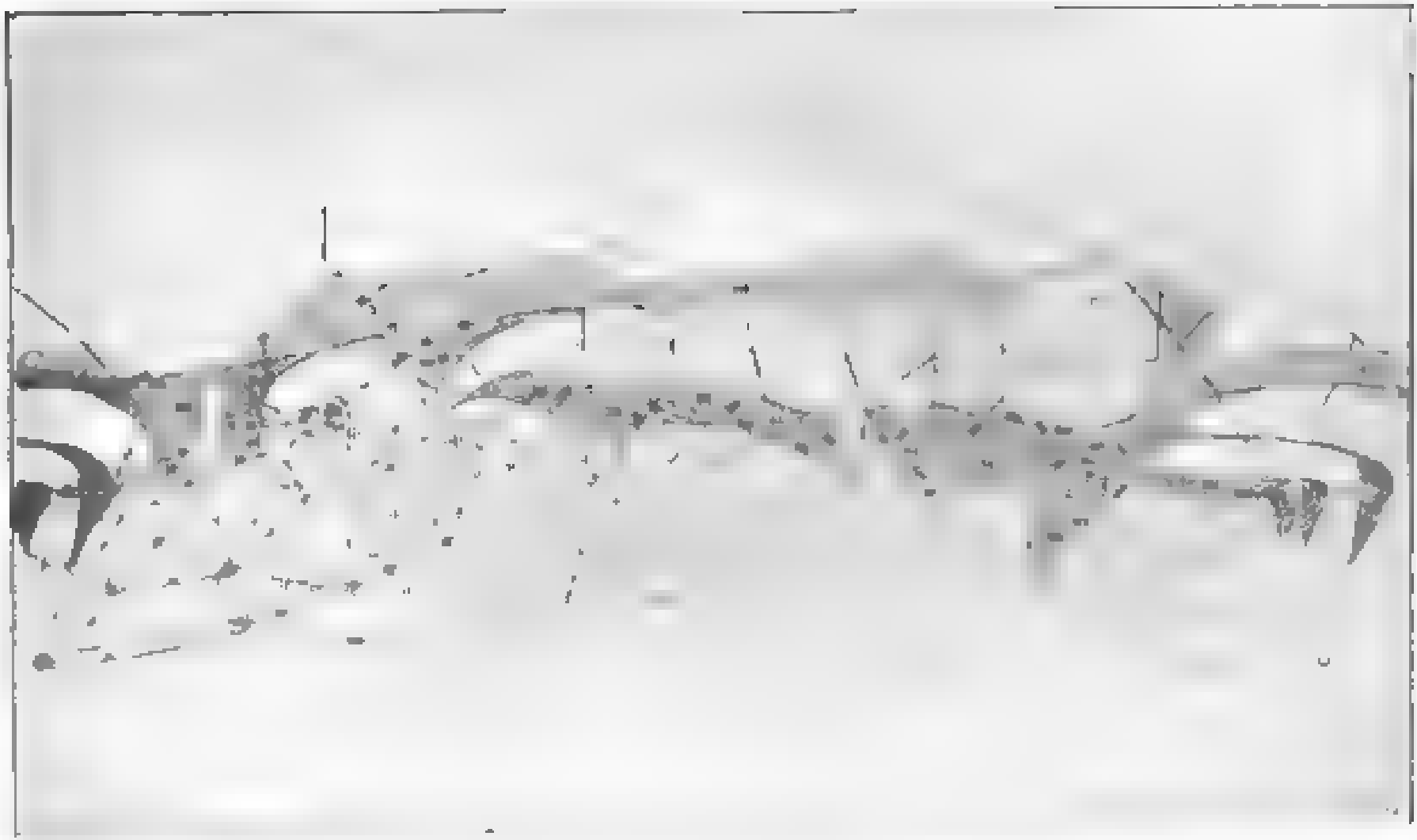

Map of Mars on Mercator's Projection

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difficulty when there is much in the whole irrigation theory that is hard to understand. In Mars' northern hemisphere there are about five million square miles to be supplied with water from the pole. How would an engineer proceed? We must admit many things in his favour which he would not find on earth. The country must be dead level, or the canals could not be driven straight. It must be uniformly fertile, or the strips of vegetation along their banks would not be uniformly straight, as they are. It would seem simplest to run a set of radiating canals down the lines of longitude; and this is conspicuously not the main feature of the plan. The longest canal of all runs at a small angle to the equator half way round the globe. It is inconceivable why such a canal should be dug to bring water from the poles. And the argument applies with scarcely less force to half the system. They are transverse, cutting across the main feeders, joining points hundreds of miles apart which must be very nearly at the same level.

Again, what explanation are we to find of the circular spots at all the more important junctions? Mr. Lowell has termed them "oases," with the suggestion of increased fertility at the meeting of many canals. He has even said that a circular spot is what we might expect; the greatest area could thus be irrigated from a given centre with the least labour. But this argument would be correct only if the canals were employed to bring water to certain centres without distributing any *en route;* whereas the very visibility of the canals is explicable only on the supposition that they water fifty miles of country on each side. Nor is the difficulty lessened when we remember that many of the biggest "oasis" junctions lie on the edges of the dark areas, which if they are not seas are at least well watered; they are the ports of our railway simile.

There is something more, then, in this scheme of canals than a means of irrigating a maximum of country with a minimum of labour. The cross canals would be intelligible if the water supply were more abundant in some longitudes than

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in others, owing to differences of level; but this is negatived by the straightness of the canals. They would be explicable if some regions were more fertile than others; but the uniform width of the canal belts of vegetation argues a uniform fertility. It is no help to understanding them to suppose that the oases represent centres of population, for again we are met by the difficulty that they are disposed eight or ten in a line. There is something underlying this arrangement which is neither natural nor intelligent, so far as our experience of nature or our measure of intelligence goes. With everything granted in its favour—dead level, widespread fertility, ample water supply at the poles, people of Herculean power and singleness of purpose—we cannot conceive how the scheme would work. Are we justified in assuming that this is only because we are not intelligent enough? We are not willing to commit this intellectual suicide. We may admit that these researches into the topography of our near celestial neighbour have led us to the threshold of a better acquaintance with that world, without allowing the propriety of offering the Celestial insult of performing a happy despatch on the doorstep. To have made the best map of another world is a notable feat. To say that it represents a scheme of intelligent design, and a particular scheme, irrigation, which may not appear workable, but must be so because nothing else has been suggested, is neither good science nor good sense.

The manner in which Mr. Lowell's enterprise has been presented to the world is so curiously unnatural as to suggest artificiality in itself. His verdict was anticipated in the lecture which he gave before he looked through his telescope; he summed up the case from his point of view in the book "Mars"; then he published a volume of evidence, the first of the Annals. And when it came it proved to be but the evidence for the grand jury. A true bill was clearly returnable; and the real trial commenced in the second season's campaign of the new observatory, with the bigger telescope and the higher training of the observers who had by that time grown

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old to the work. It is interesting, therefore, to compare the second volume with the first, to see how far early views are confirmed by prolonged gazing, and how far it is likely that if Mr. Lowell were to rewrite his book now he would be able to maintain some of his conclusions in the light of greater experience. Fortunately for our purpose the inquiry need be neither minute nor long; there is a crucial point on which the evidence is brief and clear.

The whole basis of the irrigation scheme is obviously the assumed sufficiency of water from the melted polar snow-cap. Schiaparelli has described the dark belt that surrounds the northern cap as it is disappearing, and suggests that it is a flood caused by the melting snow. Mr. Lowell extended these observations to the south. At the very beginning of his first season's work the southern cap was in active process of dissolution. Around it was the "polar sea"—blue, and therefore water, though we find afterwards that the dark areas farther south are blue—and vegetation. The sea quickly disappeared, and progressively the canals came out dark. It is easy to find the suggestion of the irrigation theory here, and to understand how each item of the seasonal changes that followed may well seem confirmation—until one begins to ask how it all works. And yet it is probable that if the observations had been commenced a few months earlier the scheme would never have suggested itself at all. This idea is to be found in Mr. Douglass's discussion of the second season's work. It has always been supposed that the polar cap is snow, in spite of the fact that it has more than once been observed that it did not form until after the vernal equinox, and began to melt at once. This late appearance hardly bears out the notion that the snow can be of any thickness, and it would take a deal of melting to provide water for a whole hemisphere. And now it seems that the greater part of the cap may not be snow at all, but cloud. Mr. Douglass sums up the changes which he observed in the north polar cap of 1896–97 thus: In Martian January the cap was "undoubtedly cloud, perhaps accompanied

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by vegetation," for a dark green border was sometimes seen. In February "it was composed of a wide non-continuous cloud zone, and an occasional glint of real snow," and in some longitudes it had a grey or black border. In March it was considered a real snow-cap, large and invariable, "and undoubtedly by the moisture of its melting it supported a dense vegetation on its border and in its lower areas." In April it acted like real snow and grew steadily smaller in extent. By June 1st it was reduced to a very small snow-spot near the pole, surrounded by a considerable cloud-zone.

These observations are by far the most interesting result of the Lowell's Observatory's second season's work on Mars, and it will be readily seen how entirely they have altered the complexion of affairs. The part played by snow in the north polar cap seems to be relatively small; it is mainly cloud. Before the snow falls there are evidences of vegetation or water, and as the snow apparently covers the ground yet melts quickly, the former is more probable. Until the vernal equinox there is little snow at all, and what there is is already melting to support vegetation. The evidence for a northern polar sea has almost disappeared. What Schiaparelli took for it Mr. Douglass now thinks may be vegetation, for it was there before the snow came. The corresponding early phases of the southern cap were missed in the first season at Flagstaff, and it seems fair to suppose that could that work have begun a little earlier we should never have had there the suggestion of a polar sea at all. But this is fatal to the irrigation theory altogether. There were always grave difficulties about the adequacy of the water-supply. They were put aside for the time when it was a question of seeing whether the irrigation scheme would work with unlimited water. Now that the later evidence fails to show the existence of any considerable body of water at any time, we need have no hesitation in passing upon the case for which Mr. Lowell is advocate a verdict of not proven. We are tempted to add a rider to the effect that it is much to be regretted that the book "Mars" was written upon evidence

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which was so incomplete. It is a dangerous thing to appear to lend countenance to the idea that astronomical results are arrived at in so light-hearted a spirit. It leads people like Mr. Nikola Tesla to stir a watch-night meeting with a message by wireless telegraph from another world, "One! two! three!"

There remains the difficult question, How far is it possible to draw any conclusions at all from the apparent artificiality of the markings upon Mars, in the absence of an intelligible explanation of what the artificiality may mean? So long as their purpose cannot be explained, we ought not to deny that they may be natural, even though nothing like them had ever been observed in nature. The essence of Mr. Lowell's argument is that nature is haphazard; a geometrical construction on a grand scale must be due to man's intelligence, because upon earth natural geometry is found only in small things, in the forms of crystals and the patterns on the scales of insects. But we need go no further than the moon to find an example of natural geometry on a scale as large as that of Mars. Any one who has looked through the smallest telescope is familiar with the bright streaks that radiate from Tycho and some other of the grander craters. They have precisely the more remarkable characteristics of Martian canals, radiating six or eight from a point, straight like the spokes of a wheel, regardless of the inequalities of the ground. There is no explanation of them, though we can examine the moon at close quarters. It is rash beyond legitimate scientific boldness to deny *in toto* a natural explanation for geometrical markings not unlike these, on a world more than a hundred times as far away. We dare not assume in our dilemma that human knowledge covers the whole range of nature's operations.

The special question, how we are to recognise life on another world, is small compared with the general, what we are to recognise as life. But it is of more immediate interest to our limited powers of conception, because in asking it one tacitly assumes that the life is to be such as ours, recognisable

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by works which we can conceive ourselves constructing if we were placed in a similar position. And if evidence of what we may call human design is to be found anywhere outside our earth we should look for it first upon Mars. The things that have been discovered in the last few years may even give rise to the hope that we are at last on the right track through the tangle, but it is a pity for people to shout as if they were already out of the wood.

ARTHUR R. HINKS.

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BACON AND SHAKESPEARE: A CONTRAST

THE world of letters has declined to take the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy seriously. "Some argument, some ridicule, some eloquence," is one of Gerard Hamilton's maxims for the debater; and certainly more ridicule than argument or eloquence has been expended upon the Baconian theory. This is perhaps as much as it deserves. Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" made no converts because nobody could understand it; and Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-literal Cipher" makes none because everybody can. In making the latter statement I may seem to be overlooking Mr. Mallock. He has written two articles to show that, if not a convert, he is very nearly one; and it may be that in years to come when the brilliant scepticism of his "New Republic" has been forgotten, the courage and gallantry of his attempt to believe in Mrs. Gallup will still be held in admiring remembrance. But all Mr. Mallock's chivalry does not suffice to remove the cipher-mongers and cryptogrammatists from their proper place in the history of paradox beside the circle-squarers and the perpetual-motion-ists. Nor does the literary criticism by which Bacon's claims are supported stand on a much higher level than the cipher business. But though the whole Bacon-Shakespeare literature is only worth the serious study of those interested in the pathology of criticism, the study of Bacon is good, and the study of Shakespeare is good, and

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there may be some profit in an attempt to compare the personalities of the two men with one another and with the characteristics of the works respectively ascribed to them, and to see what light the comparison throws upon the theory of a common authorship.

Our knowledge of Bacon's personality from every point of view is exceptionally complete; and if his character still remains somewhat enigmatical, that is not from lack of information but from intrinsic reasons which must have made it equally puzzling to his contemporaries. "What difference (of opinion) there is," says Mr. Spedding, "will be rather as to the sentiments with which it should be regarded than as to the thing itself." Of Shakespeare the man, it is true that we know much less; but of the writer of the plays we can glean much from the plays themselves. The attempt to infer a dramatist's personal opinions from those he ascribes to his characters is necessarily attended with much risk; and the greater, and therefore the more objective and impersonal, the writer the more dangerous the attempt. But, for all that, there is behind his *dramatis personæ* and inspiring them the soul of the dramatist, of which through its various masks we get inevitable glimpses. "Men," said Canon Mozley, "are made up of professions, of gifts and talents; and also of themselves." From this law of personal identity even the most impersonal of dramatists can as little escape as from the law of gravitation. Mr. Bagehot expresses the same truth with characteristic felicity: "People do not keep tame steam-engines to write their books." The god in the machine is really the writer himself. It will not be difficult to show that only on the steam-engine theory can Bacon be deemed the author of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Henry IV.* and the rest; and that what we know of Shakespeare the man—his birthplace, his early years, his associations, his tastes, his character—offers many points of agreement and none of disagreement with the man behind the plays.

The maxim, *Cherchez la femme*, will put us on to one

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excellent ground for comparison and contrast between the philosopher and the poet. "The stage is more beholding to Love than the Life of Man," says Bacon; yet even to the life of man love has something to say, and to Bacon and to Shakespeare its messages were very different. Both men varied widely from the mean in this respect, but in opposite directions, the one by defect, the other by excess. Shakespeare's temperament was ardent and passionate; Bacon's tepid, not to say chilly. Bacon, as Dr. Rawley, his chaplain, informs us, "first fell into the dislike of the Philosophy of Aristotle" at sixteen; and he first fell in love at forty-three and married at forty-six. Whether indeed he ever fell in love may be doubted; his marriage was perhaps merely an economic experiment undertaken in the spirit, and according to the canons, of the Inductive Philosophy. We know, at any rate, that he had contemplated marriage nine years previously, when at the age of thirty-seven he had designs on Sir William Hatton's young widow, who was handsome and, what was probably more to the point, "well provided." Mr. Spedding, who certainly sets down naught in malice against Bacon, concedes that "the worst disease from which Bacon was at present labouring would have been effectually relieved by a wealthy marriage"; and the admission was inevitable, seeing that the suitor himself refers to the project in a letter to Essex—he still had Essex then—as "touching a fortune I was in thought to attempt *in genere economico*." He asks Essex to help him in his wooing: "My suit to your Lordship is for your several letters to be left with me dormant to the gentlewoman and either of her parents."

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no record or tradition of Shakespeare's ever having had to make any such request; and oddly enough in the very year in which Bacon wrote this letter to Essex (1597), Shakespeare—or was it really Lady Hatton's suitor?—was ridiculing this kind of wooing by proxy in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Slender makes love to Mistress Anne Page in the same

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fashion. There is indeed something Baconian about both parties to Slender's suit:

> O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
> Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

is the lady's remark when she sees Slender getting ready for business. This is quite according to Bacon. On the other hand her suitor is strictly Baconian in getting Justice Shallow to do for him what Essex did for Bacon:

> *Shallow:* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.
> *Slender:* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

A little more of this fast and furious Baconian love-making, and then Mistress Anne cuts it short with

> Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Lady Hatton perhaps took the same view. At any rate, her hand and her fortune went not to Bacon but to his hated and hateful rival Coke; and to relieve his distress the broken-hearted suitor made advances to the Star Chamber Clerkship instead.

When Bacon's thoughts again turn to matrimony, we find the context to be *in genere economico* as before. On July 10, 1608, he writes to Cecil:

> For my purpose I desire to meddle as little as I can in the King's cases, his Majesty now abounding in counsel; and to follow my private thrift and practice, and to marry with some convenient advancement . . . . I have found out an alderman's daughter, an handsome maiden, to my liking.

Was Alice Barnham really handsome? I have my doubts. The context is suspiciously suggestive of the tactics of Mr. Gilbert's young barrister who conveniently "fell in love with a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter." The Shakespearean parallel is Petruchio in the *Taming of the Shrew*, who, for gold enough, was ready to marry "an old trot with never a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses." These comparisons are perhaps doing Mistress Barnham a great injustice, though not her suitor. All we really know of

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her is that her father, like other aldermen, was rich; that her mother was a "little violent woman"; and that she had a tongue herself. Bacon, at any rate, found her handsome enough with her dowry to be more to his liking than the philosophy of Aristotle; and he married her three years later, receiving with her, as Rowley says, "a sufficiently ample and liberal portion in marriage." Their twenty years of married life were unblessed with children but untainted by the breath of scandal, though his revocation "for just and great causes" of all the provision he had previously made for her by his will seems to show that her heart, if it had ever been his, had towards the close of his life been ousted by his philosophy and his science and given to another.

Shakespeare's matrimonial affairs present a very different picture. He married, at the age of eighteen, a woman considerably older than himself; and young as he was, the marriage was evidently hastened to save his lover's honour. The discredit attaching to it is thus of precisely the opposite kind to that of the Baconian marriage for "convenient advancement"; and however the moralist may apportion his censure between the two, the former is certainly more in accord with the poetical temperament. If Bacon was not committed to a life-long bondage by the impulse of youthful passion, a sufficient reason was that he had no passion to mislead him; if Shakespeare fell and paid the penalty, at any rate he did not need a nobleman to write his love-letters. Shakespeare might have been happier if he had imitated Bacon and wooed by deputy; but he would have been less like a poet and less able to make us happy if he had been of the nature to need such assistance. His marriage, if not positively unhappy, was certainly devoid of the higher elements of happiness. His wife appears to have remained in Stratford all the twenty years of his activity and fame in London, and was evidently unable to enter in any degree into his intellectual life; but that they were not wholly estranged is proved by his maintaining his connection with Stratford throughout his London career and

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joining her again there on his retirement from the stage. On this account I fail to see that the allusion in the *Tempest* (iv. i, 15–22) to "barren hate, sour-eyed disdain and discord," as the inevitable fruit of pre-nuptial intimacy can reasonably be taken as describing the poet's own experience.

Of Shakespeare's private life in London we have very little authentic information; but though one may gladly follow Mr. Lee in holding the amours of the *Sonnets* to be imaginary, it is also difficult to resist his conclusion that the various scandals traditionally associated with the poet's name "belie the assumption that he was known to his contemporaries as a man of scrupulous virtue." It is immoral to condone the irregularities of genius, but it is absurd to deny that genius is often irregular. It is not characteristic of genius to come home to tea. The coolness and method which make a good philosopher may make a bad poet. The passion which makes a good poet may lead him astray, especially in his early years. The antinomy is characteristically expounded by Victor Hugo:

> "He is reserved and discreet . . . he is sober."
>
> What is this? A recommendation for a domestic?
>
> No. It is the panegyric of a writer . . . Be of the temperance society. A good critical book is a treatise on the dangers of drinking. Do you wish to compose the "Iliad"? put yourself on diet . . . If ever a man was undeserving of the good character of "he is sober," it is most certainly William Shakespeare.

The moral which Sir Leslie Stephen deduces from Coleridge's career implies a still more sweeping estimate of the disqualifications of genius for practical life:

> Never marry a man of genius; don't be his mother-in-law, or his publisher, or his editor, or anything that is his.

The most essential part of this warning is well illustrated from opposite aspects by the men we are discussing.

How far is this wide contrast between Bacon and Shakespeare in their love-affairs reflected in the works respectively ascribed to them? Bacon's practical philosophy of life is embodied in the "Essays," of which Dr. Abbott says:

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With all their faults they show Bacon at his best; Bacon as he thought himself to be, and as he wished the world to think of him; Bacon as he might have been if his better nature had prevailed, and if no temptation had come in his way to bear down his weak, intermittent tendencies after good.

Bacon has often to be allowed the usual wide margin between profession and practice, and in some cases, as for instance with regard to judicial integrity, a very wide one. But as to love and marriage he needs no allowance at all; the Essay on Love shows no higher ideal than was realised by the man who, at the age of forty-six, gave his virgin heart to the alderman's daughter with a "convenient advancement." In other words, it reveals, as Dean Church says, "an utter incapacity to come near the subject." "It is impossible to love and to be wise" is a saying that the Essayist quotes with approval; and Bacon was always wise. Love to him is a nuisance, to be made terms with in case of necessity on a strictly business footing. The "Essays" profess to deal with subjects that "come home to Men's Businesse and Bosomes," and love belongs to the business department. It is significant, by the way, that Bacon puts business first in this much quoted phrase. When Hazlitt applies it to the functions of poetry he inverts the order. Though Shakespeare was a better business man than the Essayist, the inverted and the true order was his in life and in poetry. The Essay on Love, which is unfortunately too long to quote in full, is thus summarised by Dr. Abbott:

Love is fitter for the stage than for life and business. Love is the great flatterer, and the lover loses both himself and riches and wisdom. Love is strongest when men are weakest: it must not be suffered to interfere with business.

A few sentences I will quote at large:

This Passion hath his Flouds in the very times of Weaknesse; which are great *Prosperitie*, and great *Aduersitie*; though this latter hath beene lesse obserued. Both which times kindle *Loue*, and make it more feruent and therefore shew it to be the Childe of Folly. They doe best who if they cannot but admit *Loue*, yet make it keepe Quarter: And seuer it wholly from their serious Affaires and Actions of life: For if it checke once with Businesse, it troubleth

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Mens Fortunes, and maketh Men that they can no wayes be true to their owne Ends.

The love of married life is dismissed in a single clause of the concluding sentence which only appeared in the last edition:

Nuptiall loue maketh Mankinde; Friendly loue perfecteth it; but Wanton loue Corrupteth and Imbaseth it.

Nuptial love has apparently, according to Bacon, no share in the perfecting of mankind; and even his ideal of friendly love is a low one, far lower than that of the despised Aristotle. He quotes more than once the precept of Bias, "Love as if you should hereafter hate; and hate as if you should hereafter love"; merely adding in the *De Augmentis* the qualification that it be not turned to perfidious uses. It was not perfidy to take a brief against a friend on trial for his life. Such was the latitude allowed to "friendly love" as cultivated by Bacon on the principles of Bias.

Within the limits of decency no man ever took a narrower or lower view of love than Bacon in his acknowledged works; no man ever idealised it so loftily, so intensely, and so variously as the poet of the plays, or gave to the world such a gallery of pure, loving, and adorable women. Ophelia, Imogen, Rosalind, Cordelia, Juliet, Perdita—were these fascinating creatures given their power over our hearts by a man who had no heart himself, by the man who wrote the Essay on Love and married the alderman's daughter? I could as soon believe that he wrote the Pentateuch, or won the Battle of Waterloo, or laid down his life to save his friend's. Bacon and Perdita—what a collection! We can as easily associate her with the Binomial Theorem. Perdita among her flowers is a vision of innocence and beauty:

daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

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> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
> Most incident to maids.

But alas! the spell is now broken, the secret is out. The hand that scatters the flowers is the hand of Perdita, but the voice is the voice of Bacon. To the eagle eye of "the Baconian *savante*," as Mrs. Gallup calls her, the botanical knowledge which Perdita parades betrays the prompting of the natural philosopher. In her pamphlet, "*Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare? Thirty-two Reasons for Believing that he Did*," Mrs. Henry Pott illustrates the proposition "that the Plays may be elucidated by a study of Bacon's scientific works" with this convincing note:

> *Horticulture.* Of the thirty-three flowers of Shakespeare, Bacon enumerates thirty in his "Essay of Gardens," or in his scanty notes on flowers in the *Sylva Sylvarum*. His scientific observations accord closely with those on flowers in the Plays. The colours of flowers, the peculiarities of their smell, the figuring or streaking of their petals, the seasons of their blooming, the mode of "meliorating" them, are the points chiefly considered in both groups of works.

When Mrs. Pott proceeds to quote Bacon as saying that "the flowers that come early are the primroses, violets, and daffodillies," our suspicions are immediately aroused; and they are aggravated by the reminder that in the "Essay on Gardens" the daffodil is mentioned as coming in *March*—the very month which, as the italics duly indicate, Perdita herself had named, though if left to the light of nature, the hussy would have been as likely to choose December. Any lingering doubt that remains is dispelled by the damning addition:

> N.B.—Simple as these observations seem, they were new in the days of Bacon.

We see at last that Perdita had really never picked a flower in her life; she had merely been studying the *Sylva Sylvarum*.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly hails Mrs. Pott's epoch-making discovery with delight, and agrees with her in holding that in

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this speech of Perdita, and elsewhere, the poet displays "all the precision of the natural philosopher." He extends the same treatment to another of Shakespeare's most ethereal creations. In Ariel's song

> Full fathom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are coral made,

Mr. Donnelly finds "a reflection upon the indestructibility of matter and its transmutations," which to him is the unmistakable hall-mark of Bacon's handiwork. An unfortunate schoolboy who was set to paraphrase Ariel's song boiled down the lines about the "sea-change" into this proposition: "The chemical action of the salt water converted his tissues into substances which are interesting and valuable." There was enough of the natural philosopher about that schoolboy—and about the ruffian who set him such a task—to have pleased Mr. Donnelly. Poor Ariel, a mere creature of the laboratory, though we had thought him to be coloured with the hues of heaven! Poor Perdita, a pedantic little blue-stocking, who had captured our hearts by the grossest of false pretences! Mr. Andrew Lang, or some other profane person, has said of the scientific pedant that

> A primrose by the river's brim,
> A dicotyledon was to him,
> And it was nothing more;

and of such was Perdita! Cannot you see her botanising upon her mother's grave with a trowel in one hand and the *Sylva Sylvarum* in the other? Or are you still old-fashioned enough and unscientific enough to find in her no more natural philosophy than any ordinarily observant child must pick up in the Stratford meadows in Spring, and also a tenderness, a girlish grace, a natural and unstudied charm, which outside of Shakespeare is found in nature alone, and which Bacon could no more have compassed than he could have grasped the rainbow? If so, you are to be envied. But I must pass on from this very tempting theme with apologies to Juliet and Cordelia and the

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others, for whom I could have said nearly as much as for Perdita if they too had been accused of natural philosophy. Where Shakespeare got his models is a question we cannot answer. His wife can hardly have helped him, though perhaps his mother did. All we know for certain is that he had a nature as susceptible to such influences as Bacon's was the reverse.

In their general outlook and range the contrast between the two writers is almost as great as in the sphere we have just considered. The first edition of the "Essays" appeared in 1597, and in the same year *Henry IV.* was produced by the writer of the plays. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and some half a dozen other plays had appeared previously, as well as *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece;* and the *Sonnets*, or a majority of them, had probably been written, though not printed. Contrasted with these, the very names of the subjects discussed in the "Essays," are enough to suggest the gulf which separates the essayist from the poet. "Of studie," "Of discourse," "Of ceremonies and respects," "Of followers and friends," "Sutors," "Of expense," "Of regiment of health," "Of Honour and reputation," "Of Faction," "Of Negociating" —these are the titles of the ten essays included in the first edition. Are these the subjects that would have been selected as most concerning "men's business and bosoms" by the man whose heart and brain had already given Juliet to the world and were then teeming with Falstaff? The narrow range, the cold, prudential morality, the precise and measured utterance of the Essayist, are as remote as possible from the passion, the intensity, the manliness, the broad humanity, the ease, the variety of the dramatist. The mind that conceived Polonius could also have conceived the Essayist, or most of him; but the poet was as far beyond the Essayist as Hamlet beyond Polonius. Bacon and Falstaff are surely as unthinkable a combination as Bacon and Perdita or Bacon and Juliet. Not that Bacon was devoid of humour; but his is a refined and subdued humour, never of the rollicking or Gargantuan type,

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"holding both its sides" and compelling us to do the same. We smile occasionally at the "Essays" but I do not think that there is a laugh in them from beginning to end. In the animal spirits required for the making of a Falstaff Bacon was entirely lacking. And the man who drew Falstaff was also well acquainted with the inside of a tavern—another qualification which Bacon lacked, but which is not denied to Shakespeare by his most bigoted detractors.

Hotspur in the same play was as far beyond Bacon's reach in another direction. Honour in its higher senses was as foreign to Bacon's thoughts as to his practice. There is not a single word about real honour in the essay "Of Honour and reputation," as published in 1597; a single sentence was devoted to it in the edition of 1625. If the man who drew Hotspur in 1597 and Henry V. in the following year—the two finest incarnations of honour in our literature—had been putting his name to a prose treatise on the same subject at the same time, he would not have waited till his third edition, published nearly thirty years later, before announcing the belated discovery that

> There is an *Honour* likewise, which may be ranked amongst the Greatest, which happeneth rarely: That is of such as *Sacrifice themselves* to Death or Danger, for the *Good* of their *Country*. As was *M. Regulus*, and the Two *Decij*.

Nine years before the Essayist made his first appearance a certain Invincible Armada, which set sail from Spain for England but failed to reach it, discovered that there were men in England of that rare degree of honour to "sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country," and even enough of them to conquer the invincible. The lesson was not lost upon the Spanish King, but it made no impression upon the cold heart of Bacon. Within ten years, at any rate, he had forgotten that there was such a virtue as that which had saved England; and when at the age of sixty-five he reminded himself of its existence among men, it was as of a thing "which happeneth rarely," and of which he had to go

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all the way back to Roman history to find examples. The dramatist, on the other hand, shows himself as susceptible to the claims of patriotism and honour as to those of love. In his *Richard II.*, which appeared in 1598, he puts into the mouth of the dying Gaunt what Coleridge calls

> The most magnificent, and, at the same time, the truest eulogium of our native country that the English language can boast, or which can be produced from any other tongue, not excepting the proud claims of Greece and Rome . . . Every motive to patriotism, every cause producing it, is here collected, without one of those cold abstractions so frequently substituted by modern poets.

Is it fanciful to find in the poet's thrilling eulogy of

> England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious surge
> Of watery Neptune,

an echo of the struggle against Spain which had culminated so gloriously five years before and made less impression upon the philosopher than what he read in Livy and Plutarch? And how complete the contrast between the tone of Bacon's meagre reference to the honour "which happeneth rarely," and that of Shakespeare's Henry V. at Agincourt or Hotspur at Shrewsbury:

> O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
> To spend that shortness basely were too long,
> If life did ride upon a dial's point,
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Of course, we cannot credit a poet with all the fine qualities with which he endows his characters, but they certainly afford an index to his standpoint and his ideals. A Tyrtæus is not necessarily a good soldier, nor even a brave man; but a writer who had so clear and rousing a conception of honour as is put before us in these two plays certainly would not have treated it in a prose essay of the same date as a species of self-seeking to be classed with "Ambition" and "Vain Glory."

ARTHUR R. ATKINSON.

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APRIL ON WAGGON HILL

LAD, and can you rest now,
There beneath your hill?
Your hands are on your breast now,
But is your heart so still?
'Twas the right death to die, lad,
A gift without regret,
But unless truth's a lie, lad,
You dream of Devon yet.

Ay, ay, the year's awaking,
The fire's among the ling,
The beechen hedge is breaking,
The curlew's on the wing;
Primroses are out, lad,
On the high banks of Lee,
And the sun stirs the trout, lad,
From Brendon to the sea.

I know what's in your heart, lad,—
The mare he used to hunt—
And her blue market-cart, lad,
With posies tied in front—
We miss them from the moor road,
They're getting old to roam,
The road they're on 's a sure road
And nearer, lad, to home.

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Your name, the name they cherish?
'Twill fade, lad, 'tis true:
But stone and all may perish
With little loss to you.
While fame's fame you're Devon, lad,
The Glory of the West;
Till the roll's called in heaven, lad,
You may well take your rest.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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ART AND THE PRINTER

IN an article which I contributed some years ago to one of the Reviews, I ventured to hazard the prediction that we were "on the eve of a great revolution in the art of typography and book-decoration"—a remark which, I remember, brought down upon me the comment of some critic that I was "a gentle dreamer." Since those words were written, the number of so-called "artist-printers" has been steadily increasing alike in England and America. Already the revolution has been partially accomplished—but it has been a revolution in the wrong direction.

In his "Note on the Kelmscott Press," William Morris attempted a final classification of the rules which he considered essential to the artistic production of the printed book. In the course of centuries, the art of printing had undergone a constant degeneration. Increasing demand had led inevitably to haste and carelessness in production; increasing cheapness, through stress of competition, to cramped type, inferior paper, and disregard for margin. When Morris set himself to the study of typography, he was quick to discover that, if he would succeed at all, he must necessarily go back for inspiration to the earliest masters of the craft. He was concerned less with producing what I may term "readably printed" books than with the desire to rescue a lost art from oblivion or neglect. It was the aim of William Morris to revive the former traditions of typography, to design volumes which should be in themselves

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decorative objects, quite irrespective of their literary value. First and foremost, Morris should be considered as a decorator. Just as he endeavoured to beautify the humblest articles of furniture—a towel-horse, a kitchen dresser—so it was his ideal to beautify the printed book, to show what it might be capable of decoratively in the hands of an artist as opposed to a mechanic. Ornamentally conceived, the Kelmscott books were intended for ornamental use. For purposes of practical utility, they were not intended.

Mediæval as he was by instinct, it was natural that there should be an archaic element in everything which Morris undertook. Unfortunately, his followers, getting, as it were, their mediævalism at third hand, in most cases play the mediæval game without his enthusiasm and sincerity. No one who paid a visit to the last exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society can fail to have been struck by the prevailing "Morris-madness." Everywhere one perceived, not new life infused, but the struggle to infuse it by close adherence to Morris and his example. So it was with the books, with the hangings, with the wall-papers; so it was with the carpets; so it was with the furniture, twisted and tortured into a semblance of archaic form. Instead of development, there was the going back, not to mediævalism, but to make-believe mediævalism, according to Morris, based upon Rossetti. Carried to such excess, the new fashion, which Morris inaugurated in domestic decoration, is really more insufferable than Victorian horsehair and shams, because of its greater artistic pretensions.

Well! If we want to see to what lengths a folly of this kind can be carried, we have only to cross over to America. There occasionally reaches me from New York a stray announcement of one of the latest things in "printing ventures": the circulars of the Elston Press, an undertaking conducted by Mr. Clarke Conwell upon "artistic" principles. Mr. Conwell is an enthusiastic follower of William Morris. Lest any one should inadvertently suspect him of originality, he has even

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avoided the temptation to design a fount of type. Instead, he has re-cut the "Troy" and "Chaucer" types of Morris. His volumes are of course printed entirely by hand, in blackest ink, and on the roughest paper. All the blocks for the numerous "very beautiful" borders, half-borders, decorations, and initial letters are "destroyed at once after use." Art and craft, we are told, "have again united in forming a perfect ensemble, at once beautiful and substantial." It need not surprise us that Mr. Clarke Conwell is convinced that his books "will quickly become an object of desire." Indeed, the "specimen pages," with which from time to time he has presented me, are strangely picturesque with their wealth of ornament and "Gothic" characters. After glancing through them, I begin to wonder whether, after all, I am living in the twentieth century, or whether I have not wandered accidentally into the Middle Ages. When I first had the good fortune to hear of Mr. Conwell, he was on the point of commencing his enterprise with an edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese": a work which, for some reason, appears to be especially favoured by all owners of "artistic" presses. For this purpose, he had made elaborate preparations in the most approved mock-mediæval manner. The completed volume—so far as I am aware, the first book which has been printed wholly on a hand-press, direct from the types, in America, for many years—is a veritable triumph of misapplied talent in book-decoration. Not a few of the ornamental initial letters are undecipherable save by an expert. Such is the plenitude of border, that one is almost tempted to regret the inclusion of the letterpress. As a "new note" in wall-papers, the Elston decoration would be above reproach. Its application to the printed book is calculated unduly to distress the reader who has not hitherto conceived of Mrs. Browning in connection with a mural pattern scheme. Mr. Conwell's productions are books which one would like to stand upon an easel, to respect and admire at a distance, as one might admire the Kelmscott "Chaucer"—in a case at the British Museum.

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Provided only that with Morris' mediævalism, Mr. Clarke Conwell may happen some day to combine Morris' sense of artistic fitness and sincerity. In any event, I am unable to imagine the person who would care to purchase Mr. Conwell's initial effort with any intention of reading the "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Mr. Clarke Conwell is an excellent example of the fallacy which, consciously or unconsciously, Morris undoubtedly encouraged. There are many bibliomaniacs who suffer from a similar delusion: that no book-lover can be truly happy unless he possesses at least two editions of a favourite author, the one, simple, to be read; the other, fearfully elaborate, to be kept in tissue paper and occasionally exhibited to visitors—after preliminary washing of the hands. It is quite possible to understand even a reader delighting in the ownership of an old book in an old dress; a folio "Montaigne" has a charm which is denied to its reprint in Messrs. Dent's far more convenient Temple Classics. But the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in imitation Gothic! A man must surely be lacking in a sense of humour who does not feel the incongruity.

Philistine, indeed, as we may be, we no longer live in the Dark Ages. The twentieth-century mortal has ceased to chain his volumes to a lectern, albeit it is alleged that in some American public libraries the practice might be profitably revived. Many of us have learnt by experience that "artistic" chairs are not always comfortable to sit upon, however ornamental they may be as furniture. In the same way, "artistic" books are rapidly becoming an object of aversion to those misguided creatures who still buy books for the mere pleasure of reading them, and who are not disposed to view their acquisitions in the light of so many items of æsthetic upholstery. A Kelmscott volume may lend itself admirably to a general scheme of decoration; none the less it is just as much a piece of furniture as is a Morris bedstead or a waste-paper basket from the design of Mr. Walter Crane.

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I am not myself a practical printer, nor can I claim to have ever set up a page of type. It is not without a certain diffidence that I venture to commit myself to an assertion so strongly at variance with the existing theories of "artist-printers" as that the first essential of the printed book is perhaps, after all, not "art" but legibility. With the mediæval craftsman generally, ornament was only incidental. The mania for elaboration, which is so curious a characteristic of present-day mock-mediævalism, has tended to raise ornament out of all proportion to utility.

"Dignify thyself with modesty and simplicity for thy ornaments" is an old-fashioned motto which might be suitably suggested for the use of "artist-printers." On most of the occasions on which Morris employed his three founts of type, it was in conjunction with a mass of bewildering initials, letters "an ell long," buried among foliage. Sometimes a spray of vine leaves would wander by the side of the page. Often it was barely possible to see the wood for the trees. Certainly it is in the best interests of typography that Morris' designs and blocks have been immured for the next century in the British Museum.

I suppose that Mr. Ricketts' Vale Press may be considered the most important undertaking in "artistic" book-work now among us. Like his fellows, Mr. Ricketts prefers to regard a printed book as a mere piece of decorative furniture. He is apparently unable to understand the attitude of a man who values a book for its legibility as much as for its outwardly artistic beauty. This peculiarity of Mr. Ricketts' temperament is the more to be lamented since, in several of his later volumes, it is possible to detect a new endeavour towards simplicity which seems to indicate that some restraining influence has at last been exerting itself to good purpose in the Vale workrooms. The "Shakespeare" especially marks such an improvement in Mr. Ricketts' methods that one is almost inclined to quarrel with his determination to close the Vale Press on its completion. In these volumes, while

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there is, as usual, a quite unnecessary luxuriance of leaves and floral ornament, Mr. Ricketts has been at the pains so to dispose his half-borders that they do not materially interfere with the comfort of the reader, while the excellence of the type and the absence of initial letters combine to render the books very nearly as suitable for use as for display. The affectation displayed in the lettering of the half-title is, I imagine, to adopt Mr. Ricketts' own expression, "no more than a matter of opinion."

One of the grounds upon which I base my criticism of Mr. Ricketts' work relates to his distressing habit of placing in a page of capitals a single word or letter in the lower-case. Any one who owns to an elementary acquaintance with the productions of the Vale Press will find it easy to unearth a number of examples. I fancy that it was in the "Chatterton" that I came across the extraordinary word "SKyNS." The Vale edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," to select another instance, opens with a leaf printed entirely in capitals, after the manner of the Kelmscott books; the single word 'young,' however, figures among its brethren in lower-case letters, owing to considerations of spacing, which Morris certainly would have avoided. The eye, looking at the page, is at once arrested by the incongruity, and unnecessary emphasis is imparted to an unimportant word. In his "Defence of the Revival of Printing," Mr. Ricketts comes forward with an explanation. It is "a trifling eccentricity that no one regrets more than I; it occurs in some ornamental pages where the text is cramped between the border and initial . . . and against this blemish we must set the decorative advantage of a beautiful page of capitals." Unfortunately, it is precisely there that I join issue with Mr. Ricketts. At the best of times, a "beautiful page of capitals" makes hard reading. Framed as a picture one might possibly appreciate it. In a printed book, it is a trifle disconcerting. Mr. Ricketts' ingenuous plea, that his "eccentricities" occur only in some ornamental pages "where the text is cramped between the

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border and initial," is of course in reality no defence at all. Surely if decoration be indeed needful to the printed book, it should be at least subordinate to the exigencies of the text. The border must be arranged to fit the text and not the text the border. It must harmonise with and be subservient to the entire scheme. If a border, however beautiful in itself, cannot be used without cramping the text into fantastic attitudes, why then—I would suggest that the border might be better dispensed with altogether. The "decorative beauty of a page of artistic lettering" is not enhanced by eccentricity of setting. Let me quote "from another place" so eminent an authority as Mr. Ricketts himself! "Use decoration only when it can be urged as an added element of beauty to the book, let it accompany the text and not gobble it up!"

It is always easy to say that these things are trifles and of small importance. Perhaps it is for this very reason that I have dwelt on them. They may be insignificant in themselves. Mass them together, and their effect upon the printed book becomes self-evident.

One of the things which I have never been able to understand in "artistic" book production is the apparent relationship between foliage and printing. It has come to be inevitable that an "artistic" volume should be liberally besprinkled with imitations of a garden product. In some of the works of the Vale Press a small leaf is prefixed to every paragraph; I have counted as many as nine upon a single page. Morris occasionally indulged in the luxury of an entire branch, while there exists an American printer who exhibits a cluster of roses at the head of each new chapter.

Mr. Ricketts owes much of his success to his wonderful skill in designing ornamental borders. I can conceive that it was his desire to produce borders which first suggested the thought of the Vale Press. Not the most carping of critics could withhold his admiration from these unconventional adaptations of foliage and flower. There has been nothing of the kind in our time more exquisite than the border of

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violets in the "Campion," or that of wild hop which decorates the "Constable." I possess a copy of the latter which has been coloured by the hand of some artist, and makes one of the prettiest decorative pictures imaginable. It need not surprise us that Mr. Ricketts looks upon the printing of books mainly as a vehicle for the display of his borders and initial letters.

A study of "artistic" presses, indeed, brings one to the conclusion that the professions of an artist and a printer are not compatible with one another. Bearing in mind that simplicity is of the very essence of legibility, and that a book which is not legible is no book but a piece of decorative furniture only, it becomes necessary for the would-be "artist-printer" to efface his own personality in a way which, under modern art conditions, seems impossible. The beauty of a book is one thing, the beauty of a picture is another, the beauty of a chair or table is another. To treat a book decoratively, as one might treat a chair or panel, is to misunderstand the function of the printed volume. It is the individuality of the artist showing through his work which makes the difference between one decorative object and another. In the printing of books the contrary should be the case. It is imperative that everything should be in absolute subordination to the subject-matter. The artist may be there, but he must not be visible. If any one, it is the author in whom we should be interested, not the artist. The "new theory" of artistic typography yields the chief place to the "decorator" as opposed to the real author. In other words, it is as if, in painting, the frame-maker or the gilder should be accorded pre-eminence over the mere painter, and the picture admired in proportion to the excellence of its decorative setting. In the production of books, the artist should be satisfied to occupy a position of secondary importance. Morris in his Kelmscott Press, Mr. Ricketts in his Vale Press, and their followers almost without exception, make it their first object to centre upon themselves the attention of the reader, to the exclusion

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of the author and his subject-matter. It is Morris and not Keats whom we are called upon to admire in the Kelmscott edition of that poet's writings; it is Mr. Ricketts and not Keats of whom we are to think when we turn over the pages of the Vale edition.

Would we estimate at its real value the work which Morris has accomplished in the domain of book-production, we should do well to set the Kelmscott books altogether on one side. It has, in fact, been reserved for Morris' executors to make the first real application of the typographical principles which he advocated and which his decorative instincts hindered him from following. There is a series of "Lectures by William Morris," which has been for some time in process of publication by Messrs. Longman. One of these volumes, "Art and the Beauty of the Earth," now lies before me. It has been "printed at the Chiswick Press with the 'golden' type designed by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press," and is published on behalf of his executors. The book is completely free from foliage or ornament. It is printed in black, very plainly and simply, on paper similar to that used by Morris. There is no opening page of capitals, no ornamental border, not even an initial letter. The closest scrutiny has failed to reveal the presence of a paragraph-mark. The margins are correct, the spacing between words is properly preserved. The book is unassumingly enclosed in blue-grey boards, with a linen back.

I am far from asserting that there should not be individuality in the printing of books as in every form of art. Only let that individuality be such as is requisite to the proper presentment of the author and no more. Throughout it should be in harmony with the subject-matter, in sufficient harmony, that is to say, to be inseparable from it, in no way forcing itself independently upon the notice of the reader. Decoration, if it be used at all, should be used sparingly and should be unobtrusive. The type should be square and clear, and large enough to be read with comfort. The volume should be

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light, and of a convenient size to hold in the hand. There should be no vestige of eccentricity nor affectation. Once these conditions are conformed to, the individuality of the "builder" may be permitted to come into play. It is merely necessary for him to remember that in the printing of books such individuality must be confined strictly within limits. "La vanité, c'est un sentiment contre lequel tout le monde est impitoyable."

I doubt whether in this respect there exists in England at the present moment any more singular example of artistic perversity than is afforded in the case of Mr. C. R. Ashbee, of the Guild of Handicraft. The object which the Guild sets before it in all its undertakings is "to make things that shall be serviceable and at the same time beautiful, and this only when their production is carried on under healthful and pleasurable conditions." Good handicraft, it is explained, cannot be produced except with "the good will, the fancy, and the content of the handicraftsman," and it is the purpose of the Guild to encourage, wherever possible, that individuality of its members which they in their turn seek to impress upon the work of their hands. I am, I fear, hardly competent to speak as to the "conditions" which may prevail in Mr. Ashbee's workrooms, but I may be pardoned for hoping that the "plate, pottery, table service, jewellery, lustre ware, furniture, and personal adornment" of the Guild of Handicraft display the beneficial results of the "good will, the fancy, and the content of the handicraftsman" in a more marked degree than do the printed volumes which are issued by the Essex House Press under the Guild's direction. Among the numerous books which have been "built" by Mr. Ashbee, it would, I fancy, be difficult to find one which is not distinguished above all rivals by some eccentricity of form or setting. "Historiated bloomers" are the prevailing characteristic of the Essex House edition of the Psalms of David; Erasmus' "Praise of Folly" is diversified with a "cloth cover in motley" and a "set of illustrations, borders, frontispiece and initial";

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Walt Whitman's "Hymn on the Death of Lincoln" is printed throughout on vellum with a new hand-coloured "alphabet of bloomers" and a coloured wood-block frontispiece. Mr. Ashbee's crowning achievement is, however, less his "historiated bloomers" than his extraordinary fount of type. The earlier volumes of the Essex House Press were printed in a type which, if not exactly beautiful, was legible. Since then, Mr. C. R. Ashbee has been at the pains to design a type which is more in harmony with his ideas of book-making. This new fount is sufficiently fantastic to gratify the most fastidious book-lover. It is clear that simplicity offers no attraction to the minds of those who are responsible for the Essex House productions. The irrational swellings and projections which make early printing so difficult to read must be as child's play to such persons as are accustomed to peruse the Psalms of David in Mr. Ashbee's version. There is scarcely a character in Mr. Ashbee's fount which does not exhibit the highest degree of development to which whirls and twirls are likely in our day to attain. The ingenuity displayed in the contraction for "and" or in the formation of the lower-case "g" ought alone to ensure for Mr. Ashbee a typographical position inferior only to that of the more illegible "Gothic" printers of the Middle Ages.

During the last few years much has been written on the subject of the printed book. We have been told *ad nauseam* that the earliest books are as admirable as most of the later ones are bad. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, we live under different conditions from our ancestors, and what was suitable for them is not invariably suitable for us. The progress of civilisation has been slow indeed if, to ensure beauty, we must necessarily re-model our efforts upon those of the Dark Ages. By way of apology for the oddity of his interrogation mark, Mr. Ricketts has pleaded "extenuating circumstances, having detected a form, like the one I use, in Jenson." For my own part, I fail to see what Jenson has to do with it. As a printer, he was possessed of many excellent qualities—

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beauty, clearness, legibility. It by no means follows that his methods, however commendable in his own generation, need be slavishly copied in the twentieth century. The value to us of the early printers lies in certain traditions which have been handed down by them. There is the question of margin: the inner margin the narrowest, the top somewhat wider, the outside wider still, and the bottom widest of all. There is the question of type: that it should have boldness, system, and conformity. There is the question of spacing: that the spacing between words should be as nearly equal as possible. Lastly, there is the question of ornament: that the ornament, whether pattern-work or illustration, must submit to certain limitations, must be as much a part of the page as the type itself, and must be strictly subservient to the entire scheme. These traditions of typography are all that need concern us as our inheritance from the first printers. That they were lost sight of during the last three centuries and are not even yet correctly grasped by a majority of printers is—or should be—the reason of the existing revolution in the art of printing. That this revolution, instead of confining itself to these principles, has wandered off into a circle of over-elaboration is a direct result of the decorative movement which was inaugurated by William Morris and of the mock-mediæval temperament which influenced his labours.

I have selected Mr. Ricketts as the most prominent type of the "artist-printer" now among us. Space alone would prevent me from mentioning his numerous followers and rivals. Of these, by far the most satisfactory is probably the Doves Press of Mr. Cobden Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker. Unlike the majority of their competitors, the projectors of the Doves Press have hitherto wisely eschewed all decoration in their work. Were it not, indeed, for a certain thinness in the type, and the annoying use of an obtrusively black, old-fashioned paragraph-mark, the specimen page of their folio edition of the Authorised Version of the Bible would be deserving of unqualified approval. There is no trace of eccentricity, no

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"historiated bloomers" such as disfigure Mr. Ashbee's volume of the Psalms. The printing is throughout plain and straightforward; even the abbreviated "and"—one of those needless contractions upon which the "artist-printer" delights to lavish all his ingenuity—requires no previous "art training" for its immediate recognition.

The work of Mr. Cobden Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker is the more notable as an endeavour in the true direction of simplicity, since it is capable of such effective contrast with the absurdities of the modern typographical art movement. It is becoming increasingly difficult to enter one of the larger bookselling establishments without being confronted with the perpetrations of some new "artistic" printing press: the Caradoc, the Bedford Park, the Tulip. But it is by no means only among the misguided enthusiasts who are responsible for these undertakings that the new tendency reveals itself. Nearly every day one comes across books in which the text is almost swamped by a gigantic border or which are disfigured by some atrocity in the form of title-page or of initial letter; an example is to be found in many of the volumes which are published by Messrs. Dent and others with "decorations" by such artists as Mr. W. B. Macdougall. Mr. Walter Crane, especially, has won for himself renown as a prime offender in these matters; of him it may be truly said that he touches nothing which he does not adorn. His sumptuous edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," issued some years ago by Mr. George Allen, is a remarkable illustration of how a book should not be decorated. Doubtless it is only natural that "trade commodities" should so take their cue from the productions of the "artist-printers."

This craving for excess of ornament is above all regrettable since many of the "artist-printers" are, in other respects, fully in agreement with the correct principles of book-production. That the effect of their collective efforts has not been more salutary is due mainly to their reluctance to efface themselves. It may be that to ask a modern artist to efface himself is to

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inflict too severe a demand upon his powers, for we live in an age when the artist seems hardly capable of existence without the aid of self-advertisement. But until the artist shall have learnt this lesson of effacement, it were the wisest part of modesty for him to abstain altogether from troubling the condition of the printed book. When I look at a pastel by Mr. Rothenstein, it amuses me to read that artist's personality into his drawing. I have encountered Mr. Walter Crane in a set of fire-irons and have derived pleasure from the meeting. I have caught a glimpse of Ford Madox Brown in a bedroom towel-horse, and of William Morris in a row of hat-pegs. In neither of these cases have I experienced a sense of disappointment. On the other hand, should I be ever tempted to embark on a course of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," I should be distinctly annoyed to find Mr. Clarke Conwell or Mr. Ricketts perpetually bobbing up between the verses. Probably Mr. Clarke Conwell would barely have the temerity to "beautify" Mr. Rothenstein's pastel with the addition of a floriated border. It is surely as unfair to the respected memory of Mrs. Browning that he should be allowed to "ornament" her "finished workmanship" with fanciful devices.

There exists a race of journalists after the school of Mr. Andrew Lang who consider it a bounden duty to "improve" the simplest English classics by means of prefaces and annotations—often of larger dimensions than the text itself. "A bountiful inclusion of ana," to quote from a publisher's announcement now before me, "cannot but impart to the authorised text an undeniable literary quality." In the same way, I suppose, the decorative "ana" of Mr. Ricketts is primarily designed, like the critical "ana" of Mr. Andrew Lang, to impart to the writings of the hapless "English classic" that undeniable artistic and literary quality which alone can prevent their relegation to an upper shelf. Among the "ana" of a new reprint of Stevenson's "Father Damien" in my possession, are to be found comments in verse and prose by Stevensonians, the bibliographical story of the "Open

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Letter," extracts from letters by Stevenson, quotations from Archibald Ballantyne, H. D. Rawnsley, Browning, and Shakespeare, and an "illuminative study" entitled "Stevenson's Literary Apprenticeship." The "Father Damien" itself occupies but an inconspicuous position in the volume. In the modern "decorated" production of the "artist-printer," the importance accorded to the mere text of the author is perhaps no greater. The attention of the printer has been directed to more serious essentials than the legible arrangement of so many pages of what after all is only literature. Instead, we are bidden to admire the "symbolical" frontispiece, the marginal foliage, the printer's mark. Sometimes, as in a recent edition of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," a series of five or six initial letters is held to justify the addition of an essay on "the genius of the artist."

No doubt, as the "decorative movement" progresses, the author will gradually sink still lower. I do not altogether despair of a near future when Mr. Stephen Phillips may be commissioned by some "artist-printer" to compose an epic poem "which should harmonise in treatment with the enclosed historiated bloomers." That we are slowly drifting towards some such millennium is a theory which can be hardly dismissed contemptuously as one outside the bounds of possibility. Already art and the printer have done their best to reduce our books to the level of so many items of æsthetic furniture.

ALBERT LOUIS COTTON.

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A SONG AGAINST SPEED

(APRIL 1903)

VELOCITY—its praises ring
That those who race may read:—
The joyousness of hurrying,
The ecstasies of speed.
Yet flame-like though your progress be,
Some thrills you've yet to gain;
Not dead to all sensations we
Who loiter in the lane.

Of speed the savour and the sting,
None but the weak deride;
But ah, the joy of lingering
About the country side!
The swiftest wheel, the conquering run
We count no privilege
Beside acquiring, in the sun,
The secret of the hedge.

We wait the poet fired to sing
The snail's discreet degrees,
A rhapsody of sauntering,
A gloria of ease;

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Proclaiming theirs the baser part
  Who consciously forswear
The delicate and gentle art
  Of never getting there.

To get there first!—'tis time to ring
  The knell of such an aim;
To be the swiftest!—riches bring
  So easily that fame.
To shine a highway meteor,
  Devourer of the map!—
A vulgar bliss to choose before
  Repose in Nature's lap.

Consider too how small a thing
  The highest speed you gain:
A bee can sport on gauzy wing
  Around the fastest train.
Think of the swallow in the air,
  The salmon in the stream,
And cease to boast the records rare
  Of paraffin and steam.

Most, most of all when comes the Spring—
  Again to lay (as now)
Her hand benign and quickening
  On meadow, hill and bough—
Should speed's enchantment lose its power;
  For "None who would exceed"
(The Mother speaks) "a mile an hour,
  My heart aright can read."

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The turnpike from the car to fling,
  As from a yacht the sea,
Is doubtless as inspiriting
  As aught on land can be;
I grant the glory, the romance,
  But look behind the veil—
Suppose that while the motor pants
  You miss the nightingale!

E. V. Lucas.

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REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

VI.—TACITUS'S "SCRIPTURÆ DE POPULIS CONSOCIATIS AMERICÆ SEPTENTRIONALIS"

THERE are many ways of writing history. There is the artless and chronological method, in which the writer merely states a lot of facts which he has gleaned from other people's writings. Sometimes he proves some of them to be true. His chief desire is to be accurate. And therefore he is never artistic. Then there is the second-intentional method, in which the writer never says all that he means; and always implies more than he says. This method is used chiefly by contemporaneous historians. It was used to perfection by Julius Cæsar. It is an artistic method; and demands the fullest attention of the reader. There is also the poetic method, in which the writer uses his subject as an inspiration to his verse. Here we have quite parted from mere truthfulness. Shakespeare, of course, has made this mode entirely his own. Even Æschylus in his *Persæ* failed to reach Shakespeare's level. A variant of this mode was used by Carlyle in his *French Revolution*, which resembles Shakespearean history in its sumptuous deflections from accuracy. Undoubtedly to Carlyle history was merely a prop on which to display his phrases. But there is yet another way of writing history, the satiric method. Tacitus was the inventor of the method; and

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he has had no successors. He indeed epitomises the styles of all historians. His arrangement apes the simple chronological methods of to-day: his phrases seem to point to the influence of Carlyle: his multitudinous breadth of view is quite Shakespearean; and his motive bears a resemblance to that which inspired the *Bellum Gallicum*. He always writes with a purpose. For instance, he wrote the *Annals*, not to give an account of things which happened at Rome during the early Principate, but to support his theory that government by one man was the wrong thing for Rome. Incidentally he had to abuse Tiberius, or rather to select facts which would lead one to suppose that he was abusing Tiberius. There is no doubt at all but that, in private life, Tacitus and Tiberius were two men who would have got on together splendidly. With regard to his *Scripturæ de Populis Consociatis Americæ Septentrionalis* the case is very different. We possess an idiotically accurate knowledge of the history of North America. Consequently we can read Tacitus's account of the American Democracy with the clear remembrance that he is selecting and arranging his facts to prove his point. If we had only Tacitus to read, we should no doubt have an entirely different notion of the prominent men in America from Washington to Roosevelt.

Just as Tacitus wrote his *Annals* with a purpose, so he wrote his *Scriptures* with a purpose, to prove that modern democracy is a sham because it is socialistic to the core when it ought to be individualistic. He conclusively proves that the apparent "liberty" of the American citizen is a fraud; and that, far from being free, he is tied and bound by the tyrannous chains of the demos-brute and the opulent caucus which tends the brute. It would be a simple matter for a man of Tacitus's ability to turn round and write an anti-Scripture to show that this theory is erroneous, just as it would be easy to point out the overwhelming advantages which the Roman world gained in the first century from autocratic rule.

An analysis of the first five books of the *Scriptures* reveals a curious result. The first book deals with the War of Inde-

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pendence and the career of Washington. The second entreats of the long period from the death of Washington to the election of Lincoln: it is chiefly concerned with the constitutional troubles which led to the Civil War. The third book is entirely taken up with the campaigns of this war. The fourth discusses the negro question, taking us back to early times, through the war, and down to our own day. And the final book is occupied by a masterly review of the industrial decadence of the last thirty years, culminating in the marriage of the Duke of Marlborough, and the accession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Now this is clearly a disproportionate arrangement from a chronological point of view. The second book covers far too long a period. This indicates that Tacitus selected his facts with distinct intention; and was quite indifferent about the accurate completion of his work. Any critic who supposes that some intervening books have been lost is exactly in the same position as one who supposes that we do not possess in their entirety the *Annals* and the *Histories*.

It is evidently impossible here to discuss all the interesting points raised by Tacitus in these *Scriptures*. Only a few can be noted, chiefly those which find a parallel in the *Annals*. Where Tiberius stands as protagonist of the *Annals*, we have Washington in the *Scriptures*. He is the man whom Tacitus blames for the whole subsequent tragedy of the American democracy. It is indeed a lurid picture of veracity. Crowned with that indomitable vice, which blasts the innate originality of human thought, he stands, this rocky claw-fast figure, and rivets millions of mankind to the unified unyielding solidarity of the American Constitution, that hard and antiquated mass of asseverations from which not one single statesman has ever arisen. But it is upon the personal motive that Tacitus harps so ruthlessly with endless insinuations. We might have hoped that Washington sinned in ignorance of the appalling curse which he was laying upon his country: but Tacitus never leaves us with that consolatory savour in our mouths. He adds the *sauce piquante* which tickles our digestion. Washington

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socialised America to prevent the rise of any other man who might overshadow his own prominence. "Qua spe, ut opinor, tantula inductus animos minorum inlustriores servili mediocritati damnavit." This was the motive which led him to condemn to a servile mediocrity the brighter spirits of succeeding ages. Tacitus does not ridicule Washington, though he cannot resist one gibe at his "insulsum capillamentum." The whole work is a solemn arraignment of the American Constitution and its incarnation.

The story of the Civil War in Book III. is told with that graphic and succinct potentiality which the campaigns of Germanicus have made familiar to the readers of the *Annals*. There is little to note here, beyond the unerring instinct with which the author has picked out the more picturesque episodes, and which has made this the only readable account of what undoubtedly was a most decorative war. A couple of paragraphs are dedicated to the doings of Walt Whitman in the hospitals; and to his subsequent treatment as a Government official, his poetry, and his demise. The phraseology here recalls that which Tacitus used in the corresponding account of Petronius Arbiter in the *Annals*. It is not a little curious that Tacitus should thus have hinted at the parallel between the two men.

On the negro question Tacitus professes to give us facts only; but the profession is a little thin. Of course he only gives us his own theory. It is not a pleasant one. But it is the logical conclusion from a belief in the superiority of the white man. A pre-Christian moralist is able to view these problems in a light very different from that which is granted to us as heirs of the Ages of Faith.

But it is the last book which is of the most absorbing interest to those of us who have not yet visited America. In it Tacitus mercilessly dissects, by the scalpel of implication, the character of the modern American. He does not vituperate the people. He shows that their awful plight is only the final outcome of the policy of Washington which cut them

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off from the blessings now enjoyed by loyal Canada. He discusses with scientific care that crude and almost barbarous retrogression, which makes it so hard for us to realise that these strange people are—as they really and truly are—descendants of the men of the Middle Ages, of the men from whom we ourselves are descended. Their extraordinary uniformity of appearance and manner, their unnatural yearnings after pick-me-ups and the wrong ideals, their senseless velocity which makes them seem like poor trapped creatures rushing madly "around" to escape their inevitable and half-realised doom, their suicidal attempts at salvation by Trusts or by marriage—these are the reasons why Tacitus has branded Washington to the infamy of all who read the *Scriptures*. It is like the final act of a great tragedy, this fifth book; and the curtain artistically falls just before the climax.

But . . . oh yes, certainly, Tacitus must be read with great caution by those who desire accuracy.

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VII.—WALT WHITMAN'S "GRANDEE SPAIN SUCCUMBING"

CERTAINLY Walt Whitman is the triumphant fact which justifies the enterprise of Christopher Columbus. We could have done without the Emersons and Longfellows and Francis Halseys and Vincent O'Sullivans and Hamlin Garlands and Henry Harlands and Archibald Clavering Gunters; for these may be met on the street any day. But it would be sad to be without our Whitman; and Columbus contributed to his evolution.

Leaves of Grass is magnificently informate. If it has some traces of a beginning, it undoubtedly has no real ending; and, now that we have this new Annexe, there seems to be no reason why it ever should end at all. *Grandee Spain Succumbing* consists of eleven songs; and takes its title from the first three words of the first song. The astounding shape of the book, 24 by 5 by $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, reminds us of nothing so much as a sheaf of kakemonos. This form has the advantage of displaying a complete poem on a single sheet, enabling the devout Whitmaniac to have his favourite verses hanging over his mirror while he combs his hair. It has, of course, its disadvantages: but this is not the place for categories of the obvious; and we content ourselves by commending this new departure in book-making to the notice of the American Society of Book-Builders. Of course the songs are intensely patriotic. In the lines where Whitman has permitted himself to be patriotic, he is hardly at his best. We think it kinder not to pay any attention to them. When people wish to scream, they always ought to perform the unpleasant operation in remote wildernesses, or on solitary icebergs: never in public, and certainly never in print. Everybody is bound to scream

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at least once in his life. But nice men screaming are most nasty. Discretion demands that we should take no notice of casual lapses from urbanity on the part of those whom we admire. The fact is that Whitman was under the impression that he embodied the States. The pitiful thing is that he did nothing of the kind. He never embodied the States: he was quite incapable of such a thing. He thought much more highly of the States than a discriminating judgment will permit. That was merely his "maggot." He had a most just and laudable appreciation of his own excellence: but he never realised that he was not nurtured on the catch-words of the Yallerbook, or that he was in fact right away ahead of his environment. We cannot agree with him in desiring the Americanisation of the Universe (which would be too hateful and ugly for anything), yet that is the implied desire of all his patriotic songs: but, down at the root, perhaps the cause for this inability to agree vanishes. The Whitmanisation of the Universe is not so far from that ideal which some of us are seeking. Whitman is a man to be loved, as Nature is loved, not for the sake of geysers and volcanoes and other crudities, but for the sake of sympathy. It is an ideal and blessed thing to be in a state of nature, despite the absurdity of the creature who first remarked the fact.

We do not propose, therefore, to touch upon the patriotic qualities of this work. There are many qualities more rare, because more near and circumscribed and yet more far and boundless. *Leaves of Grass*, for example, totes us further from books than any other book. It totes us away right here to a Place Desirable, where there is one Man—is it Whitman or the reader?—and the Cosmos: nothing else, of course, nothing else: not even a Trust or a telephone: but also nothing less. In that Place, sympathy is born, right away from individual men and things. And, when the one Man has dropped down to that Place Desirable, has done his thyrsus-bearer act, and is come back a full-blown mystic, he brings with him that cosmic sympathy which is the father and mother of all other

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sympathies, and of all true love. The world would be a real natty place wherein to dwell, if we all were Whitmanised. This will appear ridiculously untrue to those who have never visited that Place Desirable. They don't know what it is to feel real good.

It is unfortunate for the friendly reviewer that the very first song, which he has to criticise here, should deal with such a banal subject as the Hispano-American War. Whitman is entirely American. He practically ignores the Spanish point of view. Yet, of course, there are many things to be said on both sides. That is why it is desirable to think as keenly and as clearly as possible, of what Americanism really meant to Whitman, in order that we may become capable of appreciating his work at its true value. Whitman is inflamed by no desire of aggrandising the American nation and her Emperor Theodore right now, nor is he inspired by any ideal of a strenuous life of hostility to Spain. He is merely declaring his belief that the new state of things will enable a lot of people to lead a life which is just so, a life more like his own, a human life in communion with Nature inspiring exquisite thought such as :—

> Not but what poignancy stimulates
> If it connotes recollection, of loves that are withered,
> Connected with rocks and with seas now before me.
> And they are such seas!
> Not cheap and chippyish choppyish channelish
> Purry-purr pussy-puss south-wasty ripples:
> But real oceanicalised undulations, and breakers a league long
> Which push on the land like large lovers, or oily and curly Assyrian
> bullocks.
> Say, boss, don't these unbreezy *συμστα*
> Fill you with thoughts animistical?
> Oh I just guess that they come up alive
> Right out of the sunset to congratulate me.
> Now what do you think of it?

Four of the songs are twenty-two inches (minion) long, and treat of certain social and political aspects of the War.

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War and Politics being what they are, merely matters of business and quite unprofessional, we prefer to leave them alone. Whitman on purely personal and social topics is far more edifying. What can be more graphic than his treatment of that mood which we all know so well, the mood in which we feel that, unless we can get away for a change of some sort, the show will burst :—

> Oh I am glutted with sundry domestic insanities:
> I am replete with the turbulent chorus of sour-voiced women,
> Unmusical, catchy, chic, gowned like Her Queenship of Sheba,
> Just when I want to have confabulations
> With hispid and heavy-fringed brown men,
> To drop down to the dry-goods-stores,
> Bars, and theaters, and hotels,
> Specially hotels, hotels huge, flashy, and reckless,
> Where I need not to be speaking to saleladies
> Travelers, magazinists, and stenographers.

Four other songs describe incidents of the actual fighting. The poet has not chosen the most important and best known engagements; but four heroic deeds, which as yet have not been advertised, nor their doers multitudinously kissed. Of these he furnishes pictures firmly and finely drawn, of the kind with which he has already made us familiar in his descriptions of events in the War of Secession.

The three remaining songs are concerned with ambulance work and scenes in the hospitals. Here indeed the poet sings from a full heart. The ninth song, called "The Letter," is pretended as having been found on the heart of a private soldier, a mysterious personality, who seems to have been a square peg in a round hole, who, by the hasty error of his own favourite comrade, had fallen mortally wounded in the very moment of victory. After $3\frac{2}{3}$ inches (minion) of prologue, we get to the letter itself. It is wonderfully human. It makes us want to know, not only the writer but the friend to whom he writes. Their characteristics are so evident and so distinct, so rude, so genial, so germane in the Ciceronian sense of the term. Let these excerpts make our contention clear :—

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We are queer friends, you and I, I opine. Are we not?
And what a pity it is that we met one another.
I judge we ought to have written, not spoken.
Oh from the first I'd a feeling 'twas better thus:
But I for ever rejoice that I gave you the opening.
Better you had not got up such an interest.
Therefore I think we'll be happier toward one another
Let's say in a year's time.
It's your misfortune that I am your junior.
That's at the root of this as of all big affairs.
I am a child, on his pinafore dribbling, compared with you all ways.
Te auctore I ought to be naught but the slave of you.
Well I am not.
Certainly I'm not your equal in any way.
Learn to despise and dislike me a little, please:
But not too much: for, if I believed that you did so,
I guess that I'd woo you with tears and with sweet suaviation.
Now let us mutate the topic,
And talk about dancing the german,
Or a surtout that fits to a contour.
But what have you got in your gripsack?
Religion? No. There we shall disagree.
Say, but your faith seems to me to be only the thing unexpected.
Shows that I don't know you yet? You're a gum-drop!
Well then, I'm quite of your mind about house-cats.
Mine was a house-cat before he belonged to me:
But he's so dear, so inodorous.
Oh you 'ld just bathe in him:
Really his beauty would render that quite unavoidable.
But in principio you're right: they should be as they were.
All the same, gentlemen often are noisomely notable,
Nor are the ladies just what they ought to be.
By the way, don't you just love being out on a rainy day?
Yesterday evening was most interesting,
For there were spring-tides and high ones,
And they came wandering up the Ma
In the wet moonlight.
We boddled down and up in floody meadowlets,
Tracking and tracing and meting
And seeking the highest point
Reached by the pulse of the swelling sea;
And oh so happy we were when we found it out.

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Say, do you take an intelligent interest?
I always get quite excited on tides;
And try to cognosce them.

All sorts and conditions of men fought for freedom under the Stripes of the Star-spangled Banner; and the tenth song describes the delirium of a poet in the camp-hospital outside Santiago. As a piece of literary art it is one of the finest delineations of the poetic temperament released from all control, of the eye in a fine phrenzy rolling, of unmitigated raving, which we can call to mind since Henley's assault on the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, except perhaps a few belated passages in Hall Caine's *Eternal City*. We give the peroration :—

I want to have eyes altogether interminable;
And of course I want new ones
Say three times a day before meals and in water,
And also the prudence that tallies with my immortality.
Like a star without mast
I am driven in face of a gale that is teeming with various fantasies.
Nothing I see save a cow which is kerry and mottled and so forth;
And sprinting along on her back is the linea alba,
(Marvellous cow,) while her horns widely flare
Here and there: a good sign.
Would that she were no cow but a wild steer
All tossy on high with the rage of her eyes *περιφανῶς*.
Then I would go out all fearless,
And chafe up and down till I tamed her
And made her obey my strong will. See you?
Then some wild trumpeter surely would vibrate capriciously
Tunes in the sunlight;
And I most alertly would catch the notes shuddering
Like unto tempests, and surging around
Chaotically 'mid dust clouds and thunder rolls
Black-a-vised cannoneers,
Rapine, and murder, and brigands,
Just like a blooming big brown buzzing beautiful blue-bottle
blunder-bug.
O fearsome music-song. Cheers and loud laughter.

The eleventh song is most touching. We can compare it

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only with the *Vigil Strange*, one of the most exquisite threnodies in existence, barring, of course, Politian's *Monody for Lorenzo de' Medici*, and that of Meleager *For Charixenos*. Death becomes a Thing Desirable when it can inspire such verses as these.

To analyse the beauty of these poems, to find the method of Whitman's workmanship, to see how the thing is done, is extremely difficult. Perhaps he wrote by instinct, and himself could give us no insight into his artifice. It is impossible to move a word in these apparently random lines without mutilating the whole. That is where the wonder of Whitman's style lies; it is evanescent, subtile, beyond imitation, but its vim is indubitable. It is no mere metrical trick. Any one can reproduce his "notevole tendenza dattilica." But who can write a Whitmaniac song which will bear comparison with the least of Whitman's? We may make the attempt. It looks easy. But we fail to produce more than caricature. Well, the secret lies here. We must liken our lives to his. After all, that is what he is always advising us to do; and his advice is as good as we deserve.

by Google

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

IX

THE following morning, about an hour or so after breakfast, Lady Snowdon and Mrs. Vernon, escorted by Mr. Hancock, were mounting a garden path in search of a certain summer-house, where their host had arranged to meet them in secret conclave; and, after many unacknowledged errors, Mr. Hancock succeeded in finding it. Mrs. Vernon had brought with her a sheaf of unanswered letters. Lady Snowdon had brought her knitting—a kind of work which she cultivated as a means of rebuking idleness rather than as a practice of industry.

After some delay, voices were heard approaching, and Glanville made his appearance, accompanied by Lord Restormel. "I was kept," he said, "by Sir Roderick. I'll tell you about that afterwards. Now let us open our proceedings. See; I have brought a note-book."

"Business-like man!" said Lady Snowdon. "But where is your friend, Mr. Seaton? And where, I ask, is Mr. Brompton —that luminary of the new religion? He's rather a dark horse, as our friend Sir Roderick would say."

"Never fear," said Glanville, "he'll make his running presently. He's only waiting till the Bishop is off the premises. When the Bishop is present, he's shy of his new religion, just as a little girl is shy of a new frock. As a matter of fact, my

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friend Seaton and he have struck up an experimental friendship, and have gone off for a walk together."

"And Mr. Seaton," said Lady Snowdon, "tell us about him. I like his looks; and I'm quite sure, from his hair, that he holds opinions of some very superior kind."

"He, too," said Glanville, "has a frock of his own; but his is an old one, which was worn by his great-grandfather. I was trying yesterday to show him it was worn out. Seaton imagines that he knows, and that no one else can doubt, the very thing in which all the doubt of the modern world centres. He imagines himself certain that his mind was made before all worlds—a sort of self-evolved ant-hill of things which he calls ideas; and that the universe is a projection of what goes on in the ant-hill, rather than that the ant-hill is a reflection of what goes on in the universe."

"Now that," said Lady Snowdon, "is just one of those statements which an ordinary woman does not quite understand. Can't somebody put such things in ordinary simple language for us? It seems to me that philosophy can't be worth much if it doesn't end in something which plain common sense can grasp."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Hancock gaily, whose own philosophy was of the shrewd rather than of the profound order.

"I agree with you," said Glanville. "Dick Jeffries is not a student of Darwin; but he knows, as he put it last night, with an eloquence beyond the reach of science, that he and his horse are all in the same box."

"And now," said Lord Restormel, "the question is, How are we to open our Parliament? Rupert must begin by giving us a King's speech."

"May I," said Mr. Hancock, "submit to him a list of subjects? One question," he continued, as he took paper and pencil, "would be this. It would perhaps be the first. Whereas, till so lately as fifty years ago, nine-tenths of the civilised world accepted Christianity as indubitable, and never even took the trouble to call its fundamentals in question, why are we to-day not Christians at all?"

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"Surely," said Mrs. Vernon, "that's a little too sweeping."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock obligingly, "suppose we put it in this way: Why are we not Christians in the sense in which our fathers and mothers were?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vernon, "we can few of us object to that."

"No doubt," said Lady Snowdon, "all this will be a most excellent spiritual exercise: but I think that most people, though they mix the two things together, are less preoccupied with the value of the Christian version of religion than they are with the question of what truth there is in any religion of any kind."

"Yes," said Lord Restormel; "but Mr. Hancock is right. We should take these questions in what I may call their pictorial order, beginning with those which are in the foreground of our own experiences. Very soon we shall be like sea-going boats, which pass from the little squalls that disturb the harbour of orthodoxy, and find ourselves alone with the vastness of the seas and stars."

"True," said Mr. Hancock prosaically, who had meanwhile been scribbling notes. "And here I think, are the farther questions that will await us. Number two," he went on, reading from what he had written, "What reason have we, apart from any assumed revelation, for believing that a Deity exists who is capable of having communication with us? Can we infer such a Being, from the existence and constitution of the Universe? We shall have," said Mr. Hancock parenthetically, "to worry that question well."

"With regard to that," said Glanville, "my friend Seaton will help us."

"Now," resumed Mr. Hancock, "for Question three. This will deal, not with the universe as a whole, but with life as an exceptional part of it. How do these little pools or puddles, which we call conscious minds, appear on the rocks of the lifeless, and reflect the whole universe in a slop-basin? Do the rocks distil them, or have they dropped from

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the sky? And now comes Question four. This will deal not with life as a whole, but with human life in particular, as related to and contrasted with other life. Does the human mind differ from that of a monkey more than the mind of a monkey differs from that of a mollusc? Then, from Question four we come to Question five, which is this: If the human mind is really in any respect essentially different from that of the other animals—if we have any responsibilities and destinies which we don't share with fleas or water-wagtails—there is something in us which does not belong to the cosmos—a free power, as Sir Roderick Harborough would tell us—which alters the movements of matter, but which does not obey its laws. We have, in fact, what religion means by a soul. Have we any grounds in reason for supposing ourselves really possessed of this detachable principle—this foreign lodger who takes furnished apartments in our brain, and then mysteriously decamps, without leaving any address? Does the evidence show that we have? Does it even do so much as fail to show that we have not? Personally I'm an Agnostic; but the discussion is always interesting. If we have not, of course there's an end of religion—and also, I suppose, of our inquiry."

"You're wrong there, my dear fellow," said Lord Restormel. "For practical purposes, we've only come to the beginning. If we fail to see that religion has any rational basis, the question still remains for us, what shall we do without it?"

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon gravely, "that's the practical question. Put that down, Mr. Hancock.—Well, Mr. Glanville, what do you think of the Syllabus?"

"We may have to alter it," said Glanville, "in some few particulars; but it will do. To me it shows one thing, at all events—that, when we begin to think about these matters, the thoughts of all of us flow into the same mould: and so we'll begin our conference at the very first opportunity. Keep the notes, Hancock, and we'll put them in order by-and-by. But meanwhile, as I said, I've got something to tell you. Sir Roderick has had a telegram from Ballyfergus—the little

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watering-place where his yacht is lying—saying that one of his ladies, with whom he has had a quarrel, has appeared at the hotel and threatened to board his yacht, and probably to ensconce herself in the cabin which he has set apart for the Bishop. Roderick knows how to manage her. He'll put her to flight somehow; and he's just started in my steam-launch to do so. But he won't be able to get off—he's afraid—till to-morrow evening, when he means that the yacht shall come here, to pick up him and his party. So we shall have the Bishop to-night, and for some part of Sunday also. I ought, I suppose, to ask him if he'd like to preach, or would rather sit still, and merely listen to the mind of the Church. Meanwhile we may give our own minds a rest; and as Roderick has got the launch, we will go in the afternoon for a drive."

"Mr. Glanville," said Mrs. Vernon, "I've just had a letter from a niece of mine. She's been having a rest-cure, and is completing it at Ballyfergus. I wonder if you'd allow me to ask her here for a day or two."

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THE expedition suggested by Glanville took place, and was most successful. When the party returned home, Sir Roderick was strutting on the terrace in a coat of so striking a check that a giant might have played at chess on it. Glanville at once went to speak to him. He was smoking a large cigar, and the peculiarly rakish angle at which he held this in his teeth, showed that his own expedition had been crowned with success also. The upshot of it was, as Glanville presently learned, that the lady, who was known amongst her intimates by the solitary name of Maude, had been rendered amenable by a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. She was, indeed, at that moment on her way back to England, telling her heart contentedly, in her own delicate language, "The old boy was a good sort, after all." Presently the Bishop

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joined them, and betrayed his imperfect acquaintance with the matter of Sir Roderick's difficulties by asking him "if he had managed to get his propeller mended."

"Yes," said Sir Roderick, with a momentary glance at Glanville. "My own launch was here to-night, and we can be off the first thing in the morning. They tell me at Ballyfergus they are hoping you'll be able to preach there." And to escape further questionings he retired into the house.

"I was going," said Glanville, when he and the Bishop were alone together, "to have asked you to preach here, in case you could have stayed over Sunday. Two clergymen are coming to take the services, and I heard from Canon Morgan this morning that he proposes to bring a third. Any one of these would be pleased to surrender his pulpit to yourself."

"I fear," said the Bishop, "I must keep my engagement at Ballyfergus. And yet, Glanville, now that you've suggested it, I confess I should have been glad of the opportunity of saying a few plain words about those great questions which last night were discussed so lightly."

"Wait," exclaimed Glanville. "What do you think of this plan? Will you read prayers to-night in the dining-room, and say a few words to us afterwards? Many of our party—Lady Snowdon, for instance—would be much interested in hearing you."

"I should not," said the Bishop, to whom the proposal was more and more commending itself, "keep them above a quarter of an hour. And I think it would be better, perhaps, if the address could be kept to ourselves—I mean if, after prayers, the servants were to leave the room. It would be a pity if their faith were scandalised by anything I might have to say. To defend a certainty is sometimes to suggest a doubt."

Glanville undertook to arrange that the primitive faith of his establishment should not be shaken by being shown the pillars on which it rested; and when the time arrived, he was able to assure the Bishop that the whole party, not excepting Sir Roderick, though his orthodoxy was so robust that it did

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not need to be fortified, were not only willing, but anxious to hear him speak.

By half-past ten the dining-room had been got ready for the occasion; and if any one had entered it with any inclination to laugh, this was at once checked when the Bishop began his office. He read the prayers with a simplicity so severe and yet so touching that a tear stood in the corner of one of Sir Roderick's eyes; and Captain Jeffries, at their conclusion, surprised both himself and his neighbours by muttering to the cushion of his chair, "He's a good chap that—whatever he is or thinks."

Then the old butler, who was aware of his master's wishes, marched out his regiment—a not wholly unwilling one—almost before the echoes of the last petition had subsided, leaving the rest of the congregation expectant, with the Bishop on his feet, facing them.

"As I am," he began, "not going to preach you a sermon, but merely to talk to you on certain serious subjects, at rather greater length than ordinary conversation would permit of, I may dispense with the formality of a text. What has made me wish to speak to you, and, I think, made you willing to listen to me, was the conversation that sprang up in this very room last night, about that tremendous subject, freedom and moral responsibility. Now I confess that though the tone of some of your observations pained me, yet the interest which the subject excited appealed to me very deeply, because it showed how, when two or three are gathered together, even for ordinary social intercourse, God, or thoughts of God are there inevitably in the midst of them: for to think of freedom is implicitly to think of God, and to deny freedom is to deny Him—to deny Him in the only sense in which he can be an object of religion for us.

"Such being the case, it seemed to me—I must say it fearlessly—that the very principle of all religion was lightly questioned by some of you—that religion was assumed to be a thing of the ignorant past which modern science has put an

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end to—like an alchemy of the soul that has given place to a chemistry—like an astrology that has given place to an astronomy. It, therefore, seemed to me also, that, since the present opportunity has offered itself, I ought not, as a representative of this Church, to go from this hospitable house leaving behind me the impression that the Church is afraid to meet any and every criticism, and has not a triumphant answer for the sophistries of modern science.

"To-day," the Bishop continued, "these sophistical ideas are, as we say, in the air; and I admit that those who doubt religion to-day have a certain excuse which was wanting in previous ages. But," said the Bishop, rapping the table sharply, "it is an excuse only. It is not a justification. For these ideas, which call themselves scientific, are shallow ideas, they are false ideas. They are ideas which are contradicted by true science itself. Scientific denials of religion only seem plausible for a moment, because those who urge them deliberately exclude from their purview the fundamental scientific facts by which the reality of religion is attested. To these fundamental facts I referred in conversation last night. I will now put them before you in a more orderly way; and every one of them—mark you—is admitted, and, indeed, explicitly affirmed not by the professors of religion only, but by men of science themselves—by the most illustrious of those that oppose religion.

"These facts are three in number. Firstly, the universe consisting, as we know, of lifeless things and of living, and the lifeless universe being made up of matter and energy, between the dead matter and the energy which moves and directs it the gulf is infinite and impassable. Secondly, between the lifeless universe and the very beginnings of organic life, the gulf is infinite and impassable. Thirdly, between the organic life, however highly evolved, and the human soul, which is essentially not an organism, the gulf is infinite and impassable. Physics teaches us the first of these facts. Biology teaches the second. Scientific psychology absolutely demonstrates the third. And now, to these three admitted facts of science, let

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me add two axioms common to all philosophers. Like can only come from like. The greater cannot come out of the less. Let us apply these. Man who is a conscious being cannot have arisen out of the unconscious. Man who is a purposive being cannot have arisen out of the purposeless. Man whose will is free cannot have arisen out of the conditioned. Man with his ethical conscience cannot have arisen out of the non-ethical. Thus the mere existence of this moving and orderly universe is a proof that there is a mind which moves it; and the mere existence of man proves this mind to be an ethical God—freedom and conscience, as it were, being the very signatures of God in man, marking man's independence of this lower universe of matter, which is all that science can study, and which it fancies, forsooth, to be the whole.

"Science in the partial unscientific sense of the word—the sense in which these great facts are excluded from it—resembles a stained-glass window seen against a moonless night. It shows us nothing but confused lines and reflections from uneven surfaces; but let these great facts, like daylight, shine behind it, and then at once, in the beautiful words of Tennyson, we see 'the prophets blazoned on the panes'; and the supreme miracle of the Universe being consummated on the hill of Calvary.

"But," said the Bishop after a pause, "in these last words, I anticipate. The basic facts of science, to which I have just alluded, show us that God is, and that the soul is; and the soul, being what it is, naturally cries to God. The answer to that cry is Revelation. This is the point which I am now going to impress on you. Since God loves infinitely every separate human soul, common sense tells us that He could not leave it desolate, stretching its arms in vain to Him. He must—with reverence be it spoken—have made some direct response to it. The nature of that response is recounted for us first in the Bible, and secondly in the growing life of the Church from the earliest days to these. Ah, but, some of you will say, the Bible is now exploded. Science proves it to be

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untrue; and, if untrue, it cannot be inspired. Shallow argument! But it brings me to what I am going to urge on you. The utmost science and scholarship have done in the modern world is not to prove that the Bible is less true or inspired than we thought it was, but to show us that we must get at its truth in a new and a larger way. Thus Genesis, no doubt, except in one or two verses which bear some rough resemblance to the modern doctrine of evolution, and were therefore undoubtedly written by the very finger of the Holy Spirit itself, is merely a divine allegory; but the reality of the Fall which that divine allegory represents to us is attested everywhere to-day by the universal sense of sin; whilst the reality of the facts—not allegories—recorded in the New Testament, is similarly attested by our universal need of redemption. Man, ever since the Fall, at whatever date that mysterious catastrophe took place, has cried to God for redemption—to be once more made at one with Him: and we know—we not only think but know—that the age-long secret of redemption was at last revealed to us in the person of the Divine Master, who is God once more walking with us as erstwhile he walked with Adam. Speaking after the manner of men," continued the Bishop with deep pathos, "if I may quote from a sermon preached by Archdeacon Wilberforce, 'it must have cost God much to keep this secret down the ages; and to suffer men'—infinite numbers of them for all those untold millenniums—'to think so erringly about himself'—to die in their misery, not knowing, or else reviling Him. 'But,' so the Archdeacon continued—I remember the words well—words which do honour to the philosophy of the Church of England—which echoed through the arches of our splendid national Abbey—'the great purpose was in God's heart all the while'—the purpose to reveal the essential secret one day—'a purpose which he kept hidden from the very foundation of the world.' What a simple, but perfect, answer to all rationalistic cavilling. And then," the Bishop continued, "when it *was* revealed, man's heart at once recognised it—partly by the signs and wonders which the so-

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called higher criticism, having once denied them, now admits to be incontestable; and partly, and still more, by the nature of the secret itself. What does it matter by which, or in what decade, the Gospel narratives were written, or what local conditions may have affected the writers' styles? The general content of the Gospels is itself an attestation of their veracity. But," said the Bishop, slightly changing his attitude, "I will not leave the question there. I have spoken of the new way in which we are learning to study the Bible—the Old Testament and the New alike. Let me explain more precisely what I mean; for I will leave no difficulties unanswered. God has taught us, through science and scientific scholarship—which are also his revelation—that a literal interpretation of many parts of the Bible would grievously dishonour him, and convict him not only of false history and false science, but of false morality also. We are learning, therefore, that the Bible consists of various elements; and that though it remains as a whole, if I may say so, God's great Epic of Redemption, it is yet so richly composite that it contains matter which is purely legendary, matter which is truly or else approximately historical; matter which is gross and immoral, and which has been included in the sacred volume, by a typical Divine economy, in order to bring into prominence the essential divinity of the rest; matter which, in its general tenour, is intrinsically and sublimely edifying; and, lastly, matter which is, in the strictest sense, inspired, and must be interpreted by an exegesis of the very words and syllables of the original. As an example of how differently these different elements must be treated, I will merely mention that whilst we see which book —namely Genesis—with the exception of a few verses, it would be impossible, as I have said already, to put any literal interpretation at all, there is in the New Testament a single momentous word, on whose strict philological meaning one of the dearest hopes and confidences of the Christian Church rests. This is the word 'æonian' as applied to the pains of Hell. Till a few years ago 'æonian' was interpreted as

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'eternal' or 'everlasting'; but we now know by the light of modern spiritual criticism, that it means merely 'for very considerable time'; or perhaps merely 'for a time that will seem considerable to the sufferer.'

"I might multiply instances," continued the Bishop, "but this one is sufficient to show my meaning, and to carry me to the last point I will touch upon. It will be asked—it is sure to be asked—since the Bible is a book so composite, by what human power its various elements are to be separated, so that we may know how to distinguish words and sentences that are to be taken literally from whole books whose literal meaning we may disregard with the utmost freedom? And to this I answer, by no human means at all, but by the growing Christian consciousness, or, in other words, by the Mind of the Church. And now let me explain what the Mind of the Church is. Christianity, let us remember, resembles a grain of mustard-seed, not only in the sense that its adherents are to increase numerically, till they include, as they are rapidly doing, the inhabitants of all heathen countries; but also in the sense that, as the centuries flow on, it is to grow ever clearer and ampler in each Christian soul; so that the Christian's knowledge of God, in this world-wide course of education, may become more perfect and intimate. Hence the Church knows to-day, what it hardly knew even fifteen years ago, that an eternal Hell would be inconsistent with God's goodness; and it recognises, in the light of this knowledge, the diamond-glint of an inspired adjective, which proves that God in his Gospel had already revealed this fact to us. And," said the Bishop, his voice rising somewhat, "if you ask how we are to distinguish what the Mind of the Church tells us, since the Churches appear to differ, I answer that those doctrines are ratified by the Mind of the Church, with regard to which all the provinces of Christ's kingdom agree—not each province separately—the Roman, the Greek, the North German, and the English—but all. At present, no doubt, this healing, this illuminating truth, is consciously apprehended within the English Church only; but

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in God's own time it will spread. God never hurries. He has all eternity before him in which to accomplish his plans; and it is surely no more wonderful that the English Church, for the moment, should be the sole possessor and guardian of the entire Christian truth, than that a small, ungrateful, rebellious tribe like the Jews, should for ages have been the sole recipients of God's gift of revelation. And, meanwhile, let us be grateful for the mercies we ourselves enjoy, knowing that wherever else the Mind of the Church may be, it at least speaks to us there. To belong to the English Church is to know that Mind and to feel it—to see, in fact, that it is a living, working reality, just as to read the Gospels is to know that they are historically true. I have no hesitation," exclaimed the Bishop, "in saying that if St. Paul and St. Peter could visit England to-day, their spiritual insight would at once enable them to discern, in all essentials, the one mind, the one spirit, the one Gospel, which they preached themselves, changed only in having grown from childhood to maturity. They would find also, that though we now live in that 'blaze of light,' as Canon Wilberforce calls it, which science has shed upon us—though we thus look out on immensities, eternities, and a vast lower world of uniformities, of which the Apostles had no conception, that we can face the knowledge of our own time as fearlessly as they faced the knowledge of theirs; and that when we speak of what science has discovered, and what science really means, we speak of that which we know, and prophesy of that which we understand. I hope there are none here whose minds, with the divine assistance, these few words of mine may not be the means of quieting."

XI

By seven o'clock next morning the Bishop had started for Ballyfergus, accompanied by Sir Roderick Harborough, who discussed, on the way, fishing, cricket and golf with him, in a tone which showed how successfully he could adapt his manners

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to his company, and which really expressed, in this case, a veneration for his companion's office. Sir Roderick's thoughts were very often unutterable; few of them, if uttered, would have been very much to his credit; but his mood was never profane. In spite of Maude, and of Maude's two rivals, he devoutly meant to make his peace with God ere he died. He was to return with his yacht in the evening to fetch the rest of his party, when the tide would permit of the vessel coming close to the shore.

The launch, as had been arranged, came back with two of the expected clergymen—that is to say, Mr. Maxwell and Canon Morgan; while the third, who was specially anxious to officiate at some evening service, preferred to come on foot like a pilgrim, over eighteen miles of mountain. The prospect of three services, when it was first disclosed at breakfast, was not welcomed with a quite universal enthusiasm; but one of the party, when the pilgrim's name was mentioned, exhibited a pleasure at once so devout and vivacious, and described him as possessing both a character and a mind so marvellous, that the terrors of his advent were gradually converted into curiosity. The enthusiast who effected this change was none other than Mrs. Jeffries. "I would not," she said, "have missed him for anything—not for all the Sir Rodericks and all the yachts in the world. You must hear him," she went on, speaking to Lord Restormel, who was near her. "You will come—won't you," she continued, "to please me?"

"Next to the privilege of kneeling *to* you," said Lord Restormel gallantly, "is that of kneeling beside you."

Further conversation, however, about the claims of Mrs. Jeffries' hero was checked by the entrance of Mr. Maxwell and Canon Morgan, the former of whom was to take the morning service, whilst the latter explained, not without many apologies, that he would himself be precluded from being present at this, as he had to complete his notes for his promised discourse in the afternoon.

The attention of the congregation during the course of

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morning prayer was perhaps somewhat disturbed by the aspect of the place of worship, which was certainly far from being up to Mrs. Jeffries' habitual standards. The architecture was Italian; but it certainly failed to convey any suggestions of the errors or truths of Romanism. The family pew, resembling an enormous tribune, faced a chancel which might have been an alcove in a dining-room, if it had not been for an altar furnished with some velvet cushions; whilst the body of the building differed from a neglected concert-hall mainly by reason of a huge pulpit and reading-desk, and a font inscribed with testimonials to the taste of the episcopal builder.

To this structure, in Mrs. Jeffries' opinion, the aspect and demeanour of Mr. Maxwell were very much too suitable. A black stole and a surplice alone proclaimed him a priest. The elegiac sing-song of his voice was a poor substitute for intoning. She even feared that he might, though he did not, ascend the pulpit in a gown. But the preacher, once in his place, found the family pew attentive—the more so as it was known that Glanville had privately suggested to him the propriety of addressing himself especially to intelligent and educated listeners, and that to this Mr. Maxwell had very gladly assented.

"In the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings," Mr. Maxwell began, "and in the fifteenth and sixteenth verses, it is thus written: 'And Hezekiah gave him all the silver that was found in the house of the Lord. At that time did Hezekiah cut off the gold from the doors of the temple of the Lord, and from the pillars which Hezekiah, King of Judah, had overlaid, and gave it to the King of Assyria.'

"God's dealings with the inhabitants of Palestine," Mr. Maxwell then went on, "and, I may add, with the enemies of these inhabitants, are, as we all know, His only dealings with the human race of which we have any inspired record for any extended period; for the New Testament practically stops short at the very beginning of His dealings with us under the new covenant. And of all these dealings, which are thus

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infallibly recorded for us, His dealings with King Hezekiah, and with King Hezekiah's contemporaries, are those which give the clearest lesson to the world as it is to-day.

"Hezekiah's was a mixed character," Mr. Maxwell proceeded. "Devoted to God as he was, he yet could rob God's temple, in order to conciliate his enemies, instead of simply confiding, as events showed that he might have done, in the protection of Jehovah's arm. Moreover, his bribe failed altogether of its purpose. His treacherous enemies attacked him nevertheless; and then, but not till then, did he betake himself to his true refuge. We all know how richly he was rewarded. By one of the most marvellous miracles recorded in Holy Writ, the God of Israel, simply by his merciful fiat, annihilated at one blow the great mass of the Assyrian army, proving His superiority to any earthly general by killing in one night nearly two hundred thousand human beings. When we think of this we see how truly long-suffering the Lord is, as well as how mighty. But with what difficulty did King Hezekiah learn this great truth! And yet one would be apt to say that he might have learned it easily—that we, had we been in his place—could hardly have helped learning it; because only five years before he ascended his throne he had seen want of faith punished in a manner indeed amazing—a want of faith, too, which, humanly speaking, must have been pardonable. When the Assyrians had carried away the Israelitish inhabitants of Samaria, the King of Assyria colonised that country with men of various races—men from Babylon, Cuttah, Ava, Hamath, and Sepharvaim; and the men of each race brought their own religion with them—the only religion with which they had any acquaintance. But in spite of this last fact the Lord vindicated His divinity by sending, as the scripture says, 'lions among them, which slew some of them.' Now, if those who had never known the Lord could be thus punished for not trusting Him, Hezekiah might surely have realised how heinous was his own offence in failing to trust One whom already he knew so well, and in seeking to make

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peace with the enemy by surrendering Jehovah's treasures. But, oh my Christian brethren, before we cast a stone at Hezekiah, on account of this act of sacrilege, let us look into our own hearts, and see if in these days we are not ourselves tempted to make peace with the enemies of the Church by a surrender of the same kind."

Mr. Maxwell, whose discourse had been hitherto a sort of somnolent amble, now suddenly roused himself, and proceeded at a brisker pace. "In Hezekiah and the Jews," he said, "may not we all see a type of the true Church—the pure kingdom of Christ—the custodian of the Gospel once committed to the Saints? And in the Assyrians, now taunting Hezekiah and now threatening him, do not we see a type of the enemies of the Church to-day? On the one hand are the avowed infidels; and on the other—more dangerous, because more insidious, are the degrading but seducing superstitions and idolatries of the lapsed Church of Rome—that Church which makes God's commandments to be of no effect through her traditions; which intrudes between us and God fetiches of wood and stone; which grovels before fellow creatures, saintly, indeed, but yet erring like ourselves; which instead of true prayers gives us vain repetitions; which parodies the miracles of God by childish attempts at reproducing them; which presumes to deify the mother of the Lord's mortal body; and degrades the spiritual meaning of the Lord's simple supper into a rite more blasphemous than any which the children of Sepharvaim and Hamath ever practised in the high places of Samaria.

"And now, dear brethren, let us ask ourselves very seriously, How do some of ourselves meet these enemies of Israel? Do not some of us endeavour to make our peace with them by surrendering to them, as Hezekiah did, the very treasures of the Lord's Temple, the gold and the silver of pure evangelical truth? Do not we, some of us, go further even than Hezekiah, and build, as did the Samaritans, whom the lions of God slew, high

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places of idolatry in imitation of theirs? Alas—and I must add more. I said just now that the avowed infidel was less dangerous to us than the priest of the lapsed Church. Yes—and of the avowed infidel this is no doubt true. But have not we—even we—traitors within our own body, who are infidels at heart though they wear the garments of Christ—who, whilst pretending to defend the Bible, our one sure revelation, are doing with their disguised denials the work of the open enemy—who, instead of surrendering the simplicity of the Gospel to Assyrians of idolatrous Rome, are surrendering its divinity to the Assyrians of so-called science and scholarship—who concede to the objector, here the reality of a miracle, here a period of chronology, here the fulfilment of a prophecy; until at last all the treasures of God's house have surrendered—for this is a process which, as ordinary common sense might tell us, can never stop till the uttermost farthing has been paid. To doubt that the sun stood still at the bidding of Joshua is to doubt the miraculous darkness enshrouding the whole earth, which marked the completion of the great vicarious sacrifice; and to doubt that darkness is to deny the sacrifice itself. And, dearly beloved brethren, we must remember this also. Let us pay to the Assyrians what bribes we will, they will not keep their compact with us. Having taken from us our supernatural faith, they will still assault us, and encompass Jerusalem with their armies, until they have taken from us our natural faith also; unless, in our extremity, we at last learn true wisdom, and return to that revealed Jehovah who is alone powerful to save. We must not, indeed, in these days look for a miracle in the old sense. The age of the miraculous is past; but we live under a dispensation of special divine providences, and though it would be presumptuous to hope that our Father will in these days protect His children by an actual slaughter of the innumerable human beings that differ from them, yet His arm is not shortened, and He will, if we only trust in Him by some secret method of His own, cause the hosts of the modern Assyrians

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with their weapon of false science, to disappear from before Jerusalem, like a mist that melts in the morning."

The congregation thought, for a moment, that Mr. Maxwell had here ended. He could not, however, having got on the subject of miracles, resist the temptation of pursuing it, and he accordingly went on to explain that miracles were of two kinds, one of which was performed by the direct agency of the Almighty, whilst the other was performed by means of natural and secondary causes. The destruction of the Assyrians was an example of the first. The lions which ate some of the Samaritans was an admirable example of the second. He elaborated these points at so great a length that his blessing, when he came to give it, was received by his hearers with a thankfulness more devout than could be accounted for by even its intrinsic value; and the imperfect degree to which he had managed to retain their attention was illustrated by the fact that on leaving the sacred edifice, the first observation audible—it was addressed by one of the ladies to another—was, "My dear, there's a hook at the back of your dress unfastened. I've been noticing it all the time. Do let me put it right for you."

But if any of the party had been—which, indeed, was the case with some of them—disposed to think that already they had had preaching enough for a month, their views were changed when they encountered Canon Morgan in the library, who, evidently satisfied with the results of his own labours, was dropping the ashes of a cigarette over a page of Professor Huxley's Essays.

"Capital fellow, Huxley—" he said, as he closed the volume. "Good—honest—straight as a die. I knew him. My dear Mr. Glanville, there was more Christianity in Huxley— What did you say? A walk—a little walk before luncheon? Done with you—I'm your man."

These manners were so different from those of Mr. Maxwell, which somehow suggested his sermon diluted with daily life, that the prospect of hearing him preach

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was soon felt to be almost exhilarating; nor when, in due time, the prayers of the Church were over—prayers which he read with an exquisite and enlightened taste, as though they were the subject of his admiring criticism in addition to being the vehicle of his feelings—and taking his stand in the pulpit began to address his hearers, did the latter feel that they were in any danger of being disappointed. Mr. Maxwell was not present. He had started after luncheon for Ballyfergus, in consequence of Mrs. Maxwell being, as he delicately expressed it, about to necessitate his ninth order for a perambulator. To some of the congregation it seemed that his absence was fortunate, though there was in Canon Morgan's text nothing to alarm the most conservative. It was taken from the Epistle to the Romans, and consisted of these words. "In the spirit, not in the letter." But if this impressed anybody as an unduly conventional exordium, the impression produced by what followed was of a singularly different character.

"I am going," Canon Morgan began, with perfect veracity, "to set out with telling you something which, for many reasons, may startle you. But, let me say in the grand words of Shakespeare:

> Season your admiration for a while
> With an attent ear.

New truths need new ways of expressing them. I don't know," he continued, looking round him with a pleasant air of inquiry, "whether any of you here have ever believed or taken interest in the alleged facts of spiritualism. I hope you have; for I should like to call your attention to the strange case of a certain Letitia Morton—a medium whose powers, though the fact is not generally known, were, according to a number of carefully written depositions, tested and attested by a group of the most prominent of the men and women who made England famous during the course of the nineteenth century. Letitia Morton claimed the power of throwing herself into a trance which no physician would be able to distinguish from death. In this trance she

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declared herself willing to be bound hand and foot by experts in the art of binding; and to be locked and sealed up in any iron safe that would hold her. She engaged to remain there for forty-eight hours at least—the safe being watched every hour of the night and day—and then at a given moment, the safe being still locked, to loose herself, to escape from her prison, and appear either in the room above, or even at some distant place, should the investigators of her case desire it. She, moreover, undertook that they should see her in the actual process of levitation.

"Her pretensions, rightly or wrongly, were affirmed in certain circles to have been verified so completely by what she actually did, that, according to the confident statement of an eminent divine, Dean Church, the following persons determined to test them for themselves. These persons were the then Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Huxley, Lord Palmerston, George Eliot, Miss Harriet Martineau, and others, and every one of them was, so Dean Church declared, convinced that this woman's alleged powers were genuine."

"Surely," whispered Mr. Hancock, "Palmerston had been dead many years before Church was a dean. What is our friend talking about?"

"Now I confess," Canon Morgan continued, "that this mere statement, striking though it no doubt was, would not have had much weight with me, if the Dean, who was not an eye-witness, had not referred to the depositions of persons who, as he said, were so; and if he had not also stated where their written depositions were to be found. They were to be found in a house in West Kensington, where the experiment in question took place; and they were written respectively by Mr. Man, the vicar of the parish; Dr. Bull, the doctor of the family to which the house belonged; Mr. Lyons, the family lawyer; and Mr. Bird, a Cambridge tutor. Well—I visited the house, and these depositions were shown me. I was told that the gentlemen in question each wrote his own independently, and that, though none was written till a year or two after the

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events, each of the writers could vouch for every detail mentioned by him. I examined the documents, and I confess they fairly staggered me—the coincidence of the evidence for even the most incredible of the occurrences seemed so striking. I showed them, in confidence, to the late Professor Freeman and others; and for some days we were all of the same opinion. But after a more careful reading some curious facts began to dawn on us, the most important of which were these. All the accounts agreed that the alleged manifestations took place in August, immediately after the prorogation of Parliament. Parliament that year was prorogued on a Thursday, the next day being a holiday in honour of some Royal marriage, which fact the accounts all mention also. When, however, we came to go more narrowly into details, we found that between the various writers there were many suspicious discrepancies. The Cambridge tutor declared that the distinguished party of investigators met Letitia Morton, saw her put herself into a trance, bound her and locked her up, at the house in question, on the Friday—that is to say on the holiday. The others declare that all this took place on the Thursday, Mr. Gladstone having driven to West Kensington straight from the House of Commons. The Cambridge tutor, moreover, says that the medium had forced herself on Mr. Gladstone's notice. The others say that he had got hold of her by means of a private detective. The Cambridge tutor says that the medium was locked up in the safe late in the evening, after dinner. The others declare that this took place directly after five o'clock tea. Mr. Man, the vicar, affirms that the moment the safe was locked, all the pots and pans in the kitchen were violently flung into the room, as if by a *poltergeist*, one of them very nearly killing Professor Huxley. The others say nothing of this astounding circumstance. Mr. Lyons and Dr. Bull say that the medium was tied up by George Eliot and Miss Martineau. Mr. Man does not mention that she was tied up at all; whilst Mr. Bird says that this office was performed by Lord Palmerston—aided, which seems strange, by Sir Moses

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Montefiore. Mr. Man also adds that at Professor Huxley's suggestion, five policemen were had in to watch the safe, who were bribed by him to say that the medium had taken a skeleton key with her. In the other accounts this fact is not mentioned. Now we come to the phenomenon of the medium's alleged escape. That she actually did escape, and was gone by the appointed hour, was admitted by all the accounts; but when we came to consider the details, what did we find? None of the investigators themselves appeared to have kept watch; but about the hour in question—whatever this may have been—they came to the house in cabs. But as to who came, and in what order they came, and even as to the hour of their coming, the writers were in hopeless disagreement. Mr. Man said that the hour was six o'clock on Friday evening; Mr. Lyons that it was Saturday morning at sunrise; Mr. Bird said plainly that the sun had not risen yet. Mr. Man said that the first arrivals were Miss Martineau and George Eliot, who came alone. Mr. Lyons said that they brought another lady with them; Dr. Bull that they brought with them a large party of ladies; and Mr. Bird said that George Eliot came alone. Again, Mr. Man said that the first-comers found the safe locked; that it was opened by a mysterious stranger; that the door on being opened exploded; that the five policeman fainted for fright in a corner; and that the ladies looked in and saw that the safe was empty; whilst the mysterious stranger told them that Letitia Morton was in Edinburgh. The three other writers made totally different statements, all saying that the safe was found open already; but even amongst these there were very startling disagreements. Mr. Lyons said that there was a mysterious stranger present, who told them that they were to look for Letitia Morton in Edinburgh. Dr. Bull said there were two strangers instead of one, but it appears that Edinburgh was not mentioned by either. Mr. Bird said George Eliot, who came alone, at once went off in a hansom, and returned bringing with her Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli. Then the three together looked

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into the safe; they found that it was empty; and there was no stranger present to give them any information. He adds, however, that as soon as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli had gone, a woman came into the room, whom George Eliot took for the housekeeper. The woman, however, said that she was really Letitia Morton; and George Eliot, convinced, went and told the other investigators. And now for the end of the story. According to three of the accounts, this was not very clear. Dean Church told me that the most remarkable part of the whole was the appearance of the medium to the investigators after her escape from her prison, when she demonstrated her supernatural powers by being levitated in their presence—a feat which, as has been just now indicated, they were led to believe she undertook to exhibit at Edinburgh. With regard to this, however, Mr. Bird's account said nothing. Mr. Man and Mr. Lyons spoke of it in the vaguest terms only. Dr. Bull alone gave any coherent account of it; and according to him it took place on Primrose Hill.

"Now I ask you," said Canon Morgan, "can you think these accounts good evidence? But I need not ask you. It stands to reason that you can't. The evidence is, indeed, so bad, that I shouldn't be at all surprised if you set down my whole anecdote as a mere invention of my own. Well," continued the Canon, "and to be frank with you, so it is. This medium is imaginary; the investigation is imaginary; and so, naturally, are the four accounts and their writers."

Canon Morgan paused a moment to enjoy the sensation he had produced.

"What!" gasped Mrs. Jeffries. "And so none of all that was true! I never heard anything that wasn't true in church before."

"Lucky woman," said Lord Restormel sardonically.

"But I didn't," continued the Canon, slightly altering his voice, "tell you my story—my parable, I may call it—for nothing. It has a point, which is this. If the medium had existed, if the investigation had really taken place, and if the sole records of it were the four accounts I have described, the

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discrepancies between them are so flagrant that no human being in his senses would accept them as proofs of the reality of the medium's supernatural performances. Well, in the discrepancies of my four imaginary writers, dealing with the miracles supposed to be performed by a medium, you have an exact, though a somewhat abridged, parallel—to the discrepancies that exist between four other writers whose symbols are a man, a lion, a bull, and a bird—in their accounts of the last meal, of the burial, of the resurrection, and of the ascension of their Great Master. The imaginary narratives I have been dealing with simply give equivalents *seriatim* to specific contradictions and differences between the narratives of the four Evangelists, in so far as they relate to those ultra-miraculous incidents which they seek to associate with the close of their Master's life; and which, having been accepted for ages as credentials of the truth of Christianity are now affecting the world," —Canon Morgan's voice rose here, and he startled his hearers by stamping with sudden vehemence — "are now affecting the world as so many credentials of its falsehood, and are thus alienating those whom it is its continued mission to save. Some," he continued, "will say it is irreverent to give utterance to such criticisms; or that if they are uttered they should be uttered with the apology of bated breath. I utterly deny the contention. In matters of religion, less than in anything else, can that which we know to be false ever deserve reverence; nor does it show faith—nay, rather, it shows a want of it—to fear lest the character of our Master could lose a tittle of its true divinity by our fearlessly dissociating it from fables which the world can no longer believe. Lose—did I say? Lose! Will it not rather gain, as a precious statue would gain if denuded of tinsel or drapery; or as the moon gains in lustre when she shows us her naked brilliance, emerging from the banks of clouds whose edges she has been long silvering?"

I have every sympathy," muttered Lord Restormel to Lady Snowdon, as he administered a slight kick to a hassock, "with a parson who gives up his living and attacks the

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Church like a man. I've none with an Apostle like our friend there, who betrays it with a slobbering kiss."

"Hush!" said Lady Snowdon. "Not so loud. I agree."

"Yes, but let us be just. The moon does silver the very clouds that hide her; and even so the character of the Master has, as an historical fact, irradiated the legends which have gathered round his divine life; but it is not the alleged miracles—the alleged magical incidents—which have in reality rendered that life credible. It is the divine life that for a time has lent credibility to the incidents. We can, therefore, now, not irreverently, but with a new reverence, cast the latter away from us, and find ourselves yet nearer—nearer and ever nearer—to the former. Miracles! Did I say that we were getting rid of miracles? Yes, it is true that we are getting rid of miracles, but only to the end that these may give place to a miracle—God's grand and holy and undivided miracle of the Universe, in which for us man is the image of God himself, and the man Christ is the divine image of Humanity. Thus we see that, in the splendid words of Browning, the old world of miracles, in the sense of magical irregularities

> Decomposes, but to recompose,
> Becomes our universe that feels and knows,

and is recognised at last as miraculous in the true sense of the word, with the same sacred figure still radiantly central—a figure not unnaturally begotten, as the Indian's fable of Gautama, but divinely—that is to say, naturally—evolved;"

——"Fudge!" murmured Mr. Hancock. "This sort of stuff makes me sick. He doesn't even know what the word 'evolution' means"——"and in a sense far higher than any that is merely physical, we see that central figure not only crucified for our sakes in the sorrows which we all share with Him, but buried in the flesh as we shall be buried likewise, and risen again in the undying example which he has given to us, as we also, let us pray, may in due time rise for others. 'Ye Men of Galilee,' said the Angels, 'why stand ye gazing up to Heaven?' In this rebuke there

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was a strict scientific truth. The heavens—the sky—watery vapour—ether—blueness which any chemist can to-day make in a test-tube—what has the salvation of the soul to do with such things as these? Not in the ether, which is merely an elastic jelly—not in the cloud, which is merely sunlit steam—not there, but in the heart, the soul—must ye look for your risen Lord.

"And now, one word more. I have spoken of our great Example and his ascension—of the souls of each of us, and of their ascension also. Let me speak, in conclusion, of the Church. The Church is a body—an organism; and being an organism, science shows us this—that the Church, like the individual, has its own collective life. It was once spoken of as a building. We now have been taught to discern that it is literally a living body—a living body of which its Founder is the determining vital principle; and like an individual it grows. But in one sense it is not like an individual. The Church does not die; but it ascends from stage to stage without the intervention of death—for the Church has its ascension also." Mr. Hancock's irritation had by this time become so great that he was trying to calm his nerves by chewing a quill toothpick. "And its true ascension," continued the Canon, "consists in that very process which seems to timid souls to be merely its dissolution and ruin. It consists in the casting away of these outworn legends and dogmas which are seen now to bear no relation to realities, but which some of us, for old sake's sake, are sentimentally reluctant to lose. False reluctance—sign of our little faith! For as those encumbrances drop from the sacred limbs—as science from the sacred back looses this age-long burden—the figure, lately bowed, once more stands erect; the expression of the face changes only to become lovelier. The Church is no longer the foe of science, or of the evolution which science reveals to us. The gaze of knowledge mixes into her gaze of love; and lo, even as we look, the divine body rises—if we may once more have recourse to the symbolism of primitive legend—and is received from our sight—nay, not in a cloud—but in the blaze of the universal light with which she has become one."

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"I never in my life," said Mr. Hancock into his hat, unconsciously repeating a devotional attitude of his youth, "I never in my life heard such a tissue of nonsense."

"He's exceedingly," whispered Lady Snowdon, who overheard this act of devotion, "like my own Broad-Church brother. I would willingly bear the discredit of being the mother of all of them, if only I might have a mother's privilege of giving them a good whipping."

The Canon's discourse affected his different hearers differently. Lady Snowdon had made notes of it on the fly-leaf of an Apocrypha; whilst Mrs. Jeffries, who was bewildered by the beginning of it, and indescribably shocked by the middle, was partially soothed by her failure to understand the end. She was not, however, really comfortable till, the party having left the Church and betaken themselves to the terrace where tea was already awaiting them, her eyes encountered an object which made her ample heart become suddenly almost too big for her stays. In shape, colour, and texture, this object was like an alpaca umbrella-case, standing upright, and crowned with some sort of hat. "Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Jeffries, pressing her agitated breast with the daintiest of grey gloves, "there he is! There's Father Skipton!"

XII

GLANVILLE, hearing this, hastened at once to the stranger, who, on turning round, exhibited, to his extreme surprise, the aspect and also the manners of a self-possessed and well-bred gentleman. Father Skipton had, indeed, in his University days been renowned at Cambridge as an actor of ladies' parts in theatricals; and the gleaming eyes which illuminated his now attenuated face, seemed still, though they only seemed, to have an artificial shadow under them; whilst his mouth had a trick of quivering as though with chronic emotion. Glanville expressed a hope that he had had some suitable refreshment, and also that he was not over-tired.

"Our Order," said Father Skipton, with a pleasant and

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almost gay laugh, "enjoins us, in one way or another, a good deal of physical exercise; but as to refreshment, I shall welcome a cup of tea. I brought my lunch in my pocket with me, and had a positive banquet on the hill."

"My dear fellow," said Glanville kindly, "come and sit down, do. Why you're lame—you're actually limping."

Father Skipton raised his eyebrows, and laughed lightly again. "Our Order," he said, "I'm afraid, won't let us boil our peas."

"Good heavens," thought Glanville, as he looked at the Father's eyes—his gleaming eyes and his oddly receding forehead —"this poor creature's pilgrimage has been an elaborate penance. I shouldn't be surprised if, at any moment, he broke down."

He did not break down, however. Mrs. Jeffries, who with passionate devoutness, was presently clasping both his hands in her own, and pouring the rays of her eyes over his face, which was half averted, apparently exercised a soothing influence on his nerves, and in spite of his cassock, which took the place of a coat, he joined in the conversation of the tea-drinkers with a subdued, but unaffected, ease. Any one could have seen, however, that his real thoughts were far away, and that they only expressed themselves occasionally, in a whisper or by a glance, to Mrs. Jeffries. "I think," said this lady to Glanville, as soon as a move was possible, "he'd like me to show him the Church; and should you object to my asking your butler for some candles? The service won't be long. As we don't dine till nine, if he had it at eight, it would be all over by dressing-time. And—I hope you won't object—it is part of his duty to get support for his Order—you won't mind, will you, if there's a collection?"

Glanville promised with a laugh that everything should be as he wished; and the Father and his disciple went off together accordingly.

As eight o'clock approached, from the ultra-protestant tower a bell began to tinkle with a sound that suggested Italy; and the visitors once again entered the great pew. The body of the Church was now filled with twilight; but the occupants of the pew were converted from worshippers into

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surprised observers by a spectacle which faced them; and this was the transfigured chancel. The altar, and the altar alone, was shining with a constellation of lights; and Glanville recognised an array of his own dining-room candlesticks, whose intended use he had, indeed, vaguely suspected when he extracted them from the care of his unwilling but unsuspicious butler. There was for a minute or two a solemn and expectant silence, broken only by a whisper from Captain Jeffries to Miss Hagley —"It's all for the world exactly like a Christmas tree"; followed by another which was not entirely logical—"My poor old father would turn in his grave to see this." Presently before the chancel steps a shadow was seen to move. It was a solitary figure, which had been kneeling, and now raised itself; and as it raised itself, there emerged from the vestry door another figure in garments whose embroideries glistened in the candlelight—a figure which first turned to the dining-room candlesticks, subsiding before them in a deep, prolonged genuflection; and then rose, and, advancing, stationed itself on the chancel step. Here it raised an arm, and began in a high voice—"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti—in nomine Matris Dei, immaculatæ, semper Virginis, atque omnium sanctorum. Amen." Then, to the relief of the excited and bewildered audience, Father Skipton dropped into the language of his native country, though without altering either the pitch of his voice or his intonation.

"I propose presently to say a few words to you on behalf of an Order which represents, more fully than any other, the true spirit of the Anglo-Catholic Church. The Order I refer to is the Confraternity of the Seven Sacraments. But I will first ask you to join me in certain acts of worship which, though not specifically provided for in that Book of Common Prayer which our holy ordination vows bind us to accept as our guide, are yet so entirely in accordance with its whole spirit, that they may indeed be said to be written by implication between its lines."

Father Skipton then clasped his hands before him, making with his two forefingers a neat isosceles triangle, and proceeded,

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in a kind of rapid chaunt, "First join with me, then, in the Litany of the Seven Sacraments." Having said this, he dropped on his knees where he was, and ejaculated the names of the Sacraments in quick succession, beginning with "Sacrament of the Font, save us"; and ending with "Sacrament of Extreme Unction, save us." Then, rising to his feet, "Join with me," he said, "now, in the Litany of Mary of England." "What Mary is that?" whispered Captain Jeffries in bewilderment. "The wife of William, or t'other one?" Meanwhile Father Skipton had turned, and kneeling at one side of the altar, was already exclaiming, "Oh vase overflowing with luscious spiritual honey, pray for us—pray for our country—pray for our country's Church, and may the tongues of all be moistened with thine ineffable sweetness." Father Skipton had a genius for the concrete, and presently, with increased fervour, he was exclaiming, "Beautiful lips of the Queen of Heaven, smile on us!" when a sudden response was made for the first time in the pew, though its words—to say the truth—were more devotional than its manner. It consisted of two simultaneous exclamations of "God, God!" accompanied by a stamp from two simultaneous feet. Lord Restormel and Mr. Hancock had both risen from their seats; and muttering, "I could hardly have believed it," prepared to make their exit. "In the hour of death, hands of Mary, fondle us!" These were the last words which they heard as the door closed on them. "It's Rome," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, "pure, unadulterated Rome." "It's Rome," replied Lord Restormel, "minus one thing—minus every trace of the thought, which has made Rome the intellectual wonder of the world." Meanwhile, Father Skipton, within, had reached another stage of his proceedings. "And, lastly," he was saying, "join with me in the adoration of the absent Host—absent from our altars now, but not to be absent long. Let us make," he proceeded, "a monstrance in our minds, and let us place it on the high altar." Here he turned, and sinking before the embroidered medallion of the altar-cloth, began "Oh creatures of flower and water, which, consecrated by the powers truly transmitted to us from the

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Apostles, are the maker and the redeemer of our souls, we adore you. Oh wafer which wast before all worlds, we adore thee. Oh almighty wafer which did'st create the universe, we adore thee. Oh almighty and all-pitiful wafer, which did'st die for man, we adore thee." Over the occupants of the pew, as Father Skipton proceeded, his voice at each fresh adjective quivering with increased intensity, a feeling gradually stole scarcely less intense than his own. One after another they rose, and quietly left the Church, Glanville alone remaining, who waited to watch the end. "What will happen?" he thought. "Will he preach to the empty echoes?" His question was answered in a way which he had not looked for. Before Father Skipton had come to the close of his Litany, his voice failed him, and he seemed to collapse, sobbing. At the same instant the shadow before the chancel hastened forward, and placed itself at the Father's side. Glanville, as quickly as he could, made his way to the spot himself, where he found Mrs. Jeffries holding her pastor's hands. At Glanville's approach she rose; and Father Skipton at the same moment, hardly knowing yet where he was, pulled himself together with an effort. He stood up, and was led by the others into the vestry. Here, evidently by a strong exertion of will, in a very short time he recovered his normal condition; and with it came back a touch of his old mundane courtesy. "What a fellow I am," he exclaimed, as they helped him to take off his vestments, "to break down in that absurd manner. Upon my word, I must have overdone myself, walking. I'm dreadfully sorry. I should only have given you a little bit of a sermon; but I'm not up even to that."

"Never mind," said Glanville. "We'll consider your sermon preached—especially as, before you began, I did your collecting for you; and not to trouble you with a pocketful of silver and sovereigns, it's my privilege to hand you this ten-pound note for your Order." Father Skipton looked at him with eyes of amazed gratitude, and grasped his hand in a way which made thanks superfluous. Mrs. Jeffries thanked him

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also with eyes that had real tears in them; and presently, with reverent solicitude helping the Father to walk, she left behind her in the vestry a strong smell of parma violets. Glanville meanwhile peeped surreptitiously into the church, and saw two footmen removing the dining-room candlesticks.

Of all the exponents of the Mind of the Church of England, Father Skipton, though he had not preached, had made the deepest impression—an impression of contemptuous melancholy.

"Has our good old Church," said Miss Hagley, "really come to this? I'd very much sooner be a holy Roman at once."

Canon Morgan, indeed, was disposed to treat him lightly, saying merely with a grave smile, "Poor fellow—he's a queer customer." But over the rest of the company at dinner there still hung a cloud of sadness, the meaning of which was not ill-expressed by Lord Restormel, who quoted to Mrs. Vernon, with a somewhat vice-regal loudness:

> Can such things be,
> And overawe us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder.

Glanville, however, took the bull by the horns; and applying to the Father, who sat by him, the best restorative possible, questioned him gently with regard to the opinions of himself and his party. "Then what," he said at last, "prevents you from joining Rome? You adhere to all her doctrines."

"They are ours by right," said the Father, "just as much as hers. Still, if you like to put it so, we do adhere to her doctrines; but what we protest against to the death is the authority on which she claims to base them. Next to this so-called authority of the Pope of Rome himself, the most despicable is that of many of our own bishops. Ah," he said, indulging himself in a half-glass of champagne, "this reminds me of the old days at Trinity."

(*To be continued.*)

ERRATUM

In the April Number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, p. 70, last line should read: "is concerned, or rather a *Macedo-Roumanian and* Greek one, when we consider the"

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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JUNE 1903

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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MANNIKINS IN THE MAKING

TO preach, to propagand, to fill a pulpit of one's own: this is said to be the deepest desire of every Englishman. The ambition is, at any rate, a common one, happily more common than the experience; though the reviews do what they can to give the earnest-minded an opportunity of holding forth now and then. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere, it is not always the best or the best qualified man who preaches most often or draws the largest and most attentive congregations. Power and popularity in one sphere are held to imply fitness in another; so that wisdom too often goes unbeneficed while a successful novelist or ballad writer may confidently ordain himself to the preaching of sermons in the vulgar tongue upon any subject whatever, from the Lordliest Life on Earth to the Birth Possibilities of Projected British Babes.

This last is Mr. H. G. Wells's subject. He has been "called" to a ministry in our own neighbourhood, and, like the rest of the world, we have attended his fortnightly discourses out of respect and admiration for the powers he has displayed elsewhere. But we are far from being convinced. We hardly recognise the voice; it no longer moves us: we acknowledge the good intention of the preacher, we doubt his vocation: we are stimulated by his text and then proportionately depressed as it is borne in upon us that the sermon reveals an experience and a study neither wider nor more profound than that of the man in the Free Seat. Mr. Wells's genius seems to us out of

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place in any tabernacle; it is surely not didactic but illuminative and poetical; no laborious maker of mankind, but a Muse, a darting and diving creature, a wonderful winged visitant, a Sea Lady; not a being that could ever stand at the elbow of a man in a black gown and help him thump the pulpit-cushion. Frankly, we believe that she is still where she was last heard of, five fathom deep off Folkestone, and that Mr. Wells is conducting his present course without her support.

Certainly this time the text is an interesting one. The Second Book of Anticipations, the seventh chapter, and part of the first verse: "Men are the creatures of circumstances." It is one thing, the preacher says, to state this, another to realise it completely. The developing citizen is mostly wax, shaped by the world about him as by a mould. We mould him badly; we use moulds which are not *the clearest, simplest, and sincerest expression possible of what we believe about life and hope about life:* we grasp at momentary advantages given by the use of conventions, and lose sight of the future. A typical instance of such a convention is the monarchy. This is a much neglected question. The monarchy is "the only really concrete obstacle to a political re-union of the English-speaking peoples"; yet hardly any one, Mr. Wells complains, on either side of the Atlantic is just now proposing to abolish it. Aristocracy carries still further the "repudiation of special personal qualities" involved in the monarchical principle; various eligible positions are held by the mere accident of birth; the officers of our army are supplied by the upper and middle classes, "instead of being sedulously picked from the whole population." Our children do not notice these absurdities; or if they do perceive that a Hooley and a Whitaker Wright have more influence than persons of birth and breeding, "that neither King nor lords really believe in their own lordliness," and that every one's hand is open to a tip; still they will conform for the sake of conformity, they will in the end come to accept "a tilted coronet," to wear "preposterous lawn sleeves," or even to kneel before the King.

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We have not gone far; but already we are troubled. It is not news to us that feudalism, a system useful in its time, has left behind it in England certain elements which are not in place, and which do positive harm in a modern community. But what are these elements, how do they do harm, and how may they be eliminated? Mr. Wells's diagnosis seems to us to be wrong in almost every particular; we look at one another and listen with growing dismay for the prescription to follow. And here a complete surprise awaits us. We expect the magic word "America," and we hear it more than once, but we find to our astonishment that on the whole the practitioner does not consider "Americanisation" to be indicated. He has evidently a weakness for this injection, but has discovered that it is itself a disease and not a remedy. What then does he recommend? Something so unexpected, so far from our idea of Mr. Wells, so unSea-lady-like, that we hear it with a catch in our breath; we are to undergo a doctrinaire treatment, a drastic course of legislation and constitution-mongering.

First, we are to clean our slate. Away go kings and aristocrats—we are not told how. Affairs are to be "in the hands of the very best men." And how are these to be obtained? Not of course on any hereditary principle, nor by election at the poll. These are the methods which have given us the article we know so well and are so dissatisfied with. Are we then to spin a coin? Well, not exactly; but as near as may be. We are to choose a jury, by lot, and our jury will choose our member for us. The advantages of this system will be obvious at a glance. Candidates will have no expenses; they need no longer be limited to two, three or four; every one may stand. The jury, placed "in comfortable quarters," will "hear the addresses" of the candidates, put to them any questions they choose "to elucidate their intentions or their antecedents," and summarily dismiss any "cranks or half-witted candidates" and all "merely symbolical persons." Their deliberations will be "frank and conversational to a degree impossible under any other conditions," and will do away with

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the absurdity of split votes. As an offset to the "comfortable quarters" and the "conversational opportunities" there must be "a time limit." The natural limit, we should suggest, of human life; in less than that a jury of "between twenty and thirty" could hardly deal with the conflicting claims of ten to fifty thousand candidates, and a longer limit would tend to reintroduce the hereditary system among the candidates if not among the jury. But these are details; the main point is that we must be rid of "Government by hustings' bawling, newspaper clamour, ward organisation . . . rich business organisers," or "a practical oligarchy of officials," and in the direction of this jury method seems to lie "the only practicable line of improvement known" to Mr. Wells.

But there is more than this. "In the matter of honour and privilege, the New Republican idea requires a separation of honour from notoriety." We need not be "New" or "Republican" in order to agree heartily with such an aspiration: we might submit to be called both if we could thereby diminish the number of knight mayors and jam baronets. But what is the system proposed? "There must be many fountains of honour." Perhaps. And what are they to be? The answer comes not from any mortal voice or any region of the real world, but straight from that place where all things are possible, the country known at one time as Cloud-cuckoo-town, at another as Wonderland, Barataria or Rumtifoo. "Local legislative bodies, for example . . . . in England, County Councils, might confer rank on a limited number of men or women yearly." Cervantes at his most destructive was nothing to this: Don Quixote in a barber's basin is a dull figure beside a Knight of the Order of the Urban District Sanitary Authority of Pedlington, invested by the grace of a local builder, a butcher and a barrister's clerk. What more is needed in the way of "honour" will be supplied by another set of juries. Local Juries will select an earl apiece: and "there is no reason why certain great constituencies, the medical men, the engineers, should not specify one or two men as their profes-

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sional leaders, their 'Dukes'." We do not see how to parody this proposal.

Finally, there are the rich to be dealt with. How can we make it impossible, or at least a very serious matter, for any man to be rich? We must demand "a much higher degree of efficiency" in the property holder than in the common citizen: the heir to a great property "should possess a satisfactory knowledge of social and economic science, and should have studied with a view to his great responsibilities:" he must not be allowed to come of age till long after twenty-one, "and to specify a superannuation age would be a wise and justifiable measure": he must be subject to a code by which "deposition" would follow his conviction for habitual drunkenness, assaults of various kinds and other offences: for bribery, forming corners in the necessities of life, or being found in a condition of malignancy or ruthlessness, the penalty will be confiscation.

Under a system of this kind, says Mr. Wells in conclusion, the British Babe, the developing citizen, "will have a fair chance to grow up neither a smart and hustling cheat—for the American at his worst is no more and no less than that—nor a sluggish disingenuous snob—as the Briton too often becomes." Filled as we are with the same anxieties and hopes as the preacher, we come away empty and disappointed: we have merely known one more leader of revolt.

What came we out to hear? We do not know, but we have a humble preference for fresh ideas, new methods, for something a little more recent than the French Revolution. We look round among those who have (no doubt) formed the congregation, and we see many who have thought over these questions longer and more deeply than their latest instructor appears to have done: his ingenuous confidence reminds us uncomfortably of the young man at the musical party who had never played the violin, but did not mind trying. Mr. Wells has never heard that you cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament: still less does he realise that you cannot "make

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men" by machinery of any kind. Marionettes, if you like, mechanical toys, mannikins; but not men. Use as many metaphors as you will, talk of wax, of fluids, of moulds, you cannot put away the fact that it is the nation that makes the law, and not the law the nation. Feet are not feet because they have been brought up in boots: even clogs should follow the shape not "mould" it: Mr. Wells shares the contrary opinion with the Chinese.

Is it then impossible to change a national constitution—national ideas—national customs—for the better? Certainly we hope not, but the first thing to recognise is that the process must be one of growth from within, not of mechanical pressure from without. And growth implies two things that seem to be alien to Mr. Wells's present mode of thought—time and nutrition. In the growth of nations time is the equivalent of "history," and nutrition corresponds to "sentiment" or the inherited national way of looking at things. In the sermon to which we have just listened, history and sentiment have no place whatever.[1]

"This noble realm of England hath been a long season in triumphant flower." Why is it that such words rouse us like a trumpet, while we are only depressed by the barrel-organ of the New Republican? Why, five hundred years after they were spoken, do they still stir the sap in us as the modern prophet cannot do? Surely because they go to the root; they

[1] In saying this we do not forget the passage in which the proposed jury system is recommended as "characteristically Anglo-Saxon," and as already in use in a "precisely parallel application." There is of course no parallel whatever between our present jury and our parliamentary representation. The function of a jury is to decide questions of fact: that of a parliament to deliberate on policy. A jury is chosen by lot to ensure as far as possible that it shall represent the view of neither side: a member is elected that he may represent the view of the stronger side in a given locality. A "precisely parallel application" would give us either a system by which litigants would fight for the privilege of choosing the jury, or one by which a member would be valued in proportion as he shared the views of neither party in his constituency.

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are native, of the soil of which we are sprung; they feed the secret fibres, which alone give life to the trunk, the branch, the flower. They remind us that we are not things of to-day, that our sons are not the children of to-morrow. Every one of us, King, prophet, babe or citizen, is indeed foam on the fountain, a bubble on the river: but we are part of something greater than ourselves, and if we are bent on reform it must be not by changing but by following more faithfully the law and current of our national life.

We believe that Mr. Wells's proposed reforms are contrary to this current. They seem to us to be the result of an uninformed view, a view from outside, such as would make any human institution appear monstrous or absurd. To know a thing truly, it has been said—but that was before Mr. Wells's time—is to know it by its causes. If we cease for a moment to gratify a crude passion for experiment, and look into the causes of the present far from perfect state of things in England, we shall probably come to the conclusion that it is due to the defects of our qualities, and that so far as it can be remedied it can be remedied only by more Kingship, more aristocracy, more democracy, and not by abolishing all three or any one of them.

We do not wish to dogmatise on these points, still less to plead for anything in the nature of a rigid and unintelligent conservatism. We are all progressives now, and some of us at any rate have the courage of that creed. Politically we worship Science, and our disappointment is to find that one who made his reputation as an acolyte of Science has so little reverence for the methods of her temple. It is of the essence of those methods that the inquirer should reject mechanical or *à priori* ideas, proceed by observation, include all data however troublesome, and think in terms of evolution: and if the inquiry is a political one, it is necessary to remember also that success can only be relative, that no system is *ipso facto* condemned because it does not at once reach or promise soon to reach ideal perfection. These considerations do not weigh

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upon our quick-change artist in reform: he has been accustomed to treat Science—or rather the results of Science—as something for his Muse to play with, and his success in that line has not made for seriousness. Happily, indeed, from one point of view: but if a man is to take up our time with a discourse on the abolition of the monarchy and of representative government, we prefer that he should be serious.

Is it serious to set before us as a national aim "the political re-union of the English speaking peoples," and to use this appeal to Imperialism run mad as a lever for upsetting the Throne—the one institution which has hitherto made the Great Commonwealth possible? Is it serious to condemn the monarchical system as a "repudiation of special personal qualities," without attempting to show that all offices are worthless which do not demand special personal qualities of every possible kind? The same argument is used in referring to all those positions which fall to men as a consequence of "the mere accident of birth," and the absurdity is thrown into glaring relief by the counter proposal to dismast the ship and rig it with a set of jury-Earls and jury-Dukes, which would certainly at once include the whole tribe of Hooleys and Whitaker Wrights whom Mr. Wells flings in the teeth of our present aristocracy. Perhaps a suspicion of some such weakness has crossed his own mind, for he suggests that in certain cases it might be better to employ a body rather of the Grand Jury than of the Common Jury type.

No, these propositions are not serious, they are only solemn, even though the solemnity is sometimes intensified by italics. *The clearest, simplest, and sincerest expression of what we believe about life.* But how if one of the things which we believe about life has come to be this: that no clear or simple expression is possible of any of the deeper and more important things in it? The word "sincere" is used here to beg the question. We are told that we accept "a sham and a convention." A convention is not the same thing as a sham, in scientific language. Painting is a convention; an agreed

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method which enables us to represent light by colour, and rounded limbs and features by flat canvas and layers of pigment. Waxworks on the other hand are a sham; an attempt to pass off mannikins as mankind. You cannot bring an indictment against a whole people; still less can you accuse of insincerity their customs for a thousand years. Whatever other nations may do or think about their war-lords and divinely-right Emperors, we English set our Kings on the throne to represent the national life: we know well enough that no man ever lived who could sum up in himself the highest powers and virtues of a great race, but we have seen Kings and Queens who with all their faults and frailties have carried the name of England indifferent well, and it is too soon to bid us forget one whose royalty was something more than a convention.

Certainly the ideal king is improbable; a succession of ideal kings impossible. But let us think straight; let us not confuse the essential with the unessential, and because we disapprove morally of (let us say) horse-racing, deny to one who races the possession of other qualities more to the point. Is Mr. Wells prepared to show us that the ideal and the king are not both absolutely necessary to a true democracy? Can we by any convention bring ourselves to allow the majesty of England to be symbolised by one of ourselves, by the one for whom the greatest number of tickets were scrawled or crossed at a contested election? If so, we are unlike the French, who despise their Presidents and put the Army on the throne. The Americans? They are not a democracy but a plutocracy; and they are of all peoples on earth the most patient and the most conservative. Also they are young, and have not yet fully realised that a nation may be something more than the sum of its individual members.

But Mr. Wells's chief quarrel is not so much with the monarchy as with its concomitants. We do not ourselves see that a hereditary monarchy need imply a hereditary aristocracy; but the case for the abolition of the latter is not very

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good if it cannot be more strongly stated than this reformer states it. Men of birth but quite ordinary ability, he complains, are found in great public offices, "and nothing short of a change in your political constitution can prevent this sort of thing." This is not argument, it is simply preaching; and when the preacher has left the pulpit we have quite as much right to reply, "Yes, we recognise the evils—greater in theory than in practice, but still great—of snobbery and nepotism: we agree with you in deploring them; but 'nothing in the nature of a change in our political constitution can prevent this sort of thing.'" If a nation is affected with these weaknesses of character under one form of constitution it will be affected with them under another. They come by nature and inheritance; they are in the blood, and the blood carries their natural antidote. Do all you can by any method old or new to increase the red corpuscles, to foster the bright pride and sense of honour which are so strong in youth; but attempt no violence, no amputations, no moulding in irons; expect no sudden radical and permanent changes in an organism of long growth; for "the counsels to which Time hath not been called Time will not ratify."

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ON THE LINE

MURDER as a fine art does not, apparently, attract the English. Setting aside other people, Shakespeare has no great Poison Play. He leaves business of that kind to inferior characters—to the King in *Hamlet*, to the Queen in *Cymbeline*. Romeo's druggist, about whom Victor Hugo, Balzac, and even Dumas would have written a volume, appears only to vanish. When Shakespeare commits murder he commits it wholesale and in the most brutal manner—with knives, with feather-beds. If *Macbeth* were not so hackneyed and did not contain so much sublime poetry, we should find it a hard matter to endure the horrid, realistic details. **The Power of Darkness** (Tolstoy's Plays, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Grant Richards. 6*s*.) is a kind of peasant *Macbeth*, shorn of the lurid grandeur that flashes, lightning-like, about the path of the Scottish chief, and complicated by a low intrigue between the daughter of the murdered man and her stepmother's second husband. Ambition is the first motive; but money takes the place of monarchy, poison of the dagger; the wife does the deed, a witch-like mother replaces the witches proper, and the weak, remorseful hero, unable to endure life after he has killed his own child, redeems himself at last by confession. Stevenson's adverse criticism in "The Lantern-Bearers" probably deterred most people from reading this work at all. He falls foul of it because temptation has not been gilded. Human nature, says

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he, cannot sink to such depths except under a delusion of some kind or other; and there is no gilt on this gingerbread. His words only prove the oft-proven fact, that the keenest critic has aberrations. The play was, to one of his fastidious taste, intolerable, and there are many to whom it must remain so always, not because Tolstoy is here untrue to nature, but because the good servant, taste, is a bad master, and, if it be allowed to rule where it ought to serve, there is no enemy more destructive of greatness. The exquisite writer *virginibus puerisque* failed to see that broken gleams during the course of the action—attempts at

> Yet the light that led astray,
> Was light from Heaven—

would only have shadowed the slow, irresistible dawn of truth, which in the end conquerors the Power of Darkness. Disgusted by the first four acts, he could not perceive the majesty of that final scene which justifies the rest: the dramatic force of the unconscious agreement between the drunken old soldier and the religious father of the criminal, *that the fear of man is naught*—the evidence of their witness to the light in the confession of Nikita—the instant power of light shown in the resolution of his degraded and bestial wife to stand beside him. The translation of this volume is, unfortunately, by no means equal to that of "Resurrection," so that we cannot form any adequate idea of the tragedy. In its present shape it is like a page torn rough-edged from the book of experience, and thrust into our hands without comment, though, as it dates from the same year as some of the most beautiful of the peasant stories, the dialogue, if rendered with any sense of style, should be as finely characteristic as they are. Alternatives are given for the scene of the murder of the baby. One reveals the murderers at work; in the other we are made aware of what is happening by the terrified utterances of a little girl. Detestable as it must be to see a child at all in such a play, we can understand the actors' preference of this version, for the

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horror is even more intense and there is no suspicion of the possible grotesqueness that might accompany the performance of that which precedes it. Rudyard Kipling adopted the same odd practice of having it both ways in the two conclusions of "The Light that Failed," but we should be sorry to see it generally followed. Goethe became a terrible sinner in that respect; and the result was chaos.

"Fruits of Culture" is an elaborate study of the folly of Spiritualism, somewhat after the fashion of "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." To the authors of both Spiritualism is a red rag; they cannot away with it. They pretend to laugh, but they are chastising the believers in it with scorpions. The piece is a fierce satire on the state of society, and the drawing-room is not spared in the comments of the servants' hall. If it were only in Russia that such people lived! But alas, we seem to have known them all, always and everywhere—the fussy mistress of the house who makes herself ill with tight-lacing and lives in terror of infection, the credulous master, the young man and his tiresome dogs, the gossips, the professors, the domestics, the clever, unscrupulous maid who outwits the whole household! It is too savage for pure comedy—the vinegar and not the salt of wit. There is more hope of the brutish peasantry than of a middle-class like this.

"The First Distiller" is an admirable tragi-comic dramatisation of "The Imp and the Crust." The Dandy Imp reports to the Chief of the Devils that he has taken 220,005 men in three years. The Women's also did extremely well; likewise the Tradesmen's, the Lawyers', the Gentlefolks' and the Officials'; but the Peasants' Imp had not ensnared a single soul. He took his last crust from under the very nose of a peasant, and all the peasant said was:

> Well, it seems there's no help for it. Never mind, I shan't starve to death. If some one has taken it, he's taken it; let him eat it, and may it do him good.

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The Chief of the Devils, naturally irate, causes the Imp to be whipped; and he bethinks him of a plan. The title indicates the manner in which it is carried out, and his Chief is very well pleased with him in the end. The Salvation Army could not do better than act this little drama wherever they go. Tolstoy, who can write almost anything, can write tracts like no one else, and "The First Distiller" is the finest tract ever written on the subject of Temperance.

The annotated list of his works at the conclusion of the volume will be found very useful by students.

Vous êtes orfèvre, M. Josse. As Malebranche saw all things in God, and M. Necker saw all things in Necker, so, it would appear, Professor Gardner sees all things in Archæology, or at least sees that blessed word writ very large on the sign-post which is to guide **Oxford at the Cross Roads** (Black. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) in the paths of safety and progress. The academic mind is somewhat startled by the suggestion that thirty-three per cent. of our classical teachers[1] should devote themselves to what we are inclined to consider a "special subject." But a further inquiry shows us that Professor Gardner's "Archæology" is what Willamowitz Moellendorf calls "Philology," the scientific study as a whole of human life under the forms of the ancient civilisation, a civilisation stretching from Homer to the fall of the Roman Empire.

> Because the object is one, philology is a unity. The particle ἄν, and the *entelecheia* of Aristotle, the sacred caves of Apollo and the idol Besas, the ode of Sappho and the preaching of S. Thekla, the metres of Pindar and the counters of Pompeii, the rude drawings on Dipylon vases and the Thermae of Caracalla, the functions of the magistrates of Abdera and the deeds of the divine Augustus, the conic sections of Apollonius and the astrology of Petosiros: all these belong to philology for they belong to the object which philology would understand, and not one of them can be overlooked.

[1] At Berlin, where the whole number of university teachers in the classical field appears to be twenty-three, eight of these lecture wholly or in part on Greek and Roman art and inscriptions (p. 40).

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It is rather dithyrambically expressed, but it is a fine ideal of Humanism.

Professor Gardner puts in a courageous and welcome claim for classical studies in the wider sense as the best basis for a general education, and pleads in their interest for a reconstruction of the Oxford Classical Schools. He points out that the Literæ Humaniores course has gradually departed from its old virtue as a test of general ability and culture, which was held to produce and did produce

> in the upper classes fine and governing qualities, "a high spirit, dignity, a just sense of the greatness of great affairs." . . . It may be gravely doubted whether the Oxford training has not in some degree lost its quality of effectiveness without acquiring a scientific character.

We feel that Professor Gardner has proved his case as a whole, and we incline to the belief that the particular remedies he suggests are the right ones; but we cannot help sharing with him the doubt whether he will prevail in "a place where the forces of conservatism and the power of inertia are so strong as they are at Oxford."

Is there a Liberal Judaism, in the sense that there is a Low Church Christianity, or, in another line of thought, a Democratic Toryism? Mr. Claude Montefiore (**Liberal Judaism.** Macmillan, 8*s.* net) does not answer this question. He recites his creed as a Liberal Jew, and leaves it to time and to the sympathy of his co-religionists to decide if his persona' profession of faith is to become the type of their belief. We gather from his essay that the "particular phase of a particular religion" which he expounds is not yet the accepted formula of any section of Jewish thought. The point which he wishes to drive home is that the two ideas are compatible, that free thought in Judaism does not lead to Nonconformity, that more breadth does not necessarily mean more shallowness, and that, in his own words, "the combination of Liberalism and Judaism is a working and living reality."

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Thus, it is fair to ask if Mr. Montefiore proves his point, or if, as seems to us the fact, he merely succeeds in re-stating the Conservative position, reinstating the old Judaism, as it were, by a ratiocination of his own. And, if so, one goes on to ask, which is the sounder foundation of belief—the Thirteen Principles of the Creed, in five or six of which Mr. Montefiore disbelieves, or the Principles of Rational Interpretation, on which Mr. Montefiore relies? On every essential doctrine, and on most of the prominent features of the traditional religion of the Jews, Mr. Montefiore is firm. "No liberal 'articles of faith,'" he assures us, "would omit the 'Mission of Israel' from the list." "There must," he enjoins elsewhere, "be an outward religious life of family and public worship, and of Sabbath and festival observance." This contention is developed in detail. In chapters viii. and ix. of the book, the reader is invited to discuss these observances *seriatim*, and to justify, from a 'liberal' point of view, the continued celebration of the Sabbath and of each of the five Pentateuchal festivals and holy days in turn. The 'liberal' Jew is not to break with the past. He is merely to give other reasons for performing the same acts. In keeping Pentecost, he is not to say that the festival of the first-fruits is associated with the giving of the Ten Commandments and the revelation at Sinai: he is to use it to celebrate "the definite union of religion with morality." In keeping the Day of Atonement, he is not to believe that "God ordered all Israelites to fast," nor that the sins of the people will on this day be forgiven by God: but "the day is given to us," says Mr. Montefiore, and "no liberal Jew . . . need have any scruple in observing the Day of Atonement and in reaping from it all the comfort and peace which it is capable of giving."

It will be seen that Mr. Montefiore's rationalism makes considerable demands on the powers of the liberal Jew. Judaism as practised is an exacting faith, but the sacrifices which it entails have commonly been irradiated by a certain high imagination which Mr. Montefiore seems to miss. His

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critical intellect rejects the old sanctions of belief, and makes more pathetic his reluctance to part with its conclusions. "While our estimate of the Pentateuch has widely changed, we are still able to use a great part of the religious embodiment which it has given to Judaism. The Sabbath and the Festivals, the Day of Memorial and the Day of Atonement, these can all remain. We can still use them fitly for religious and spiritual ends." Again, "its observance may still be desirable from different motives"; and, again, "the same festival will be celebrated from a different point of view by liberals and traditionalists."

Is not this asking too much and offering too little? Is it worth while for a Jew to maintain so cumbersome and elaborate a ritual and a calendar, if he has no better *apologia* than that which Mr. Montefiore discovers? Can he accept these burdens, with all the obligations they entail, and turn them to blessings, as the record of the martyrdom proves, if they are merely "capable of being used," serviceable, adaptable, to be made shift with, when freshly grounded and justified anew? The reader, fresh from Mr. Montefiore's pages, cannot but wonder what prevents him from adopting a system of unitarianism. His defence of Judaism is, literally, an apology. He finds a pretext or an excuse for nearly every rite and ceremony which he would preserve, and his 'liberal' idea is manifested by abandoning the bases in sentiment, emotion, imagination, association, legend, and tradition, on which his ancestors built their creed, and by substituting for those bases props of expediency, convenience, and *laisser aller*, which strike cold on the religious sense. "It is impossible," he declares, "to create festivals to order. One must use those which exist, and charge them, where necessary, with newer meanings." But if this is the best that can be said of a religion and a ritual which have directed the destinies of nations, which have given morality to the world, and the witnesses to which have preserved their identity through centuries of persecution, surely Mr. Montefiore is pronouncing a funeral oration over Judaism. This, at least, would be our conclusion except for the statement on

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the first page, in which the writer limits the scope of his book to "that particular and individualised form of liberal Judaism" which he himself happens to hold, and where he adds that he introduces the personal element, "in order that it may not be supposed that he is speaking in the name of liberal Judaism as a whole, and still less in the name of Judaism generally."

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THE IMPERIAL OUTLOOK

FROM the commencement of the century up to the present time the position of England in regard to its foreign relations has been a subject of ever-increasing interest and importance, and the views of different writers in the columns of the *Times* and the *Spectator*, and in the pages of sundry Reviews, must have been bewildering to the average Briton.

The commencement of a new century is undoubtedly an epoch for reviewing the history, and especially the mistakes of the past, and for endeavouring to form an intelligent anticipation of the probable future—a time for statesmen to take stock of the position of their country, putting aside for the moment old prepossessions and prejudices, which have too often been the mainspring of action during past years, and endeavouring to take into account and form an accurate estimate of the value of any new factors which may appear likely to affect the existing order of world-politics.

The statesman under such conditions closely resembles a traveller, who, crossing the watershed of a lofty range, looks back at once on the country which he has quitted, with all its familiar characteristics, and on the unknown country which he is about to traverse, and tries to forecast from his first view how far his experience of the past will have to be modified by the new conditions of travel which present themselves. In all the fields of foreign politics with which England is concerned in the opening years of the twentieth century, there is nothing

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more important than the relations between herself, Germany, and Russia, which have lately been the object of so much special comment. In endeavouring to come to a decision on the proper course to adopt with reference to those countries, our Foreign Minister must indeed take warning from the past, and not hazard the reproach of some future successor of Lord Salisbury that he has put his money on the wrong horse. In the consideration of this question from the sole point of view of national interest, what Captain Mahan designates in his "Problem of Asia" as "the long view" must be mainly borne in mind. What is "the long view," as applied to our country at the present time? The maintenance and consolidation of the Empire and of its position as a great commercial power. Such is, more than ever, the great objective at the present time, and every minor detail, every "short view" should be tested and decided upon according to the assistance it gives, or the reverse, to the general idea.

It seems to me that the writers who have been endeavouring to form public opinion, from Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, whose letter to the *Times* of August 28, 1901, may be looked upon as the starting-point of the public discussion which has since arisen, have not taken on the whole a sufficiently broad view or the situation—have put, in short, the long view out of sight, while advocating the special treatment of some particular branch of the subject according to their own particular prepossession.

The writers to whom I specially allude are, in the main, advocates of an Anglo-Russian understanding—to the detriment or exclusion of Germany—and they are willing to concede a good deal to secure it. If not absolutely welcoming, they apparently are perfectly ready to acquiesce in the unrestricted egress and ingress of Russian fleets from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean and *vice versâ*, and the acquisition by Russia of a port on the Persian Gulf, which, combined with her already existing predominance in Northern Persia, would make her the sole arbiter of the policy of that country, even if it

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were not formally annexed like the Central Asian States of Bokhara and Khiva. It may be our right policy to give Russia a free hand in these two important particulars, but it is rather a large demand that is made upon us, and the *quid pro quo* is somewhat problematical.

"Russia," says Sir R. Blennerhassett, "if her fair and legitimate aspirations are once satisfied, will never enter into any combination to deprive us of the sovereignty of the seas." There is a touching and childlike confidence in the good intentions of Russia in the future, which can hardly be justified by past experience—and certainly the granting her unlimited opportunities of naval expansion would not tend to a reduction of our own naval expenditure. Who is to decide as to "the fairness and reasonableness" of Russia's aspirations, present and future? If the carnivorous propensities of a boa constrictor are to be excused by the old adage "L'appétit vient en mangeant," some such excuse is absolutely necessary for Russia's proceedings in the last thirty years, and the absorption of Afghanistan, or of even a larger morsel, might be regarded before many years are over as a "fair and reasonable aspiration."

Before committing ourselves to an understanding with Russia on the above-mentioned lines, we have also to consider what is too much lost sight of, the Russo-French alliance. Is that alliance offensive or purely defensive in character? If there is any nation with whom, more than any other, *except* the United States, we English wish to live on good terms, it is France; but if the Dual Alliance is offensive in character—if it means that when relations between England and one or other of the two allies are strained on account of some Fashoda or Penjdeh incident, the two would act in common, surely it would be but common prudence not to do anything to facilitate that co-operation of two of the most important fleets, after our own, in the world in the Mediterranean, which the unrestricted passage of the Dardanelles would afford. In view of such a conjunction, England

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would either have to treble her Mediterranean fleet, or submit to the ignominious position of a second-class Power in a sea where her fleets have been predominant.

Captain Mahan writes very strongly on this point. He says—

> It is to the writer clear that the European members of the Teutonic family, Germany and Great Britain, cannot possibly admit Russia's predominance in the Levant and through this over the Suez route, which would be acquired if the enclosed naval basin of the Black Sea were converted into an impregnable base for exit and for entrance by the acquisition of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. There is not in the world a parallel to this combination of advantages for the secure development, drill and egress at will of a formidable fleet, while its situation relatively to the Canal would revolutionise commercial conditions in so far as dependent upon naval power. So strong is my conviction upon this point that while heartily wishing the success of the British arms in South Africa, I should see compensation even for utter defeat and loss in the necessity for the British then to concentrate upon the Mediterranean and the Levant, and in accord with Germany to preserve a predominance about the isthmus, including Asia Minor, thus assuring a route necessary to both nations, and for which that by the Cape of Good Hope is no adequate alternative.

Sir R. Blennerhassett and our other Russophiles are of a totally different opinion. He says, "It is difficult to see how Russian supremacy in South-East Europe could be injurious to England." The same view is taken by the able writers A. B. C. in the *National Review* and by the *Spectator*. The editor of the latter paper advocates a policy of despair. He says in effect, What's the good of opposing Russian aspirations in Turkey and on the Persian Gulf. She will get what she wants in the end, just as she got Port Arthur, and we should gain more by backing her up than by thwarting her. Can such a contention as this be satisfactory to those who take the "long view" of the national interest at this time, as previously expressed? It is true that as regards the absorption of Turkey by Russia, it is a matter which concerns Austria and Germany, and even France, much more intimately than England. Since the Crimean War our interests, territorial and commercial, all over the world, but especially in Africa, have increased so

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enormously, that it would be madness to imperil them, full as they are of the promise of infinite development, by going to war to bolster up the inherent rottenness of the Turkish Empire, which twice in the last half-century we have interfered to save. If Germany, or Austria, or both combined, are willing to thwart the aspirations of Russia in this connection, by all means let them do so—it is their business, not ours, and we are quite strong enough to enforce our demands on either belligerent, if, and when, our special interests are attacked. Our main interest now in the remains of the Turkish Empire is commercial, and if we can make such satisfactory terms with the successor of the Sultan as will ensure equality of opportunity for our trade in South-East Europe, we may be well content. But the advocates of a Russian alliance are not satisfied with giving her a free hand in that part of the world. They would let her have her own way in the Persian Gulf as well, which is as much an object of Russia's ambition now as the Bosphorus. "Let England only understand," says the *Novoe Vremya*, "that we do not desire India, but must get down to the Persian Gulf, and the matter is settled." Russia says she does not want India; but the whole of Persia, including the Gulf, in which at present she has no interest, commercial or political—the possession of which would give her a far more formidable position in case some future generation of Russians has designs on India—is, say our Russophiles, to be surrendered at her bidding. We might go so far as to consent to a Russian preponderance in Northern Persia, but it should be on the understanding that as a *quid pro quo* there should be no interference with our old-established position on the Gulf, and we may therefore welcome Lord Cranborne's announcement in the debate on Mr. J. Walton's amendment last Session that "our rights there and our position of ascendency we cannot abandon," followed and emphasised by Lord Lansdowne's declaration on May 5, in the House of Lords, that "we should regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as

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a very great menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal."

It is to be hoped that this language is sufficiently clear and unmistakable to warn Russia that England would regard any acquisition of territory by her in the neighbourhood of the Gulf as an "unfriendly act," to quote Sir E. Grey's words with reference to the Valley of the Nile, and govern herself accordingly. A port on the Gulf can be of no possible use to Russia commercially, except in connection with her Central Asian Railway, and to carry a line across the deserts and mountain ranges of Persia for 800 or 900 miles to Bundar Abbas or Chahbar could not be expected to produce satisfactory results. Russia's game in Persia, as evidenced by the recent commercial treaty, the terms of which are still imperfectly known, is to reduce her to the condition of a vassal state, to control her foreign relations and her trade, and to interrupt her commercial intercourse with India and England.

It is hardly too much to say that the foreign problem of the greatest moment at the present time is connected with the Persian question, mixed up as it is with that of Asia Minor, and of the railway to the Persian Gulf, the subject now of so much animated discussion.

The public has read with a sense of relief that negotiations which have been going on to secure England's participation in this scheme have come to an end. No other result could have been arrived at after the publication of the text of the convention signed at Constantinople on March 5, which completely negatived the chief condition precedent to the approval of the Government as stated by the Premier in the House of Commons on April 7, 1908, that British capital and British control are to be on an absolute equality with the capital and control of any other Power. Now it would appear that the syndicate, whether German or composite, which has obtained the concession want British capital without British control. In the face of British opposition or abstention, it is not likely that the scheme will be carried through. It is, however, one

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to which England ought not to refuse her co-operation if her own interests are effectually safeguarded and the scheme is carried through as a great international enterprise for the more effectual linking of Europe and Asia. The greatest commercial Power in the world ought not to shirk her interest in such a scheme from a mere nervous dread of having, in its accomplishment, to go into partnership with other Powers, including Germany. Years ago we could have made the railway ourselves, if we had chosen, and we must not now deny to others participation in an undertaking which would at any rate secure one railway from Europe to Asia independent of the Power which now controls the land-borne trade of practically the whole of Asia outside India and China.

Germany now is unpopular all over the British Empire, and deservedly so. The antagonistic and offensive tone of many of her leading statesmen and writers, the insults of the Press during the Boer War, which did not spare even the person of our beloved Queen, and the commercial rivalry which now exists between the two countries, have created such a strong feeling of resentment against Germany and everything German that it goes somewhat against the grain at the present time to adopt what I quite admit is the unpopular position of advocating, under certain conditions, an understanding or alliance with her rather than with Russia. This feeling of resentment is also deepened by the idea that the recent increase of the German navy and its further development is directed solely against the maritime supremacy of England. This idea seems somewhat far-fetched. We have another keen commercial competitor in the markets of the world, far richer, more powerful, and quite as persevering as Germany—the United States, which is building warships at a rate which will soon make her the second Naval Power in the world, but we are not told that she ought on that account to be credited with the dark design of wresting from us our commerce and our world-power.

While admitting to the full the growing size and efficiency

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of the German navy, it is at present premature, if not childish, to regard its expansion as due solely to a determination of the Kaiser to wrest from England her sea supremacy. Germany has far too much leeway to make up. To create a navy which would rival that now existing in England would be an undertaking so gigantic, so costly, and so prolonged as to be almost inconceivable, and the end of the period of construction would probably find England, stirred from her usual apathy by the prospect of a competing foe, and with greater facilities for naval construction, as far ahead of Germany as ever. The German navy has increased threefold in the last twenty years.

In 1881	the number of men voted	was	11,552
In 1891	„	„	17,009
In 1902	„	„	31,171

and if the naval programme of 1900 is carried out as arranged, the fleet strength will reach in 1905 the respectable total of 60,000 men. Even if the present personnel of the British Navy is maintained, it would be double that of Germany in 1905, and would exceed that of France and Germany combined. According to the Italian *Gazetta del Popolo*, the following figures represented approximately last year the relative strength of the different navies. England 100, France 45, Russia 30, United States 22, Germany 18, Japan 16, Italy 15. At the present rate of increase, the relative positions in 1905 will be as follows: England 100, France 50, United States 40, Russia 35, Germany 30, Japan 25, Italy 12. Even the German navy, however, cannot thrive on a deficit of twelve millions, and the result of last year's Imperial Budget is more likely to effect a pause in the ambitious shipbuilding programme which has occasioned so much uneasiness amongst us than any increase in it. Meantime, we in England are doing more than holding our own. According to Lord Brassey's "Annual" (1902 ch. i.), we had during the year under review a larger number of first-class battleships building than the number completed for any other

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navy, and we had also under construction twice the number of first-class cruisers completed for any other Power.

We ought, I think, to take a more reasonable and probable view both of Germany's aim in thus increasing her navy and of the limitations which must affect it. The protection of commerce and colonies must surely be regarded as a legitimate cause for the creation of a navy, and as fifteen years ago Germany practically possessed neither of the two former, it is not surprising that her zeal for the creation of a navy has been so conspicuous as to cause a small panic amongst that section of the public who regard every increase of foreign armaments as specially directed against England. There are few apparent reasons for German antipathy to England. Perhaps the most potent is that jealousy, sedulously fostered by the German Navy League, which a newly born world-power would naturally feel towards another State, which, after centuries of effort, has anticipated her in the acquisition of coveted territorial and commercial advantages. But, on the other side, there are important considerations which cannot be disregarded by those responsible from the Emperor downwards for the guidance of Germany. Freedom of commerce, the policy of the open door and of equality of opportunity in the markets of China and the East, are as important to Germany as they are to ourselves. She knows that as long as the present balance of power continues these advantages are hers without question, but with the downfall of this country, either by her instrumentality or with her connivance, how would her commercial and political position be affected? Assuming the effacement of England and the aggrandisement of Russia, and probably of her ally, France, would the German nation sleep more tranquilly in their beds, remembering the national desire of France for a Rhine frontier and of Russia for the absorption of all Slavonic nationalities.

These solid and substantial considerations ought to operate on the sober sense of both Germans and English to produce, in time, a better feeling between us. We cannot ignore, and

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can only seriously deplore the estrangement between two nations which have so often acted together in peace as well as war. It may be hoped in the true interests of both that they will realise the force of Washington's warning to his fellow countrymen so opportunely quoted by Captain Mahan,[1] "not to be influenced by permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations." Both nations are extremely matter-of-fact, and once convinced that their common interests demand that they should act, not necessarily in formal alliance, but in solidarity of action, they may agree to forget the passions and prejudices of the last few years.

Turning now from the condition of matters in the Near East, let us consider what new factors have lately arisen which will affect the "long view" of England's position in the opening years of the century.

Foremost of these is the entry of the United States on the scene as a world-power of the first commercial importance. Although making her début somewhat coyly and as if half ashamed of the alteration in her status, the United States fully accepted the responsibilities of her position in China during the crisis of 1900; while her acquisition of the Philippines, and the commercial development of China, in which she shows herself determined to play her part, makes her co-operation a probable and invaluable assistance to England in developing the policy to which we have committed ourselves, and which is as important to her as to us. The United States is now in a state of transition from a purely Transatlantic into a World State, and the change is fortunately occurring at a time of great political unrest, when circumstances have recently combined to draw closer the natural bonds of sympathy between her and England, and when identity of interest in the Far East may induce by degrees a more intimate form of co-operation.

Of scarcely less importance to England is the phenomenal rise and expansion of Japan into a Power of considerable

[1] *National Review*, September 1902.

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magnitude, and our recently concluded alliance with her. Her military and naval power, her harbours within easy reach of the Chinese coast constitute her an invaluable ally of this country. Her sympathies, and many people would say her antipathies, are closely bound up with our own, for her commercial development requires freedom of trade and free access to the markets of China and of Asia, and in proportion to the increase of her naval power and wealth, must also increase her influence over her unwieldy and unprogressive neighbour. The conclusion of this alliance—the most important event during Lord Lansdowne's tenure of the Foreign Office, has been met with almost unanimous satisfaction throughout the Empire. England receives most valuable moral and material support in a corner of the world most distant from her own shores, in which her commercial interests are at once most important, and most threatened.

The South African War, and the uprising of the Colonies to the assistance of the mother country in the prosecution of a just and Imperial struggle in the successful issue of which all parts of the Empire were equally interested, is of too recent occurrence to enable a clear forecast to be taken of its ultimate result. Although foreign nations may laugh at our reverses and the mistakes of some of our generals, the stern and determined purpose of the nation to win in the end at whatever cost of men and money, the improvements in our military system which must result from the lessons of the war, the experience acquired in the field by both generals and men, and the ease with which the consequent financial burdens have been borne by the country, must surely impress the outside world. It is no sentimental assistance which the Colonies have rendered in the last three years. The war has demonstrated to all the world as well as to astonished Little Englanders and pro-Boers at home (alas! that any should have been found) that for the future the British Empire and not the United Kingdom only has to be reckoned with, and that the natural increase of our population not only adds

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strength to each particular colony but to the Empire at large.

There can be no doubt that recent events have tended to that consolidation of the Empire which is the chief object aimed at in the "long view" of England's future. In these days of Dual and Triple Alliances between nations armed to the teeth, it is more than ever necessary that as the component parts of the Empire are widely separated, they should yet be capable of immediate and united action, the result of well-calculated provision and not of temporarily devised expedient. Unity and forethought, therefore, are the chief desiderata at the present time. The first is now an honoured shibboleth among the *disjecta membra* of the Empire, and needs no bolstering up at conferences of Colonial Premiers, but the co-ordinating of the Imperial forces in a well-thought-out scheme of Imperial defence has still to be devised, and the sooner it is done the better, for no one can tell how soon the machine may have to be tested in the stern arbitrament of war, which, if it comes at all, will surely come upon us swiftly and suddenly, and if we cannot meet it as the strong man armed at all points, we are not likely to have so long an opportunity for recuperation as was allowed us in the late war. The Venezuelan affair, now happily in train for settlement, is evidence, first, of the existing tension in foreign affairs, and, secondly, of the strong national feeling against any joint action with Germany even in so limited and trivial a matter as the well-deserved punishment of the worst and weakest of South American States for wrongs inflicted on the citizens of both countries. This national feeling cannot be easily dissipated, but time, which softens national acerbities, and a juster appreciation in Germany of the value of English confidence and support, will, it is to be hoped, result in a more conciliatory demeanour on her part and a more receptive feeling on our own.

CHARLES BILL.

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THE PENRHYN QUARRIES IN PERSPECTIVE

EVER since the Liberal Movement in life and letters sprang from the awakening of Europe by the French Revolution, it has been assumed that a revival of thought, a revision of accepted dogmas about the relation of the individual citizen to the mass of citizens, of classes to the masses, and of the masses to the State, is the natural consequence of a great war. A revival of the arts is in the general expectation another inevitable result. Indeed, to æsthetic minds habitually yearning for fresh intellectual sensation it is the finest of the fruits of war. This we perceive from the disappointments which found expression in periodical reviews devoted to the diagnosis of our moods and tendencies. The theorisings began immediately after the episodes on the Modder River. Academic thinkers arose to declare that this was a mighty war indeed, a titantic struggle, a clash of prejudices and of arms on a scale great enough to celebrate the close of a nervous century; but where, it was asked, were the new poets, and why were the old ones tame or dumb? After a time these questionings ceased. There had arisen no prose writer to take up the romantic mantle of Walter Scott, no new singer to inherit and expand the constructive Liberalism of Alfred Tennyson. There had been no response to the demand for heroic measures in the muses, and the demand died out in despair. The war had been so astonishingly barren of impulse

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to the Arts that we might as well have remained at peace on the terms of the Transvaal's Ultimatum. Such was the conclusion to which were driven the anxious watchers for a portent. If a war of such unexampled character could neither produce a new poet nor rekindle to a nobler flame the song of any familiar genius, was it not clear that our race must be past the virility of its prime, worn-out, and decadent?

The fear that such must be the case was sorrowfully expressed by thinkers not a few; but there is reason for believing that the pessimism was unnecessary. The war was unprecedented in respect of considerations other than those of the number of Imperial troops employed and the distance between their headquarters and the fields of battle. Despite the unexpected turns which the struggle took, the result was never very much in doubt. Although the Empire was incidentally fighting for its life, it was fighting with assurance of success. Arduous, long, and full of mishaps as it was, the war was not one over which our nation could long maintain much racial pride. It was a war forced upon us by considerations mainly of the unromantic kind: an action needfully to be taken in defence of "the delicate marvel of our credit": a strictly practical acceptance of a prosaic task, that of subduing two troublesome states lest a triumph of their arrogance should in more important regions sap the authority of the Throne. A war of that character is not an episode which inspires the poetical or the romantic imagination. Well for us that it is not. England would indeed have had some cause for fearing herself senile and in decay had her men of genius burst into pæans of exultation over the incidents, such as the surrender of the over-matched Cronje, in the result of which the Empire vindicated and maintained its integrity. In subduing the Transvaal and the Orange Free State the Empire merely discharged a painful duty to itself, and it is not in such energies that a great race finds inspiration towards a revival of the arts which glorify the national genius.

If the history of the war in South Africa blossoms into

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great poetry, or into romantic prose, it will not do so through the imaginations of Englishmen. The poets or the romanticists will be Boers. When Cromwell and the overwhelming Parliamentary forces had subdued the Stuarts, it was not the victors in whose minds war had cultivated the latent capacity of poesy and romance which is common to all martial races. It was the Jacobites to whose imaginations the warfare had been inspiring. Round the Jacobite tradition there has accumulated a splendid literature. The cause of Whiggery, which succeeded because Cromwell's were the superior forces, has not contributed to libraries or to folklore a single verse or a single story which can be described as literature at all. It does not follow that the Puritans were destitute of lyrical or romantic gifts. It follows only that the subjugation of the Jacobites, brave foes who had struggled at disadvantage, was not an achievement in which Englishmen worthy of their race could possibly exult. Without the joy of triumph in equal fight, Britons, who are self-respecting as a rule, cannot be developed into poets or romanticists by war. It is to the credit of England that the campaigns in South Africa have not caused any attempt at that revival of literature for which hasty thinkers yearned.

Is it, then, that our three-years war has been without any stimulating effect on the minds of the English people? If we believed this we should be blind to the signs of the times. A great war that does not lead to a revival of arts such as those of literature leads to a revival of curiosity about practical concerns. An activity of that kind has been in progress since the Peace. Like the wind before a thunderstorm, it has frequently changed its direction. At first it was said that Society, besides being frivolous and no better morally than might be expected from its luxurious indolence, secretly wielded a bad influence on the fighting services. That thought wore itself out in the anger of three months. Then it was said that, notwithstanding the enfranchisement of the people into democracy, the governance of the nation was

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vested in oligarchic cliques. The wrath of another three months exhausted whatever validity lay in the suspicion that "the Cecils" had too much power in the land. In the subsequent quarter we had a crusade in behalf of economy in the Army and the Navy. As the crusaders were the very men who during the war had clamoured for victorious despatch at any cost, that movement died a natural death. All those agitations, which originated among Conservatives, were accompanied by a strange outbreak of reforming zeal in a group of Liberals; but that too has ceased. Perhaps the chief of the group, who is given to the study of history, has chanced upon Mr. Charles Greville's reference to the Lord Grey of seventy years ago, who, though "temperate and very general," was found to be "harping too much on that confounded word *efficiency*," and has perceived the uselessness of the arrogant and discredited shibboleth.

Contemplated in the tranquillity of retrospect, all these panic emotions seem petty, and even amusing; but they were unmistakably sincere, and they cannot have been wholly meaningless. Arising among and encouraged by men prominent and ambitious in public life, they never seemed to have any serious hold upon the people at large; yet, at the time, the people did not resent them, or think them ludicrous. Indeed, it almost seemed that the passionate plaints were symptoms of an unrestfulness of feeling and reflection among the millions who were not heard. That there were potential causes for some such condition was indubitable. A great war that brings to the nation only the negative glory of not having been defeated makes the people think; and the thoughts are sad, searching, sceptical about the social and economic order of the realm.

Our triumph, which no one has the heart to enshrine in song or story, cost very much more, in time, in money, and in men, than the most apprehensive among us foresaw. The nation does not regret these expenditures; but it is conscious of them, and the consciousness is in the nature

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of those remorseful depressions under the influence of which healthy men and healthy races rally to regain equanimity and improved fortune. The classes of the people have not often been so friendly towards one another as they are now. War blent them in a sympathy which subsequent reflections have not seriously disturbed.

It is no bitter impulse that is bringing about a revival of curiosity about social and economic laws. It is an impulse, common to all who think, springing from a candid perception that the economic sociology with which we were roughly content in the languid age of peace was probably not a perfect polity.

That which all England seeks is something more than a system which will be less cruel than orthodox political economy; something more than a mitigation of undue riches and undue poverty; some reform in which a raising of the standard of comfort among the working classes, although necessarily the first step, is, by the consent of all concerned, a means to a much wider result. In short, we are awaking to a perception that, with the increase of the pressure of the population upon the means of subsistence and with the increase of the pressure of the Imperial responsibilities upon the means of defence, there comes a time when orthodox political economy ceases to be intelligently applicable either to the domestic or to the national rights of man.

That time is nigh for England. Indeed, it is already upon us. Almost unobservedly, the fitful winds of feverish opinion which seemed to portend some undefined social revolution have died away; and in the calm we are confronted once more with a familiar problem that in times of peace is, and probably always will be, recurrent in strong, prosperous, and progressive States. That is the problem of Capital and Labour. There is no need to deplore this. We never hear a word in condemnation of a capitalist who, having ten thousand pounds a year, strives to double his income. On the contrary, such a man is held to be a credit to his country;

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and when he has doubled his income frequently enough to be inordinately rich he receives from the highest classes a welcome which is not altogether determined by any sense of the personal favours he can bestow. Why, then, should we cry out in dismay or in irritation when Labour also wishes to be better off? The man who, having thirty shillings a week, would like sixty is just as much entitled to his wish as the man who, having ten thousand pounds a year, would fain become a "millionaire." It is not altogether on his own account that he seeks a larger income. Even as the capitalist who is capable of achieving millions is usually, as we constantly see, anxious to strengthen the institutions of the realm by the use of great wealth, the working man has a wife and family, dependents for whose future he is naturally solicitous. In both cases the desire for better fortune has an unselfish and ennobling sanction. Material comfort and patriotism are separate things; but the one is essential in the other. A reasonable assurance that those who are near and dear to us will always have a competence in our land, should they choose to remain there, is absolutely necessary to the continuance of that pride in our country from which in time of stress self-sacrifice gladly springs. It is quite natural that the working man, like any other man, should be constantly anxious to have his lot in life improved. When he ceases to have that anxiety the race will be past its prime, and the decline of the Empire will have begun. "The Labour Movement," therefore, tedious as the tidings of it are sometimes apt to be, should not be regarded as a symptom of impending disruption. It is a sign that the nation is in prosperity and health. At any rate, it is so in time of peace. In time of war the movement ceases. With the exception of a highly important episode to be examined anon, there was not a single great dispute between Labour and Capital during the recent war. This remarkable fact shows that the working men are as loyal as any other class. It should convey rebuke and correction to those unreflecting Conservatives, mainly to be found among the urban middle-

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classes and the rustic squirearchy, who cannot understand why "the lower orders" should not be content with the wages of fifty years ago and the reassuring provisions of the Poor Law.

Nevertheless, whilst the propositions of Labour should always be heard with patience, and even welcomed, it is necessary that we should examine them closely before assuming that they should be received in a spirit of concession. They are propositions in political economy, a science the importance of which, though the learned works about it are almost innumerable, is not generally recognised. Its laws, though not yet finally defined, are immutable, just as those of mathematics are; and infringements of its laws would produce disasters from which, in higher domains, the mathematician in error would be free. The mathematician might make mistakes about the distribution of the external universe without upsetting the order of the heavens; but a people could not make practical mistakes in political economy without upsetting the order of the earth. It is impossible in a brief writing to establish this thought fully; but it happens that at the moment there are before us three topics of great interest from a scrutiny of which three fundamental truths emerge. The truths are, first, that the wealth of the nation is not of the nature which is generally assumed, and that, in seeking what they call a more equitable distribution of wealth, the Socialist working men are under an extraordinary illusion as to its amount; secondly, that Labour, ambitious for equality with Capital in the control of industries, is making an unjust demand the concession of which is in the nature of things impossible; and, thirdly, that Capital, maintaining in at least one instance the letter of the law of property, is violating the spirit in a manner which, if it became general in certain industries necessary to the welfare of the realm, would not be tolerated for a week.

The first truth can be brought to light by analysing a certain uncontroversial episode which is adding to the gaiety of the Britannic nations at home and beyond the seas. About a

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year ago the company owning a certain newspaper discovered an encyclopædia which thousands of people would buy if its merits were brought clamorously to their notice. The book was like an abandoned but unexhausted quarry. It had still an abundance of potential wealth. The company set about their enterprise. All the world knows how they have prospered. By means of a system of advertising lavish and energetic beyond all precedent, the company have added the encyclopædia to the household gods of many thousand families, and have been in receipt of cheques to an equivalent number. What the profits of the enterprise amount to, or will amount to when it has been completed, is not known. The sum must be large; but for our present purpose the exact figures are not necessary. Let us assume that since the enterprise began the encyclopædia has been the subject of trade to the amount of half a million pounds. What does that mean? Some of those who ruminate passionately over the unequal distribution of the means of subsistence and of luxuries may answer that half a million pounds have been added to the wealth of the nation, and that in the event of a Socialistic rearrangement of our affairs the sum to be divided among the people would be half a million more than it was before the potentialities of the encyclopædia were developed. The answer would be natural; but it would be wrong. On the assumption, for the purposes of elucidation, that the whole trade in the encyclopædia has been within our own shores, it is demonstrable that the addition to the national wealth which has accompanied the enterprise is so trifling as to be inconsiderable. The owners of many newspapers have had their revenues slightly increased by payments for the advertisements which the company issued; there has been a little extra business to printers, makers of paper, makers of ink, dealers in leather, book-binders, makers of revolving book-cases, the railways, and the Post Office; the writers of the articles in the supplementary volumes, by which the work was "brought up to date," have received fees; and the original owners of the copyright have been paid for their

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concession. The most extreme Socialist would not, on reflection, object to any of these earnings, all of which were reasonable requitals for honest service, and probably consumed almost as quickly as they were received; but what of the balance, the handsome sum by which the coffers of the company have been enriched? On reflection, that also might pass the extreme Socialist's survey. No man would call it an unearned increment. That, however, is not relevant to the consideration which has now to be made clear. In relation to the national wealth the handsome sum in the company's coffers is not an increment at all. It is merely a transfer of wealth within the nation. The nature and the results of this transfer may be happily illustrated by a story which is so quaint that it must be true. Tam Orrock and Sandy Tamson owned neighbouring farms in Fife. In their great friendship they agreed that each should bequeath his land to the other on consideration of an undertaking that the survivor would place ten pounds in the coffin of the friend who should go first. Tam died, and Sandy took possession of Tam's farm. To all the people round about, Sandy was known to be "close-fisted," and soon suspicion grew into a rumour that he had not fulfilled the condition. Consequently, in the hope of being able to upset the arrangement, Tam's relations approached Sandy.

"Sandy, man," they said, "ye've ta'en possession of Tam's fairm; but did ye really fu'fil your pairt o' the compac'?"

"Of coorse," said Sandy, with dignified indignation.

"But do ye really mean to tell us, Sandy Tamson, that ye buried the ten pounds in Tam's coffin?"

"Certainly I did."

"Noo, juist tell us in what shape or form the money was. Was it in gold, or notes, or what?"

"Neyther."

"Sil'er then, maybe?"

"No: nor sil'er."

"What, then?"

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"O," answered Sandy, loftily, "I juist gied him a bit cheque for't."

Now, strange as the idea may at first appear, the transaction between the company who traded in the encyclopædia and the many thousands of householders on whose bookshelves the stately volumes now repose is, from the point of view of the extreme and passionate Socialist, who is extreme and in a passion only at the thought of increased national wealth in which he does not share, closely akin to the transaction between Sandy and Tam. The wealth of the nation was not increased by the enrichment of Sandy on Tam's death. It merely underwent a minute change in distribution. Similarly, the wealth of the nation has not been increased by the vast trade in the encyclopædia. If the trade had been with people in foreign lands our national wealth would have been increased to the extent of the difference between the cost of producing and selling the books and the sum of the payments from the purchasers; but, on the assumption that the trade has been wholly internal, it may be said that there has been only a transfer of wealth within the nation itself. That, however, is not the main respect in which the two transactions are akin. In the imagination of our extreme Socialist the national wealth is something that could conceivably be redistributed among the whole people to the great improvement of the lots in life of those who at present do not have sufficient food and clothes and properly-appointed house-room. As related to that belief the two transactions are exactly alike. If we were to have Socialism of the extreme kind, the encyclopædias which have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land would be as useless as the cheque which Sandy placed in the grave of Tam. They could not be eaten, or made into clothing, or used as bricks for dwellings. At present, when our society is individualistic, based upon the recognition of private property, the books do have values, the value which lies in the power of their possessors to glean from them knowledge which will help them in achieving

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prosperity in their own careers, and the value which lies in their being saleable commodities; but if our society underwent revolution into Socialism of the kind we are considering they would not be worth so much as their weight in fuel. As no one would then have any motive for being a worker of any kind more skilled in any respect than his neighbour, no one would wish to read them, and no one would wish to buy them. This desolating truth is applicable to at least nine-tenths of the commodities which represent that magnificent but illusive entity known as the national wealth. The value of these commodities is almost wholly extrinsic, dependent upon the sociological conditions amid which they are possessed. A picture by some great master, for example, may be worth ten thousand pounds as long as our system of economics allows it, like a bank note, to maintain a practically fixed value; but it would be worth nothing at all if the will of the people declared that henceforth all property should be held in common. Almost the only commodity of any value amid the new conditions of society would be the nation's reserves of food-stuffs; and those, it is known, are not sufficient to keep the people in life for more than six weeks. In short, the national wealth as understood by the extreme and passionate Socialist is almost wholly an illusion. Nine-tenths of it would vanish the moment he converted the people to his theory.

It may be said that Socialism of the extreme kind has not been much in vogue of recent years; and that is true. Socialism lapses in times of prosperity, and, to the great credit of the working classes, it lapses also, as we have seen, in time of war. Like certain other superstitions, however, it has the peculiarity of reviving periodically, as each successive generation "throws up" some eager thinker upon whom the immortal theory that all men are equal acts as a fiery cross; and it is pretty certain that when trade languishes we shall be once more face to face with Socialism in all its original crudity. Indeed, since the Peace we have been face to face with it in a mode which, seeming new, does but present the ancient

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fallacies in a fresh guise. Instead of seeking a "more equitable" distribution of wealth by the direct means of compelling a general rise in wages, powerful leaders of the working men are seeking that end by endeavouring to acquire for Labour a control over industry equal to that which is wielded by Capital. Over a motion for the second reading of the Trade Disputes Bill, their desire was debated in the House of Commons on May 8. Front-bench statesmen on both sides took part in the discussion; but electioneering considerations rendered the debate evasive. Fortunately, it is possible to supply the missing words, and to present the proposition fully and without disguise. The new episode in the Labour Movement began when the final judgment in the Taff Vale Railway case had been delivered. The Supreme Court had upheld the opinion of Mr. Justice Farwell that trade unions may be sued for damages in respect of questionable actions on the part of their recognised officers. Asserting that the funds of the Unions are benefit funds, to be used for the relief of members who fall ill or lose employment, advocates of the claims of Labour held that, whatever may have been the intention of the Act of 1871, upon his reading of which the Lord Chancellor based his judgment, the decision was not righteous in equity. Dissatisfaction with it gave Mr. J. B. Clynes, a very able member of the Oldham Trade Union Law Committee, an opportunity to state certain thoughts about the relations of Capital and Labour. He formulated those thoughts with remarkable perspicacity and ingenious skill of rhetoric. Quoted from *The Times*, this is a summary of his argument:

> Employers can, singly or in association, pursue their objects and preserve their interests by refusing to engage, by dismissing, or locking out, one workman or a thousand. Injury is inflicted on the men and loss suffered by their union. Neither the union nor the workman has any claim on the employer for such loss or injury; nor do they wish to claim, because such loss is incidental in circumstances where the faculty of war is being exercised, and the employer, having the power, is considered to have the right to act in pursuit of his

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interests. When men go on strike the object is not to injure the employer, but to preserve their interests and protect or improve their position. As the law now is, employers may lock men out to make them leave a union, or discharge them for joining one; but the trade unions cannot strike with the object of forcing men to join. Employers may request each other not to supply employment to certain men; but the trade unions cannot ask a person not to supply men or materials to certain employers. Employers may entice and procure persons to assist them during a dispute; but the trade unions cannot peacefully persuade persons not to take the employers' side. None the less, employers may use lists of workmen they object to; but the trade unions cannot publish lists of employers who are objectionable to them. Employers may use agents and money to induce men to assist them in disputes; but the trade unions cannot watch or quietly picket a shop during a dispute without risk of prosecution.

The lucid candour with which Mr. Clynes states the problem as he perceives it is an encouragement to believe that he himself, and perhaps most representatives of Labour, will give heed to a statement of the problem as it is perceived by others. In order that this presentment may be complete, it is necessary to note that Mr. Clynes overlooks a highly important consideration. In pleading for equality of privilege between masters and servants, apparently he takes it for granted that the only "factors in production" are a man or men willing to employ and a man or men willing to be employed. He ignores capital. At least, he makes no mention of it in his count and reckoning. Thus, he reasons in a vicious circle. There are more than two "factors in production." There are three. There is capital; there is the willingness of the possessor of capital to use it in an enterprise; and there is labour. If any of the three "factors" were lacking, the other two would be useless, and the industries of civilisation would become impossible. It must, however, be admitted that, whilst the essentials of civilised industry are three, for the purposes of practical thought they resolve themselves into two. On one side we have Capital and Enterprise; on the other side we have Labour.

Are the two sides equal in capacity to contribute towards

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production of the articles which mankind consume, equal in theoretical right, and therefore equal in reasonable privilege? Since no two essentials in production are of use apart from the third, it may be admitted that the two sides are in a manner equal; but to regard this admission as serious would be mistaking a metaphysical paradox for a practical truth. The admission would mean that the two sides are equal in respect that neither has any capacity at all.

It cannot be in respect of such a negative and barren equality that Mr. Clynes implicity affirms that there ought to be practical equality of privilege between employers and employed. The tone of his writing is evidence that, far from being an irreconcilable malcontent or a frivolous metaphysician, he is a sincere thinker anxious that the toiling millions should have their lot improved by honest means. He knows quite well that the equality of privilege which some sane men would welcome is not equality in starving from lack of the necessaries of life. Perhaps, therefore, he will be prepared to acknowledge that the only means by which the two sets of forces needful in production could be made roughly equal would be a division of the capital at disposal between the employers and the employed. Even then the equality would be more apparent than real. The position of master, the privilege of directing the productive energies, would naturally, if there were to be any fair play in the enterprise at all, or hope about its issues, remain with the man or the men by whom the capital was provided. Thus, once more the theoretic equality would be upset by the intrusion of privilege. Only crazy thinkers would have the State attempt to achieve the equality of men by the equal distribution of the capital of the country among them all; but a reference to this aspiration is necessary in order to show forth beyond all possibility of mistake a fallacy which underlies the less immoderate aspiration of those who think with Mr. Clynes. Capital will never be divided between employers and employed. It follows that the two sets of forces engaged in production of the articles by which civilised

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life is maintained can never be made equal. Two and one cannot possibly be made into four or into two, a sum that can be divided into two equal parts. They remain three. Thus, while civilisation lasts we shall always have Capital and Enterprise on one side and Labour on the other. There will always, that is to say, be inequality between employers and employed.

That is an elementary, axiomatic, familiar truth; but it has been needful to repeat and explain it in order that Mr. Clynes and the many thousands who share his thoughts may perceive that inequality, which is inherent and permanent in nature, human as well as humbler-animal or inanimate, inevitably leads to the very privileges which even the moderate Socialists would abolish. A thousand destitute orphans could not force a thousand trade-union heads of houses to employ them in domestic service. Similarly, trade unionists cannot force possessors of capital to embark it in industrial enterprises. As our social order at present stands, the enterprises are voluntary. Also, excepting in so far as they are regulated by obligations such as those ordained by the Factories Act, the terms of employment are naturally those which the capitalists are willing to offer and the workmen are willing to accept. The privileges of which Mr. Clynes complains inevitably flow from this natural and reasonable arrangement between honourable men. Assuming that the agreements are not for perpetuity, we must acknowledge that the employers are within their rights in closing them at will in accordance with the legal conditions; and the workmen have precisely the same right.

For some of us it is possible to suspect lack of human feeling, or even vindictiveness, in the aversion of many employers from workmen who belong to trade unions; but out of that fact we can make nothing to the credit of the Socialist aspiration until the unionists are much less averse from and hostile to the free labourers than they have consistently shown themselves to be. Combination among employers to protect their individual interests certainly gives to all of them

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more power than each could have if he were acting alone; but that power is not in its nature different from the power which the employed sought and acquired when they formed themselves into unions. In times of disputation the employers, it is true, "entice and procure persons to assist them"; but in that they do no more than the unionists achieve when by peaceful persuasion through print or from platform they state their case and their wishes to other men. When the persuasion is in the mode of watching or quietly picketing a shop it is peaceful only in the sense in which a lonely woman complies with the theorem of a burglar. Besides, what would be thought of employers who should "quietly picket" an agitating workman's house in order to keep their intelligence department properly equipped "in the circumstances where the faculty of war is being exercised"?

It seems, then, that, when scrutinised in the light of reasoning from the nature of things, Socialism as expressed by Socialists is not a tenable system of doctrine. There are two respects in which it is manifestly fallacious. In the first place, it does injustice to the established order in economy by ignoring the fact that certain privileges are clearly inseparable from capital when the owners of the capital assert to the full the rights which it imparts. On the other hand, it does more than justice to itself through gaining sympathy among the thoughtless by ignoring the fact that Socialists themselves have privileges not distinguishable in character from those of the capitalists. As has been shown, they have freedom to enter into and legally to close agreements; freedom to use, within a law which is the same for rich and poor, the strength which comes from combination; and freedom, within a similar law, to gain for their theory of natural rights the moral support of public opinion and the practical support of all men persuaded to join their unions.

Further, they have a privilege which, by some extraordinary mischance, has completely escaped notice. What would be the feelings and the remarks of any ordinary trade unionist if,

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on the plea that all men have a natural right to live, and therefore a right to the means of life, a hundred thousand free labourers, thrown out of employment in a sudden conversion of all capitalists to the doctrines expounded by Mr. Clynes, demanded a share in the moral privilege of the unions and in the material beneficence of all the unionist funds? The reception of such a demand would lack the humaneness notable in the manner in which the claims of Labour upon Capital are always made by trade unionists and always heard by detached observers whose habitual judgment is less searching than sympathetic. Still, there is absolutely no reason why such a demand should be considered irrational by any one who is willing to accept as sound the principles so lucidly taken for granted by Socialists of the school of moderate Mr. Clynes. A man does not need to be very wealthy in order to be a capitalist. He is a capitalist even in respect of possessing a chest of tools. More manifestly is he of the order of capitalists when he belongs to a society so well bestowed financially as most of the trade unions are. It is not at all out of the question to think of the possibility that there may one day be a violent protest against combination from the very many thousands of men who use their liberty of judgment and of action to remain free. A certain dubiety about combinations in the United States, a dubiety which is ominously active in the mind of President Roosevelt, a statesman who does not hesitate when the tendency of a doubt is crystallised into a conviction, should prepare us to perceive that such a protest may in our own country be much nearer than most of us suppose. Its coming would be a startling revelation that "the faculty of war" is not a monopoly of the forces of Labour and Capital as at present limited within essentially artificial organisations. The faculty is capable of expansion which may one day bring about a social rearrangement unexpectedly drastic. Whenever there is in England a war between Labour and Capital as widespread, bitter, and exhausting as is conceivably possible, the Empire will collapse, and our realm in the North Sea will sink

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into a position similar to that of Switzerland, which is little more than a favourite holiday haunt for well-fed citizens from neighbouring European States.

In order that such disasters may remain mere speculative contingencies, it behoves all patriotic thinkers, to what classes soever they belong, to perceive that "the faculty of war," of which empiric economists speak so lightly, had better be exercised henceforth with extreme caution. The potentialities of social progress which were latent in it when workmen began to combine against the inhumane and short-sighted tyranny of Capital have now been realised to the full. If we exercise the faculty inconsiderately, we shall do so at great risk. On both sides the combinations are incomprehensive, unscientific, fraught with retrogression and misery instead of progress and prosperity. Besides, they are an offence, a cause of dangerous dejection, to all who would fain believe England a country of clear and cleanly thought amid which neither demagogic humbug nor economic stupidity can thrive. At present, happily, save for discontent in the engineering industry on the Clyde, we are almost wholly free from the "labour crises" which in piping times not long gone by afforded us opportunities for rather irrational partisanships. There is, however, one crisis which seems to be as steadfast as the eternal hills. It began before the war, and threatens to survive the peace. As it is in certain respects typical of the disturbances which must be rendered impossible if we are to maintain our position among the nations, a brief account of this crisis may be illuminating.

There is a peer who owns quarries in Wales. He would continue to give employment in them, and to draw riches from them, if he could do so on terms which should seem to himself proper; but the terms which would satisfy him are not acceptable to the men who seek to be employed. What have been the attempts at settlement of the dispute? There have been conferences between master and men, appeals for the arbitrament of the Board of Trade, discussions in Parliament, an action for libel in the High Court, and a debate over

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a proposal to censure the Government and cause it to resign because the dispute was a continuing nuisance; but in the main conciliation has been sought by means which on both sides mitigate our pride in England. On the one hand, tempted by politicians in London who were quick towards alliance with any body of disaffection that would help to turn out the Government of the day, the Bethesda choir, consisting of quarrymen who refused to quarry, trekked forth to the great towns, singing "Land of our Fathers," and other psalms and spiritual songs, by way of persuading somnolent and sentimental Saxons that the peer was a wicked man. Afterwards, at the same seduction and with equal fervour, they applied the music to the condemnation of all Britons who could not bleat in sympathy with the Boers. Still later, days and moments were quickly flying while the choristers submitted harmonious doxologies as a humble contribution to earnest criticism of the Education Act. In the course of this session, doubtless, we shall have the same Welshmen proving by the clear demonstration of anthems that Parliament must accept every Nationalist amendment of the Irish Land Bill. Where is all this to end? Are we to have the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's obliged to send forth stalwart songsters to vindicate by selections from Hymns Ancient and Modern the claims of the publicans who sin against the sectaries' fanaticism? The prospect should bring a consciousness of error to the minds of the Liberals who enticed the lugubrious quarrymen from Wales. Sympathy is an aid to the solution of difficulties when it gives us insight into the cause to which we are opposed; but when it is politically prejudiced it is a darkening of counsel.

On the other hand, throughout the crisis about the quarries the attitude of the peer has been not much less absurd than that of the psalm-singing artists in the faculty of war. He has sat quietly in imperturbable assertion of what he conceives to be his rights. As it is only slate which the quarries hold, there is something to be said for him. His is not a mineral

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for the lack of which the fabric of our State, or even that of our homesteads, would speedily decay. If the peer's industrial enterprise had been concerned with coal instead of slate, the four years' crisis of which his property has been the subject would long ere this have attracted a much more effective notice. The constant production of coal is necessary to the life of the people. All other industries depend upon it. Coal is essential in the life of the nation and in that of the Empire. Without it, for example, our ships of commerce could not move; neither could we import the vast quantities of food-stuffs to the measure of which our home production falls short of the needs of the people, nor could we export the commodities by which the imports are paid for; we could not even produce these commodities themselves. Similarly, the Navy would be useless.

It is not needful to dwell on this appalling thought. It suffices to realise that, the very lives of us, individually, socially, and as a nation, being dependent upon the constant production of coal, that is an industry which must be sufficiently maintained at all costs. Any private interest the assertion of which would paralyse it must be overridden without scruple. Fortunately, there is not at present any trouble in the coal-mining industry of Great Britain and Ireland; but, as there were serious troubles not long ago, it is not unreasonable to think that there may possibly be others. The danger with which the United States was recently threatened gave a warning to England. Also, the means by which the President solved the difficulty conveyed a valuable suggestion. Mr. Roosevelt indicated that if the operators and the coal-miners did not speedily come to terms the Government would apply the law of mortmain. By buying up the coal-bearing lands, the Government would relieve the operators of the burden of their properties, and have mining continued by the State. Should the need arise, that will necessarily be the action of our own Government. There are other industries, such as those undertaken by the railway companies, by ironmasters, and by

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shipbuilders, which are almost equally essential in the domestic and national welfare of the people. Not one of them can be allowed to lapse through disputes between Labour and Capital. The interests of the nation, which is the heart of the Empire, are naturally and for all time supreme over every other consideration.

This synthetic truth holds the possibility of a Socialism which would be in harmony with the laws of nature. The desirability of free play between supply and demand, between Capital and Labour, must be subordinated to the necessity that the United Kingdom should not be left at a disadvantage in relation to other States. It will be well for themselves and for the realm if all the great employers of labour realise that such a Socialism, which would expand until the system absorbed nearly all but petty industries and the trades in luxuries, is inevitable unless they contrive to maintain satisfactory relations with Labour. It will be well for the realm, because State control of industries tends to arrest progress by discouraging inventive genius and the spirit of enterprise; and well for themselves, because theirs would indeed be a lamentable decline and fall if it could possibly be said that they had been disloyal to racial and Imperial ideals through excess of faithfulness to a political economy rendered obsolete by those conditions, unprecedented in the history of races or of empires, in the reality and significance of which the Britons at home and beyond the seas are beginning to apprehend their incomparable privilege.

It used to be said that a sound political economy excluded all ethical considerations. Generally accepted by the pedants and the prigs, the proposition, in its day, held a certain measure of truth. It was a plausible theory in an age when the mercantile expounders of crude Liberalism shouted "Perish India!" and, in the high name of natural law, ground the faces of the poor to their own genteel enrichment. In that era, the middle third of the nineteenth century, neither had England so much to defend as she has now nor were

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there so many great Powers jealous of her possessions and her might. At length the theory has ceased to be even plausible. It has become an obvious falsehood. Through a common peril we have all, high and lowly, rich and poor, come to a sympathetic understanding. The new polities to which this understanding may lead are not yet completely foreseen; but all of them will be animated by the same ideal. The very lives of us as Englishmen depend upon the Empire. That, again, depends upon the spirit of the masses who toil in these small islands from which the Empire sprang. As long as they have comfort in their homes they will have pride in the Empire, and be willing to make any sacrifice necessary to maintain its honour and its integrity. Amid reasonable social conditions we shall go to war, when needful, with resolution, and even gladly; but with what heart will our troops and our fleets fight, and we who are at home be watchers of their efforts, if, through some wretched incompatibility between Capital and Labour, whole communities in England are starving? British Imperialism is a lofty spirit; but, from its very nature, it is readily susceptible to depressing influences, and if at any critical time there is widespread misery at home it will be poised on a treacherous atmosphere. The scandal in Wales, with the echoes of which the whole nation has been afflicted for years, exemplifies a state of industrial affairs which cannot be allowed to become a precedent. It does not matter at all which side is the less blameworthy. Why should the whole land be made ashamed, enfeebled in spirit, because a community of Welshmen and a common peer are unable to fill with ordinary decency the positions in which God or the accident of birth has placed them! Ere long the State must put a limit to the time within which such disputes can be left unsettled. How could we hold up our heads in Europe, or in Asia, or anywhere else, if it should remain possible to say of us either that England permits two thousand men to be unjust to one man or that she permits one man to deprive two thousand men, with their wives and

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families, of their obvious means of livelihood? We could have no joy either in war or in peace with such insensate inhumanity churning in our consciousness. Consideration for racial loyalty, national pride, which, though based on material things, is a purely ethical sentiment, must henceforth for all time determine the sociological polity of the British Empire.

W. Earl Hodgson.

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ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

SO much has been written on the psychology of the lower animals—so many penetrating intellects have focused themselves upon the problem of animal intelligence—that an apology may well be required from him who attempts further discussion of the subject, unless he can claim to have struck some fresh clue to the delimitation of instinct and reason. No such claim can be advanced by the present writer; yet the enigma offers such powerful attraction to all who give sympathetic attention to animated nature—the phenomena of animal behaviour are so engaging—that it may be permitted to review some of the more salient and suggestive passages in the evidence collected, and endeavour to apprehend the direction in which scientific opinion is leading.

The problem seems to have resolved itself into three branches :—

1. Are animals, other than man, born, and do they continue through life unconscious automata ?

2. If they are conscious, are their consciousness and intelligence the physical product of certain chemical and organic changes taking place in the growth of the egg, embryo or young creature, and therefore spontaneous in the sense that muscle, bone and blood develop by the spontaneous multiplication of cells ?

3. Is the conscious intelligence exoteric ? In other

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words, is it the consequence of external and superior mandate or suggestion, acting upon a suitable physical receptacle?

1. *Are animals born, and do they remain, unconscious automata?*

Nobody who has systematically watched the behaviour of the young of birds and other animals is likely long to entertain the notion that, even if they are hatched or born as unconscious automata, they continue so except for a very brief period—that they are, as it were, delicate and ingenious pieces of clockwork, performing with regularity those functions for which they are designed and adapted, so long as they are regularly wound up, *i.e.*, fed. Experience, whereof the effects are manifest in every animal high enough in the scale for man to interpret its behaviour, and may exist in the lowest grades without becoming discernible by human observation—instruction, whereof very few, if any, vertebrate animals are incapable[1]—are agents upon animal behaviour predicating a mental process which can be implanted in no mere machine. To take a very homely illustration—no amount or repetition of battering will prevent a humming-top bumping itself against furniture and other obstacles when it is set spinning; but one recognises the result of experience so low in the animated scale that it is difficult to believe that any sentient creature can be totally devoid of conscious volition.

In 1878 Dr. Möbius reported to the Society of Natural Science for Schleswig-Holstein some observations by M. Amtsberg, of Stralsund, on the behaviour of a large pike. Being confined in an aquarium this fish wrought such havoc among other fish in the same tank that M. Amtsberg caused him to be separated from them by a sheet of plate glass, Thereafter, every time the pike made a dash at one of his

[1] It is the popular belief that guinea-pigs are not susceptible of instruction, and evince no recognition of one human being from another. It is much to be doubted whether this is so, and whether a guinea-pig could not be trained to go through prescribed actions as a preliminary to obtaining food.

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neighbours, he received a severe blow on the nose. The predatory instinct was so strong that it took three months to convince the pike that every attempt upon the life of these small fish resulted in pain to himself. Thereafter he let them alone, even when, after six months, the glass partition was removed. Experience had taught him that these particular fish could not be attacked with impunity, whereupon his intelligence came into play to control his instinct, although, when new fish were put into the tank, he went for them at once.

Animals higher in the scale than pike, which rank low in the class of fishes, show more precocity in profiting by experience, even when deprived of the advantage of parental example and guidance. To some chicks reared in an incubator Mr. Lloyd Morgan threw caterpillars of the cinnabar moth. These larvæ are conspicuously marked with yellow and black rings, and have a flavour most distasteful to birds. The inexperienced chicks seized them greedily, but dropped them at once, wiping their bills in disgust, and seldom could be induced to touch them a second time. Next day, brown loopers and green cabbage-moth caterpillars were put before the little birds.

> These were approached with some suspicion, but presently one chick ran off with a looper and was followed by others, one of which stole and ate it. In a few minutes all the caterpillars were cleared off. Later in the day they were given some more of these edible caterpillars, which were eaten freely; and then some cinnabar larvæ. One chick ran, but checked himself, and, without touching the caterpillar, wiped his bill—a memory of the nasty taste being apparently suggested by association at the sight of the yellow-and-black caterpillar. Another seized one, and dropped it at once. A third subsequently approached a cinnabar as it crawled along, gave the danger note, and ran off."

Now in these instances the superior precocity in turning experience to advantage shown by very young chickens over M. Amtsberg's pike may be accounted for, not only by the greater mental capacity of the higher vertebrate, but by the keener physical sense of the warm-blooded animal.

[1] "Habit and Instinct," by C. Lloyd Morgan, p. 41.

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Either of the above cases is sufficient to disprove the hypothesis that fishes and birds are unconscious automata. More perplexing are those displays of effective consciousness and caution which, if founded on experience, must be founded on congenitally transmitted experience.

I went a-fishing one fine summer day in the Mimram, a stream in Hertfordshire. Standing in a little fishing-house on the bank, I noticed several trout rising in a reach of the stream where it meandered through a lush meadow. As I prepared to approach these fish with all the craft I could muster, there happened to be three or four cart-horse colts careering about, thundering down the bank close to the rising trout, which seemed quite indifferent to their presence. The keeper, however, anxious to secure my ease, sent a tiny little maiden of some seven or eight summers to drive away the colts. No sooner did she approach the stream than every trout quitted the surface and fled for shelter. In fisherman's parlance, this mite of a girl had "put them down." Now these trout, of mature age, no doubt had acquired enough experience to fight shy of an angler and all his works, and, though fearless of cart-horses, would have scuttled off at the first wave of his rod. But how did they recognise in this child an immature specimen of *Homo sapiens?* Neither anglers nor poachers are in the habit of plying their calling in pinafore and petticoats. She can scarcely have been an unfamiliar apparition to these fish, for her father's house was close at hand; she must have played many a time upon that flowery marge, and, if the trout recognised her, they could not associate her with any individual experience of hurt or harm. On the other hand, it is still more difficult to account for their recognising this child as a member of a hostile species by intelligence imparted by or inherited from other fish. It is impossible to define the degree in which animals that rear their young can communicate warning or other instruction; but trout undertake no parental cares. They shed their ova in the shallows, and long before these are hatched into sentient creatures, the

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parents have dropped back into the deeper waters, and if ever they meet their own offspring in after life are very apt to regard them as legitimate food.

It was written of old:—"The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air; upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea";[1] and this, in truth, has come to pass. Nevertheless, judging from Mr. Lloyd Morgan's observations of the chicks of domestic fowls, wild ducks, pheasants, partridges, moorhens and plovers reared in an incubator, the dread of man, as such, is not innate or congenital. The instinct of concealment appears to be so, for Mr. W. H. Hudson has recorded that, when he had the egg of a jacana (*Parra jacana*) in the palm of his hand, "all at once the cracked shell parted, and at the same moment the young bird leaped from my hand and fell into the water . . . I soon saw that my assistance was not required, for, immediately on dropping into the water, it . . . swam rapidly to a small mound, and, escaping from the water, concealed itself in the grass, lying close and perfectly motionless, like a young plover."[2]

Mr. Lloyd Morgan could detect little sign of shrinking from his hand in plovers newly hatched in an incubator, although "they lay in the drawer with bill on the ground and outstretched neck in a well-known protective attitude." Other birds evinced some instinctive shrinking at first, which passed away almost immediately, so that all the species "would run to my hands after a very short time, nestle down between them, and poke out their little heads confidingly between my fingers."

From this it appears that, while the protective instinct is congenital and automatic, the specific dread of man is purely imitative, or imparted, or both.

Of all the groups of creatures mentioned in the above-

[1] "Genesis," ix. 2.

[2] "The Naturalist in La Plata," p. 112.

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quoted text from Genesis none have greater cause to entertain dread, not only of man, but of every living creature more powerful than themselves, than "fishes of the sea"; because, however exhilarating life *on* the ocean wave may be, life *under* the ocean wave is one continual frenzied struggle to destroy or to escape destruction. Few, indeed, and feeble are vegetarian feeders in the sea; almost every marine animal divides its time into devouring its fellow beings and avoiding being devoured. Nevertheless, deeply as the habit of dread must be ingrained in the nature of these creatures, they profit very readily from reassuring experience, and exhibit a degree of mental receptivity which removes them far from the category of merely sentient automata.

The cod, for instance, occupies a somewhat higher place in the animated scale than the aforesaid Mimram trout, yet there is hardly any creature, not even the herring, which runs such a poor chance of finishing its natural term of life. One would suppose that heredity and experience had combined to render the habit and fear of suspicion ineradicable in this fish. Nevertheless, the cod is amenable to confidential intercourse with man.

In the extreme south-west corner of Scotland, where the attenuated promontory ending in the Mull of Galloway pushes far out into St. George's Channel, is situated the Logan fish-pond, a remarkable rock-basin, partly natural and partly hewn out of the rock, into which the tide is admitted through an iron grating. Here, for generations, it has been the custom to imprison fish of the deep sea, especially cod, to be fed up for the table. If you look stealthily over the enclosing wall you will see a circular basin about thirty feet in diameter, fringed with algæ and so deep that the bottom is not visible through the green water. No sign of life is visible, save, perhaps, half a dozen coalfish or pollock-whiting cruising restlessly round the narrow limits. But the sound of the key turning in the lock of the door and of the keeper's foot upon the wooden stair is enough to rouse the pond into sudden turmoil. Great

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brown forms arise from the depths—broad tail-fins lash the surface, and gaping mouths appear in all directions. Experience has taught these codfish to associate the sound of the keeper's key and footfall with mealtimes, and so lulled their natural dread of man that they will eagerly take food from his hand. Some years ago (I know not whether the same may be witnessed now) the aged lady who had acted as keeper had imparted further instruction to one or more of these fish. One, at all events, a great cod of about 12 lb. weight, suffered her to lift him out of the water in her arms and place him in her lap, there to receive a meal of mussels or soft crab shoved into his gullet with a wooden spoon. Truly, one could hardly imagine a performance more at variance with the instincts and habits of a pelagic fish.

However fully convinced one may be that the lower animals are endowed with conscious and volitional energy, it can hardly be questioned that many of their most definite and characteristic actions are performed in compliance with a motor impulse independent of consciousness or volition; and this not only in extreme youth but at all periods of maturity.

To select an example first from juvenile behaviour—the homely proverb, "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," is derived from the uniform cleanly habits of nestlings. Mr. Lloyd Morgan received a spotted fly-catcher, about a day old, with eyes not yet open. . . It was placed in a small chip box lined with cotton-wool, and kept in a corner of the incubator drawer. So soon as it had taken a morsel or two of food at intervals of about thirty to forty minutes, it would energetically thrust its hind quarters over the edge of the box and void its excrement. Jays and other young nestlings also show this instinctive procedure. It would be grotesque to credit a blind nestling with conscious and deliberate hygienic precaution. We ride airily out of the difficulty by pronouncing it to be a "provision of Nature" that the young of all birds should act in this way for the safety of their own health. I have, indeed, heard this behaviour on the part of young

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herons described as a deliberately defensive measure. If one climbs a tree in a heronry and approaches a nest containing young birds, they shove their rumps over the side and discharge a copious and malodorous volley upon the invader. This looks like design, but it is in truth but the natural automatic action of young birds undergoing visceral disturbance through fear or excitement.

The above is an example of very simple functional activity unconsciously performed; but it can hardly be doubted that some of the most complex and delicate performances of the lower animals are unconscious and automatic. The silkworm, once only, and that at an immature stage of its life, spins an elaborate cocoon, which no amount of practice could improve. The evidence of design is unmistakable; but who can suspect the builder to be also the architect? At a certain period of its growth the motor nerves of this sluggish worm set in action specialised machinery to work up material automatically stored; but the action must be wholly independent of the creature's volition. It *must* spin, whether it would or no, and it can exercise no discretion in the style or shape of its cocoon.

In the case of spiders we have to consider the action of a mature adult instead of a larva; yet the process appears to be none the less independent of volition. The design is so much more ambitious than the silkworm's, the structure so much more beautiful and complex, and so closely in accord with the principles of human engineering and cabinet-work, that one finds greater difficulty in dissociating it from the independent ingenuity and conscious skill of the performer. Yet the common garden spider (*Epeira diadema*) probably acts unconsciously in setting about web-spinning. It does not reflect before putting into operation the spinning mechanism and material which it has inherited from an unseen ancestry. She (for it is the female only that concerns herself with architecture) does not gaze with hungry longing upon the flies disporting themselves in the sunshine, speculating how, being

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wingless, she can capture those toothsome flying creatures. Indeed, it is almost certain that she cannot see them, for the visual powers of most spiders are very feeble, being compensated for by an extraordinary refinement of the sense of touch. She simply sets to work to apply the specialised mechanism and material with which she is endowed to the purpose for which they are co-ordinate. Although cut off by the period spent as an egg in a cocoon from all parental instruction or example, she is at no loss for a plan. Innate functional impulse, which is probably the right definition of what we term "instinct," co-ordinate with certain specialised organs, directs the creature to the unconscious performance of certain definite acts without previous practice or experience. First the foundations are laid, in the shape of lines enclosing the area to be occupied by the web. From this circumference the radii or stays are drawn to the centre, whence the spider works outwards, stepping from stay to stay and laying down a thread in a wide spiral to act as scaffolding for the finished structure. Finally, having arrived at the limits of the operative net, she retraces her steps, working inwards in a much closer spiral, laying the transverse threads at the proper distance, and devouring, as she goes, the original scaffolding threads which enabled her to perform the work.

If it is difficult to dissociate such a consummate piece of engineering from the operation of a keen intellect, still more so is it to regard the infinitely greater complexity of the snares produced by certain other spiders as the mere product of functional automatism. Nevertheless, that seems to be the true explanation. If the spider's web were the outcome of the creature's individual ingenuity and intelligence there certainly would be manifest some variation in the design among millions of webs by different individuals of the same species—some imperfection in first attempts. No such variation—no such imperfection—can be detected. There is no "'prentice hand" among spiders. The first web of the spider is of normal design and perfect construction. Destroy it, and the creature

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will execute another exactly the same, no whit better adapted for the capture of passing flies.

How very different is human performance directed by personal intelligence. Suppose that a Cockney from Spitalfields found himself so situated as to be forced to make a living as a herring-fisher or a rabbit-catcher. Motor or functional co-ordination will not help him much, for he can neither swim like a herring nor run like a rabbit. He is compelled to set his intelligence to work. He must first seek instruction from experts or consult suitable literature; and then, even if he may dispense with a laborious apprenticeship in these comparatively simple crafts, he must obtain or construct special instruments, in the use whereof he will certainly exhibit much unskilfulness at first. Even so, he would be availing himself of the accumulated experience and manifold devices of past generations. Deprive him of these and he would die of starvation on the shore of a sea teeming with herrings or in the best-stocked warren of the kingdom before his intelligence enabled him to supply himself with food.

The instinctively functional habits of those strange gallinaceous fowls the *Megapodidæ*, mound-builders or brush-turkeys of Australasia, afford some analogy to the performance of spiders, but inasmuch as they are animals demonstrably capable of profiting by experience and amenable to instruction, which spiders have not been proved to be, the mound-builders must be credited with intelligence; yet some of the features in their normal behaviour most suggestive of elaborately intelligent design are, it is almost certain, primarily due to the functional activity of certain highly specialised organs. They have anticipated human ingenuity by the construction of vast co-operative incubators. Several hens of the Australian jungle fowl (*Megapodium tumulus*) combine to form a mighty mound of earth and green foliage, wherein they lay their great eggs in common, leaving them to be hatched automatically by the heat engendered by the fermenting vegetable matter. One such mound may measure as much as fifteen feet in height and sixty

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feet in circumference. The young birds are often so fully fledged when hatched as to be able to take flight at once, and are able to find without guidance the food suitable for their needs. Hence there is no more possibility of the young birds acting upon instruction or in imitation of their parents than there is in the case of young spiders, seeing that the old birds evade the labour of personal incubation and guidance of the chicks. "Yet," says Mr. Savile-Kent, "the mound-constructing instinct is so strongly ingrained by heredity that young birds taken fresh from the nest and confined under favourable conditions have at once commenced to construct mounds after the characteristic manner of their tribe." [1] In doing so, no doubt these young and inexperienced creatures are acting under a stimulus communicated from the lower brain centres along the efferent nerves to legs and feet congenitally developed and highly specialised for a peculiar function. So far the birds may be regarded as unconsciously exercising innate proclivity, which, like other idiosyncrasies, attains its highest activity at the season of reproduction. When the adult megapode combines for the first time with others of its species to construct and stock the incubating mound it is obeying the law or, at least, complying with the habit, which has become binding upon its kind. Its acquaintance with the obligation may be considered functionally instinctive; but it involves a performance of unusual complexity. Compliance with an established custom is comparatively easy to understand; at all events, it may appear to be so; but speculation goes adrift in attempting to explain how the custom became established. No matter how big the feet and powerful the shanks of the primæval megapode may have been—no matter how much unconscious satisfaction it may have derived from exercising these organs in piling mounds—how did it hit upon the labour-saving secret that fermenting vegetable substance would supply heat enough to bring the eggs to the hatching? Ordinary evolutional analogy seems to provide no key to fit these complicated wards,

[1] "The Naturalist in Australia," p. 33.

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neither is one tempted to credit the fowl with knowledge that fermentation generates heat. It is possible that, seeing how prone all gallinaceous fowls are to scraping, the original megapodes may have so excelled in that activity as to have thrown together a fortuitous heap of rubbish, which generated a perceptible heat, thereby tempting them to deposit therein their eggs. It is well known that mother birds of all species never leave the nest during the period of incubation for so long a period as shall expose the eggs to chill. Their absence, in our climate at least, is always exceedingly brief. So the megapode may have found by experience that she could safely leave her eggs in the the rubbish mound for a much longer period than in an ordinary nest; until at last, finding the irksome duty of personal incubation to be superfluous, she abandoned the practice.

It will be observed that this hypothesis assigns to the mother megapode a high degree of intelligent observation and sagacious application of experience. It may be compared with the discovery made long since by human mothers that the substitution of the bottle for the breast in rearing their babes exempted them from the necessity of foregoing social pleasures and from close attendance in the nursery. But the human mother has been careful to transmit the discovery to posterity. The enigma remains how successive generations of megapodes are able to put the experience of their progenitors into practice, seeing that the mother birds not only evade the tedium of personal incubation, but entirely neglect the education, instruction and nurture of their young.

From the examples given above, chosen almost at random from thousands of others which present themselves to every observer of nature, some material may be gathered for an answer to the first question propounded above. It is an answer very far from authoritative, explicit, or final, consisting mainly of a summary of what is probable. It must consist, indeed, of no more than this, that all animals arrive at birth endowed with congenital automatism co-ordinate with a specific

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inherited organic mechanism, ready to discharge certain functions without the intervention of volition or consciousness. But part of the inherited mechanism consists, at least in animals above the lowest grades, of an apparatus fitted for the impress of experience, for the reception of external impressions conveyed along the afferent or incoming nerve-currents, and the transmission of energy along the efferent or outgoing nerve-currents. In short, these animals are equipped with an intellectual and volitional machinery, which, however long it may remain ineffective after birth, is capable of and destined to various ranges of energy and complexity, and differs only in degree and development from the human organ of intelligence. Animals may be regarded as coming into the world as sentient, but unconscious, automata, but with mental machinery ready to respond to a greater or lesser range of external impressions.

2. *Are the consciousness and intelligence of animals the physical product of chemical and organic changes taking place in the growth of the egg, embryo or young creature, and, therefore, spontaneous in the sense that muscle, bone and blood develop by the spontaneous multiplication of cells?*

If, [says Mr. Lloyd Morgan in his fascinating treatise on "Habit and Instinct,"[1]] if, on the one hand, it cannot be said without extravagance that an egg is endowed with consciousness; and if, on the other hand, it cannot be said without extravagance that the day-old chick is an unconscious automaton; there must be some intervening moment at which this consciousness has its origin. When is this, and how does it arise? If we attempt to answer this question with anything like thoroughness, we shall open up the further question, From what does that consciousness take its origin? And this would lead to a difficult, and, for most of us, not very interesting discussion.

Be it interesting to many or to few, herein lies enfolded the secret hitherto most jealously guarded from human ken—an enigma to which no student of nature can be indifferent. None but a physiologist, which, of course, I have not the slightest pretence to be, need presume to offer any help to its solution; but any intellect of ordinary training may derive advantage

[1] Edward Arnold, 1896.

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from recognising and examining the nicety of the problem. Modern lawyers have pronounced that, from the moment of conception, the human embryo has the nature and rights of a distinct being—of a citizen—and accordingly deal with one who procures abortion as a criminal. Plato and Aristotle sanctioned the current opinion of their day that "it was but a part of the mother, and that she had the same right to destroy it as to cauterise a tumour upon her body."[1] Between these two extreme opinions probably lies the truth, namely, that at a certain stage of development the fœtus in one of the higher mammals acquires individual, probably sentient, though still unconscious, automatism. This is hardly a suitable place for the discussion of a theme of this kind. Let us take a bird's egg, as more convenient to handle.

Consciousness may seem too big a term to connote the chick's sensation of imprisonment within the shell, and its impulse to escape, as indicated by hammering and cheeping; though it might pass without comment as explanatory of the action of the adult hen, thrusting her neck vigorously through the bars of the coop and straining for liberty. But Mr. Hudson has observed concerning several species of birds in widely separated orders that, before the shell of the egg was cracked, the chick within, hammering and "cheeping" in its attempt to get out, would cease instantly and lie perfectly still when the parent bird sounded the note of danger, but would resume operations when she uttered a reassuring note.[2]

From this it appears that the consciousness of the unhatched chick is sufficiently active to exchange oral communications with a mother outside the shell. In fact the chick has

[1] Lecky's "European Morals," i. 94 [Ed. 1869].

[2] "Naturalist in La Plata," p. 90. Mr. Lloyd Morgan has distinguished at least six notes of different significance uttered by domestic chicks, namely, the gentle "piping," expressive of contentment; a further low note, expressive of enjoyment; the danger-note of warning; the plaintive "cheeping," expressive of want; a sharp squeak of irritation; and, lastly, a shrill cry of distress, as when a chick gets separated from the rest of the brood.

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been born before it was hatched, and it is suggested that it must be regarded as sentient and conscious from the moment it pierces the air-chamber within the egg and becomes a lung-breathing creature.

The young of gallinaceous and certain other fowls display upon hatching a much higher degree of precocity than many other nestlings. They are able to run at once, the Megapodes, as has been said, being actually able to fly at once and find their own food. Their motor organs are so well developed as to respond immediately to their congenital automatism; whereas those birds which are hatched blind and rely upon their parents for food brought to the nest, acquire the power of locomotion slowly and more or less awkwardly. This precocity is not known to bear any fixed relation to the respective periods of gestation and incubation of different genera. Similar want of uniformity prevails among mammals. Hares, horses, deer and cattle are born with effective powers of locomotion, with sight, hearing, &c., in active operation, and with their mental powers alert. The young rabbit is blind, and, though sentient, probably unconscious for ten or twelve days after birth; a period which, in relation to the relative normal span of life, is about equal to a year of human existence. Puppies and kittens, also, are born blind and helpless; whereas man, though born with his eyes open, remains helpless and dubiously conscious for many months

Again, certain animals which, in an early stage of existence may possess a dim consciousness, and certainly exercise volition in locomotion, pass through a subsequent unconscious, though still sentient, phase. Thus a caterpillar falling into the middle of a dusty road, sets off at top speed for the nearest verdure. A few weeks later the same creature loses all power of locomotion and probably all consciousness, although the chrysalis indicates by movement when touched that it is still sentient.

These considerations seem to indicate the impossibility of assigning any definite period to the origin of consciousness. The lion cub is born with legs and eyes—the eaglet with

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wings—which they cannot put to any use for long afterwards: the foal in the strawyard—the plover on the moor—exercise their legs and eyes from the first. The common Mayfly (*Ephemera danica*) spends three years as an unlovely larva, living in mud, swallowing mud and matching the mud in colour. At the end of this obscure, almost obscene, period of probation, after passing through many trivial, yet complicated, phases, it suddenly appears as a delicate, exquisitely graceful winged creature, endowed with magnificent powers of flight which it puts to use immediately, without the necessity for a trial trip. It baffles our sense of proportion to comprehend why all the tedious and ignoble preparatory life should not be the preface to a prolonged exercise of the perfected faculties. The pathetic truth is that the Mayfly seldom sees a second sunrise after becoming a perfect insect. Flight, love, reproduction and death—all are enacted within the space of twelve hours. During the following eleven months it may be that not a single Mayfly will dance in the glade which yesterday was dim with a mist of them. Seeing then how irregular is the period that elapses between the birth of animals and their attainment of control of the motor faculties, it is easy to perceive that similar uncertainty must surround the question how soon the brain, or its equivalent in the lowest grades, supplies any creature with consciousness and intelligence. From precocity of instinctive activities, such as that exhibited by Mr. Hudson's young jacana, there may be inferred a corresponding forwardness in the machinery of consciousness and intelligence, because animals which are soonest thrown upon their own resources must be ready to exercise their wits, or disappear from the scene of life.

The growth of the organ of consciousness may be considered as spontaneous and its powers and functions congenital; but it has been popularly assumed that the radical difference between the intelligence of man and that of the lower animals is that the first is capable of indefinite expansion, whereas the second is stationary within fixed limits.

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Nevertheless it is possible sometimes to note a forward movement in the intelligence of individuals very low in the organic scale, with corresponding effect upon the habits of the race. At all events, the following instance of novel behaviour on the part of bumble bees seems to indicate some such intellectual advance.

It is many years since I first noticed that the blossoms of the blue sage (*Salvia patens*) in my garden in Scotland had all been bitten across the throat, just above the stiff calyx. Upon examining flowers of the same species in a Berkshire garden, I found that they were intact, and so were those in a Scottish garden not twenty miles from my own. Now this sage is a native of Mexico, and possesses a beautiful structure to secure cross-fertilisation. The beak of a humming-bird or the proboscis of a moth, inserted into the tube of the flower, causes the anthers to descend from their position in the upper lobe of the corolla in such a manner as to deposit upon the bird's head or insect's back a mass of yellow pollen, part of which is sure to adhere to the stigma of the next flower visited. The honey glands of the sage are very productive, but the tube of the flower is narrow and difficult, prohibiting the passage of our substantial bumble bees. My suspicion fell upon these as the burglars, although they were equally plentiful in all the three gardens referred to, and the flowers had only been injured in one of them, because I had already observed that the bumbles treated the long spurs of yellow toadflax in similar unscrupulous fashion. My suspicion was confirmed by detecting a bumble in the act.

It may be objected that, after all, here is evidence, not so much of intelligence as of a keen scent for honey and a sharp pair of jaws. Quite so; but then why has the practice not become universal in the bees of all gardens? Moreover, last summer (1902) I found that the bumbles in my own garden had improved upon their earlier practice. For several years, the incision was made at the front of the throat of the flower, where the diameter of the tube is greatest. It seems

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to have dawned upon the bees that the shortest way is the best, because now they invariably bite through the side of the tube, where the diameter is smallest. Yet in all the years that have elapsed since the introduction of the blue sage from Mexico, it is only some bumble bees that have devised a summary access to the honey-glands, and of these bees, only a few have discovered the easiest method of entrance. Moreover, each generation of bees has to make the discovery for itself, for no bumble bee survives the winter to impart instruction to the coming generation.

3. *Is the conscious intelligence exoteric? In other words, is it the consequence of external and superior mandate or suggestion, acting upon a suitable physical receptacle?*

This question leads upon ground upon which the light of scientific evidence has scarcely fallen as yet. In those remarkable chapters of the Book of Job, the 38th and three following ones, wherein the Lord answers Job out of the whirlwind, there is a great deal of reference to matter most interesting to the zoologist. They should be read, for lucidity, in the Revised Version :—

> The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth,
> But are her pinions and feathers kindly [*or* like the stork's]?
> For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
> And warmeth them in the dust,
> And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
> Or that the wild beast may trample them.
> She is hardened against her young ones, as if they were not hers;
> Though her labours be in vain, she is without fear;
> *Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,*
> *Neither hath He imparted to her understanding.*[1]

Here the author of life is considered naturally as the source of consciousness, nor is any other source likely to suggest itself to one who feels that there must be a designing, controlling and directing head of the universe. To expunge that factor from our speculations only lands us in darker perplexity. Yet of the

[1] Job xxxix. 13–17.

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nature of that head, "whom no man hath seen or can see," we have nothing in the shape of evidence,[1] nor of the means by which He may communicate mandates or inspire intelligence. Wherefore it may seem idle to propound a question to which no answer can be found. Howbeit, man's curiosity is insatiable; a systematic and resolute attempt has been undertaken to sound the abyss of supersensory phenomena. The late Mr. Frederick Myers applied a disciplined intellect to the collation and analysis of hyperphysical experience. He was no dreamy enthusiast, subordinating his critical faculties to *a priori* inclination or emotional preconception, but an advanced and erudite evolutionist, versed in the limitations of scientific inquiry and applying its recognised method to the elucidation of matters which most men of science perhaps either dismiss as illusory or pronounce outside and beyond the region of research. It is not within the scope of every intellect to follow Mr. Myers across the threshold of his laboratory or even to grasp the reality of the enigma to which he addressed himself —not daring to hope to solve it, but to detect the path which might lead to a solution; nevertheless, none who is conscious, however dimly, of the presence of a psychical problem, or who has speculated, however inconsequently, upon the phenomena of sympathy, suggestion, will, trance and automatism, can fail to perceive in Mr. Myers's posthumous volumes[2] the right system whereby advance must be made, if the road is not inexorably barred to human access. The inquiry is concentrated upon the evolution and range of human psychology. "Human personality, as it has developed from lowly ancestors, has become differentiated into two phases; one of them mainly adapted to material or planetary, the other to spiritual or cosmic operation;" and he proceeds upon the assumption that the first is the "self" of which every human being, from the West

[1] Doctrine—plenty of it: dogma—enough and to spare: but of evidence in the strict sense, not a jot.

[2] "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," 2 vols. (Longmans.)

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Australian savage to the veriest *mondaine*, is conscious; and that the second is a subliminal self, withdrawn from normal consciousness, below or behind the material man or woman, beyond the control of the will and distinct from the workaday intellect. Now, I have neither the wish nor the power to pronounce whether Mr. Myers's conclusions are reasonable deductions from accumulated and well-sifted evidence, or to dismiss them as plausible and seductive, but fallacious, hypotheses. All that I venture to suggest is this—that, supposing Mr. Myers has touched a clue by following which subsequent students may succeed in establishing beyond rational doubt the existence of a subliminal self, the receptacle of the spirit of man; and that this spirit, as has been firmly believed by many persons in all ages, is sensible of and obedient to the direct promptings, injunctions and warnings of an external Power, further research may identify a subliminal consciousness in living creatures lower than man, similar in function and relation, though proportionately inferior in range and degree. Assuming that this elusive agent should be proved to be part of man's equipment, it will be difficult to explain the co-operative instinct of a dog as the mere outcome of co-ordinate, congenital activities. Through what avenue has a dog derived such inveterate sociability that, even when it is segregated from its own kind and adopts man, *faute de mieux*, as a comrade, it can do nothing alone? Depraved examples there are of dogs which will go marauding alone, but they are very rare. In such, perhaps, some perverse suggestion has obtained access to the subliminal conscience. As a rule, dogs will only hunt in couples, in packs, or singly when associated with man. From the stately deerhound to the puniest lapdog, none will take exercise alone; provide a human companion, and the animal will travel all day. If that companion be on a bicycle, the dog will run till he drops from exhaustion. And suppose that it should ever be proved that dogs act under mandate or suggestion of a superior Power, conveyed through a hitherto inscrutable channel, how could

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animals lower than dogs—hermit-crabs, for example—be declared incapable of receiving similar supersensory stimulus?

In justice to Mr. Myers's memory, let it be said plainly that he never lent himself to any such hypothesis. On the contrary, his whole treatise is confined to human personality, and, among human beings, only the elect, as it were; those who have begun to realise their latent privileges. He compares the process of supersensory development to the primitive stages of animal evolution, when the pigment spot on the skin of some rudimentary organism first became sensitised to light, and the creature received a novel sensation.

The frontier between human beings and other creatures can only be drawn dogmatically and, so to speak, irrationally. Their characteristics and actions blend imperceptibly. Rather than accept Mr. Myers's exclusive doctrine, it is easier for minds accustomed to ponder upon the behaviour of animals to be frankly teleological, and to admit the probability of a Supreme Being and His invisible ministers communicating decrees regulating their conduct through a medium of which none is more than dimly and speculatively conscious.

Assuming a First Cause, instinctive activities in the lower animals may be regarded as the comparatively simple and intelligible results of forces initiated by him, acting unerringly in prescribed directions by means of co-ordinate organs modified by evolution. It is in accordance with the plan of nature that, in their performance of instinctive activities, certain insects should unconsciously take an indispensable part in the fertilisation of flowers specially adapted to take advantage of their visits. But it is different, and infinitely more bewildering when the preservation of the race of both insect and plant depends upon the insect acting with as much circumspection and precision as could be shown by a human cultivator. Such is the well-known behaviour of the yucca moth (*Pronuba yuccasella*). This insects haunts exclusively the flowers of the yucca, and, collecting pollen from one blossom, kneads it into a pellet which she carries by means of specially enlarged palps

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in her flight to another flower. Here she pierces the pistil and deposits her eggs among the ovules or unfertilised seeds, and then swiftly runs to the top of the pistil and pushes the pollen-pellet into the wide mouth of the stigma. Observe, that without this interchange of offices between insect and plant, the race of each would cease to exist. It has been proved that the ovules cannot be fertilised unless pollen, preferably from another blossom, is intentionally inserted into the funnel of the stigma; if they were not so fertilised they would afford no food for the grubs of the ministering moth. When all goes well, the grubs eat about half the ovules, leaving a hundred or so to ripen as seeds, and to perpetuate the herb which is essential to the existence of the moth. It is difficult to recognise merely sentient automatism in the means by which this interdependence of host and guest is maintained, the action closely resembles that of effective consciousness. Yet if it be extravagant to attribute to the moth an understanding of vegetable physiology, what is left but to speculate whether the First Cause be not also a Directing Power, with means of communicating his mandates to the humblest of his creatures?

HERBERT MAXWELL.

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THE EMANCIPATION OF EGYPT

II

THE completion of the great works at Assuan and Assiut marks a new era in the history of Egypt. Henceforth the cotton crop is secured, rotations in the Delta may be reduced by a few days, and perennial irrigation will be given to Middle and Upper Egypt. In six years' time, when the Reservoir Tax comes into full operation and the supplementary irrigation works are completed, no less than 700,000 acres of basin lands will be available for summer cultivation, yielding about half a million of revenue to the Government, or a return on capital outlay equal to about 28 per cent. Although this prospect is very satisfactory, and will eventually relieve over-population in the Delta, it by no means marks the limit of Egypt's productiveness. From time immemorial, the growth of population in Egypt has increased in direct ratio to the quantity of new land brought under cultivation. The Assuan reservoir provides only 100 million metres cube of water, whereas three or four times that amount could be usefully employed. Indeed, Sir W. Willcocks estimates that, given an unlimited water-supply, the summer crops of Egypt would be worth £40,000,000.

The capacity of the Assuan reservoir could be doubled merely by raising the dam another two or three metres, at a

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cost of £250,000. This simple expedient would, of course, be unpopular among those people who regard the preservation of the Island of Philæ as of more importance than the need of Egypt. Moreover, in itself it would be inadequate. The best, if not the only way in which a sufficient supply of water can be obtained for Egypt and the Sudan is by utilising the great Lakes as reservoirs. It is merely a question in arithmetic. Given the necessary capital, on which a rich return is certain, it would be quite possible to store up an unlimited supply of water. In all economical problems concerning Egypt, cause and effect are calculable with extraordinary precision.

In his report as to irrigation projects on the Upper Nile—*Egypt: No.* 2, 1901—Sir William Garstin comes to the following conclusions:

(*a*) Even when the Bahr-el-Gebel is clear and free from *sudd*, some 50 per cent. of its summer volume is lost in the marshes between Bor and Lake No.

(*b*) The Bahr-el-Ghasal, beyond acting as a reservoir, and thus assisting the constancy of the supply, plays a very small part in the summer discharge of the White Nile, and even its flood discharge is comparatively insignificant.

(*c*) The Sobat, on the contrary, is a most important factor, and from June to November must bring down a volume nearly as great as that obtained from the Victoria and Albert Lakes. Even at the time of low supply its discharge is considerable, and equal to at least one-fifth of the total summer discharge of the White Nile.

(*d*) The flood discharge of the White Nile at Khartum can rarely exceed 4500 metres cube per second, or the summer discharge fall much below 300 metres cube per second.

On these conclusions, Sir William Garstin bases certain propositions:

The following are the measures proposed as deserving study. They are given in their order of importance:

1. The construction of a reservoir in Lake Tana to store sufficient water for the needs both of Egypt and the Sudan, and at the same time improve the navigation of the Blue Nile during the summer months.

2. To supplement the above by utilising the Upper Nile water, at present wasted in the swamps, either by embanking the Bahr-el-Gebel or by using the Bahr-el-Zeraf as an additional channel for the summer supply.

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3. The construction of a storage reservoir at Lake Albert sufficiently large to supply the wants of Egypt and those portions of the Sudan which lie north of Khartum.

Of the above, the first, if it be possible, is undoubtedly better than the third, for the reasons given in this note [viz., that water coming down the White Nile passes through swampy, thinly inhabited, or barren lands, and can only be used to the north of Khartum; whereas the Blue Nile passes through highly inhabited and fertile districts, &c.]. One or other of the schemes mentioned in the second should be undertaken, under any circumstances, both to improve communications on the Bahr-el-Gebel and to make use of the extra water available in the river, independently of the construction of a reservoir.

Before, however, any step is taken in any direction, all these separate projects must be carefully studied in detail, and their comparative advantages and disadvantages weighed. Such a study will involve several years' work for a competent and well-equipped staff.

In the meantime, Sir William Garstin has, theoretically speaking, made out a very good case for Lake Tana, apart from the political objections thereby involved. He also suggests other minor schemes for future consideration, as follows:

1. The construction of barrages and canals upon the Blue Nile for the irrigation of the lands adjoining this river. This scheme to be combined with the introduction of a system of basins for the cultivation of cereals.

2. Should a reservoir at Lake Tana be found impracticable for political or other reasons, some scheme for improving the irrigation of the Eastern Sudan must be devised. It may be possible to store the waters of the Atbara river for such a purpose.

3. The introduction of the basin system, as far as is possible, into the Provinces of Berber and Dongola.

It will be observed that Sir William Garstin is extremely cautious in his recommendations; but his remarks sufficiently indicate the magnitude and probable direction of the work to be undertaken.

Sir W. Willcocks contends that a dam at the outlet to Lake Albert would not be imperilled by seismic disturbances, and that the level of Lake Victoria need not be raised above, but simply maintained at, the high-water level. If, he states, a weir were constructed across the exits of Lake Tana or Lake

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Victoria, so as to hold up the water at maximum high level, it would be necessary only to cut down the crest, widen the channel, or even tunnel it, in order to draw the supplies for summer irrigation. In the case of Lake Tana, a dam 20 to 80 feet high would yield a reservoir capacity of 200 milliards cubic feet of water; moreover, there is a rocky outlet and uniform fall in the river-bed. In the case of Lake Victoria, the Ripon Falls, with a drop of 18 feet, are not far distant from its effluence, consequently suggesting a tunnel as a suitable outlet.

According to Dr. Schweinfurth, the Bahr-el-Gebel must be regulated, not only to give an increased water-supply and reduce the area subject to evaporation, but also to carry off the green water which precedes the flood. In seasons of high supply, the green water is scarcely perceptible; but in seasons of low supply, the swamps are cut off from the river, the *sudd* rots in the stagnant water, and, when next united to the river, the green algæ carried down by the stream pollute the drinking-water. This green water, which reaches Assuan in May and flows sluggishly through the reservoir, poisoned all the fish above the dam in 1899, when the *sudds* were cut.

> If [says Sir W. Willcocks] in any low year we get much green water from the *sudd* regions, and it stagnates in the Assuan reservoir, it will be bad for Egypt. To ensure the country against this calamity happening, the Government should do what Dr. Schweinfurth has urged since 1899, and that is to close all the spills from the Bahr-el-Gebel between Gondokoro and Shambe, and force all the water of the river into the main channel where the *sudds* have been removed north of Shambe. This would help to keep the water pure; and by the time this was done, one of the dams or two of the dams at the sources of the Nile would be begun; and then a new era would begin for Egypt.

In spite of Menelik's increased friendliness towards us and of the very decided stand he has taken up against French diplomatic methods in Abyssinia, it would be courting an undue risk to expose any engineering works at Lake Tana to political upheavals in the country of the Negus, whose successor

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may not be so enlightened or as friendly as himself. Even as a subsidiary scheme, it would be better to seek a spot in Anglo-Egyptian territory—say, above Roseires—where the waters of the Blue Nile might be stored up, rather than run the risk of having to occupy any portion of Abyssinian territory, pacifically or militantly, for the protection of Egypt's water-supply. Such occupations are not always temporary: and this might lead to serious issues, unless Abyssinia were prepared —which she certainly is not—to accept an Anglo-Egyptian Protectorate. Moreover, the Atbara and Sobat rivers are valuable sources of supply, and might be dammed.

So far as the Sudan is concerned, these great engineering projects will be useless until a population has grown to reap the benefit; but, in less than ten years' time, Egypt will be in need of an increased supply of water for irrigation purposes. The only part of the scheme that cannot wait is the embankment, or at least the training, of the Bahr-el-Gebel through the *sudd* country. In the former case, it would cost—according to a modest estimate made by Sir William Garstin—£8,700,000 to complete the work within five years' time, and £2,600,000 if the work were spread over a period of ten years. If, as an alternative measure, the Bahr-el-Zeraf were dredged and embanked, the cost would be much less—say, £1,250,000 —and the work less difficult; but, in addition to this, it would still be necessary to control the discharge of the Bahr-el-Zeraf during flood by building a regulating head at the point where it leaves the Nile. As for minor and subsidiary works, especially in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, it is certain that these must be very considerable. In short, the total cost of constructing one or more reservoirs and the supplementary works would run into many millions.

The question naturally arises, Where is all this money, for irrigation works and railways in the Sudan, coming from? Under a British guarantee, though under no other conditions, any reasonable loan could be obtained without difficulty. But how can his Majesty's Government guarantee this loan unless

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our position in Egypt be made permanent? If we annexed the Sudan to secure Egypt's water-supply, among other reasons, what would be the position of an Egypt independent of the Sudan or of Great Britain? Clearly, Egypt would be at the mercy of the Sudan Government.

It does not follow, because the present situation in Egypt is bordering on the absurd, that the Tutelary Power will take any steps to change it. For years past Egypt has been sacrificed to the jealousies and political ambitions of the Powers, and principally of France. We, ourselves, have done our duty to Egypt, whilst indirectly serving our own interests; but the time has come to examine our conscience. Are we doing enough now? In the old days of financial instability and administrative chaos, the Powers had a justifiable status in the country; and it was not unnatural that France, in view of her past services and intimate relations, should have sought to uphold her influence. But the long duel between France and Great Britain for political domination in Egypt has long ago been decided in favour of the latter. At the present day all opposition and even recriminations on the part of France have ceased. Indeed, I am convinced that the two Governments have come to a mutual understanding, by which, within certain bounds, France obtains a free hand in Morocco and we in Egypt—at least, in so far as we are reciprocally concerned in the political future of these countries. That the recent serious crisis in Morocco did not give rise to the usual excitement at the Quai d'Orsay may be explained by the confidence of France in our non-interference; whilst the late temporary reduction of the French Mediterranean fleet was another significant fact. France and Italy, too, have come to an understanding—presumably with our concurrence—that the latter shall eventually occupy Tripoli. There remains only Germany, whose influence has to be taken into account on any question of Egypt's destiny: although her interests in that country are slight, her leadership of the Triplice counts for something, and therefore is negotiable in the usual way.

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Germany's compliance having—as I assume—been purchased by our co-operation in Venezuela, and France having been satisfied, we have practically no opposition in Egypt to fear except from the Sultan's Suzerainty. Has our recent somewhat enigmatical diplomacy at Constantinople anything to do, then, with this matter?

It is scarcely to be credited that the Khedive's present estrangement from the Sultan is due to the fact that the latter believes him capable of disputing the Khalifate by a possible Anglo-Egyptian occupation of Syria and Mesopotamia, which might lead to the alienation of Arabia; but this report is current in Palace circles. More definite is the rumour that, under the leadership of "a strong man," a serious conspiracy is on foot to depose the Sultan from the position he has so long abused and to set up in his place a nominee of the Young Turkey party. Whether this alleged movement has any connection with the incipient insurrection in Macedonia, I cannot say. But the Sultan, being apprised of his danger, naturally looks to Egypt, which he regards as a hotbed of intrigue, for any signs of menace. Although the Ottoman Special Mission at Cairo, under Mukhtar Pasha, is maintained at a cost of £18,000 a year, the Sultan spends twice as much again in espionage on his own representative and agents in Egypt. So that he might be disposed to traffic his shredbare suzerain rights for some guarantee against personal menace, such as Great Britain could afford. That he, himself, would lose prestige in the Mohammedan world by relinquishing his suzerainty over Egypt is, however, a certain fact; and therefore it is more probable that, unless the *status quo* in the Ottoman Empire be upset, the capitulations in Egypt due to the Sultan's suzerainty will have to remain until these are voluntarily abandoned by the Powers. But neither the capitulations nor the mixed tribunals could long survive the institution of a British Protectorate; and although a British Protectorate would be inconsistent with the Sultan's suzerainty over Egypt, this difficulty would be overcome precisely as it

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was in the analogous case of the French occupation of Tunis. If the Sultan had to submit to *force majeure*, his prestige as Khalifa would not suffer; and, consequently, he would be prepared to compound for the loss of the Egyptian tribute. If, in short, the Powers were agreed in principle to support, or at least not to oppose, the establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt, the existing suzerainty of the Sultan would not be a deterrent.

In spite of all this specious reasoning, it is, I candidly confess, hard to believe that his Majesty's Government seriously contemplate the adoption of an active policy in Egypt. Although we never were in a stronger position to support and prosecute a policy in conformity with Egypt's welfare and our own interests, it seems so much more likely that we shall drift. Time is, ostensibly, on our side; and Egypt can suffer a little longer. Moreover, it is as true now as it was in the days of Lord Palmerston, who said: "Very few public men in England follow up Foreign Affairs sufficiently to see the consequences of events that have *not* happened." All I contend is that the moment is opportune to forestall the inevitable, and that appearances are in favour of Europe's recognition of our claim to do so. We missed the opportunity when we suppressed the Arabi revolt (fomented by the Sultan) and occupied the country; we missed it again at the time of the Fashoda incident, when Lord Salisbury's ultimatum might quite as easily have included Egypt. We have now another chance. In less than two years' time there will be no diplomatic engagements restraining us from readjusting the financial situation in Egypt, which now bears so heavily on the country. If, in short, we were to redeem the Debt of Egypt in 1905 and convert it to a new 3 per cent. Loan, under a Government guarantee, we should get rid of the *Caisse* and the international administrations, thereby establishing what would practically amount to a British Protectorate. The ampler recognition would come of itself, as the French have realised in Tunis.

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The Powers are all and severally, under existing conventions, bound to observe the Financial Law of Egypt, which also has received due recognition, in so far as that was necessary, on the part of the Sultan. Any alteration in the Financial Law might require the assent of the Powers who subscribed to the Law of Liquidation (1880) and to the Convention of London (1885), because it would affect the Debt of Egypt, a portion of which is guaranteed by the Powers, and the relations of Egypt to her creditors. It might also require the assent of the fourteen Governments holding capitulations with the suzerain power, in so far as it affected the civil rights and political status of foreigners resident in Egypt. But these legal issues, if challenged, can only be decided by the tribunals of Egypt.

In the preamble of the Decree for the Unification of the Egyptian Debt (May 7, 1876) it is provided that—

> Whereas, in order to make it possible for the Treasury and the Daïra Sanieh to satisfy these different debts, and to better secure for the future the interests of the creditors by a measure in conformity with the public exigencies, it has been found opportune and useful to unify all these debts by establishing one General Debt, bearing interest at the rate of 7 per cent., and redeemable within sixty-five years.

That is to say, in or before the year 1940.

Article XVIII. of the Goschen-Joubert Decree (November 18, 1876) declares that—

> The Commission of the Public Debt is permanent until the entire Debt is redeemed.

Finally, the Egyptian Government engages, under Article XXXVII. of the Law of Liquidation, to contract no new loan without the assent of the *Caisse;* and under the Sultan's *firmans* a similar restriction is imposed.

These international conditions are very stringent. At the time they were made, Egypt was tottering on the brink of bankruptcy, after a "carnival of extravagance" and financial riot. But at the present day the financial position and credit

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of Egypt are both assured and sound. Still, international engagements can only be rescinded by international agreement.

It is true that the objects stated in the preamble of the Decree constituting the *Caisse* have been already fulfilled, and that the existence of this *imperium in imperio* is an anachronism; but, in view of its political significance, the Powers would be justified, according to the strict letter of the law, in upholding Article XVIII. of the Goschen-Joubert Decree: "The Commission of the Public Debt is permanent until the entire Debt is redeemed."

In order, therefore, to guarantee the Debt of Egypt, it would be necessary for Great Britain to redeem the entire Debt (say, ninety-three millions) and to raise a fresh loan without a *Caisse de la Dette*. The Decree of May 7, 1876, which I have quoted, merely states that the Debt is redeemable *within* sixty-five years. But here another engagement interferes with any such action being taken before the year 1905.

In 1890, during the discussions and negotiations concerning the conversion of the Privileged stock, we undertook not again to convert certain portions of the General Debt or to pay them off for a period of fifteen years. These, according to Article VI. of the Decree of June 6, 1890, were the Privileged Debt, the Domains, and the Daïra Sanieh. But in 1905 the Daïra Sanieh Debt will be redeemed; and the Domains—although, by a later engagement, extended for another six and a half years—will die a natural death by sales of land, since the outstanding amount in 1905 will be little over a million.

Apart from all the considerations I have advanced, it may well be the duty of the tutelary power, acting in the interests of Egypt, to demand in 1905 the conversion of the Unified Debt. On financial grounds alone, it is certainly absurd to pay 4 per cent. on stock which now stands at nearly 108 and once rose to 110. No other country would be so quixotic. A

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British security or guarantee on a 3½ or even 3 per cent. loan would be ample.

It should not be beyond the power of diplomacy to arrange such a settlement as I propose and to compromise with the Sultan. Great Britain and France hold about equal proportions of the Debt of Egypt; and Egypt is investing all her savings in her own stock—four millions having been devoted to buying up her debts at market price, instead of paying them off at par, as she is entitled to do.

To say that the position is radically wrong—unfair to Egypt and crippling to the tutelary power—is only to confirm a paradox which characterises the situation. Should we, then, in the interests of Egypt and in satisfaction of our legitimate aspirations, undertake the responsibility of guaranteeing the entire Debt, with all its consequences? In the opinion of experts, there would be no financial risk in such an undertaking, provided we were allowed a free hand in the administration: on the contrary, it would be a sound investment.

The legal question can be decided only by the judicial authorities—presumably the Mixed Courts. The political issue is a matter for compromise. But there is in the general situation and in this solution of it a simplicity which meets many of the objections that would attach to a formal protectorate: in particular, it does not technically violate any of the treaties and conventions that bind Egypt hand and foot and allow her pockets to be picked.

If we guaranteed the Debt, many of the abuses arising from the capitulations, which hamper internal reforms and under which Europeans can resist complying with essential regulations, would be swept away. Apart from special conventions with Egypt, the capitulations pure and simple with Turkey would remain; and these, being too slight to affect our position, would be voluntarily surrendered, because Europeans would prefer to avail themselves of Egyptian institutions. Even the Mixed Courts might be abolished, if the national tribunals were strengthened by the appointment of more

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Europeans to the judiciary (say, the judges of the Mixed Courts themselves), thereby amalgamating the two systems and leading to the unity of jurisdiction in Egypt—since the codes and procedure of both have a common basis.

The only other alternative to the declaration of a British Protectorate would be for Egypt herself, by some ingenious financial expedient—of which we had a notable example in the Assuan reservoir scheme—to pledge all the resources of the country (the unhypothecated revenues of which, amounting to about four millions annually, would alone suffice to cover the capital sum), under the guarantee of the protectoral power, who, of course, would find the ready money, and so arrive at the same end by a more circuitous and thoroughly Egyptian way. This method would not, I believe, technically involve a loan, strictly so-called—a little financial jugglery would settle that: taking money out of one pocket to put it into another—and it would meet the legitimate objections of the Sultan.

It is, perhaps, too sanguine and unreasonable to look for statesmen in England who are wise enough and also courageous enough to forestall events of such far-reaching consequences; but my belief is that, if his Majesty's Government were to adopt a policy more in conformity with English ideas of justice and honour than the peddling, tinkering policy we have hitherto pursued in Egypt, the British electorate would support them, thereby enabling us to regularise and consolidate Anglo-Egyptian rule throughout the Nile Valley.

The need of the single control in Egypt has been amply demonstrated; its success has been beyond all expectation. Control that is fettered is no control; and unfettered control can only be obtained by throwing off the international top-hamper. But whether we choose to walk in fetters or as free men, our course is the same. Some day we must, and shall, unite Egypt to our possessions in the south, of which it is an integral part physically, and almost politically. If, then, the welfare of Egypt, no less than the development of the Sudan, require us, as these may in 1905, to take the initiative, it would

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be folly to attempt to escape our destiny. Every such evasion in the past has riveted our hold on Egypt; any such evasion in the future will but complicate our task, making it more difficult and costly. The entrance of Germany into *Weltpolitik* and her avowed mission on the sea make all the difference in political speculations.

The increased public interest in colonial and foreign affairs is greatly to be welcomed. But for that, and the efforts of publicists, we might still be under the hypnotic influence of Germany. It is true that his Majesty's Government have failed to interpret public opinion aright in this matter and are still open to the charge of being exploited by our openly declared enemy in maritime supremacy, on which the safety of the Empire is based. Germany is preparing to contest our command of the sea; and every year that is allowed to slip by will find her less and less likely to agree to a British Protectorate over Egypt, in view of her interests in Syria and the Euphrates Valley. Unless, therefore, Germany and Great Britain adopt a common policy in Syria and Mesopotamia, as against France and Russia, we should do well to settle the Egyptian question before it is complicated with wider issues. Of an alliance with Germany there can be no question.

The possession of Syria by France would place her, as the ally of Russia, in a favourable position for attacking Egypt by land: because, apart from the command of the sea, she could draw her supplies from Russia through countries which, under such circumstances, would probably be Russian. On the other hand, the occupation of Syria by Great Britain would require a larger army than we possess or could hope to obtain by raising and drilling local levies; moreover, Egypt is more easily defended on her present land-frontier, and it would be inconsistent with our naval policy to give hostages to fortune by advancing into Asia Minor. Under these circumstances, it would seem a plausible policy to keep France out of Syria by supporting German pretensions in that region,

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unless an autonomous State could be organised on the break-up of the Ottoman Empire. Germany, the friend of Turkey, has made prodigious strides since 1884 in advancing and consolidating her political and commercial interests. Besides drilling the Turkish Army and supplying armaments, she has created political interests at Constantinople and vested interests in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. The German port of Haidar Pasha, nearly opposite Constantinople enjoys quite exceptional facilities under its concessions. German capitalists have secured the Anatolian Railway extension from Konia to Bagdad and Basra. It is well, therefore, to remember that it is essential for us, and vital to our Indian Empire, to dominate the Persian Gulf and its strategic approaches—or, at least, to prevent any other European Power securing a footing there. Our decisive battles must be fought at sea, not on land.

Those who have read the recent series of articles in the *Times* on the Middle Eastern question must have been convinced that we cannot any longer delay adopting a definite policy in regard to the Persian Gulf. If the occupation of the Gulf, or undisputed domination over it, be vital to our Indian Empire, surely it is worth fighting for? That it is vital is conceded by most strategists. If any of the Powers had a footing there, it would create dangerous elements of friction. If Russia established a naval base in the Gulf, thereby turning the flank of our Indian frontier defences, we should be compelled to reorganise these as well as to strengthen our naval position in Indian waters. The policing of the Persian Gulf has cost us much in times past; whilst our influence has been undisputed and directly exercised. Therefore, it is not too much to say that we are entitled to set up the principle of a "Monroe Doctrine" for India in order to exclude Russia from such dangerous contiguity. If we are not now strong enough to uphold that principle, we never shall be. We must either call on Germany to help us or make terms with Russia—a choice between the devil and the deep sea. In any case it is

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to our advantage to take the lead in the development of events rather than to follow an opportunist policy: for, in diplomacy as in warfare, the stronger adversary does not relinquish the initiative or offensive to the weaker.

From whatever point of view we regard the question, the conclusion is irresistible: that sooner or later we must proclaim a British Protectorate over Egypt, and that the sooner we take the first step in that direction the better it will be for both countries.

A. Silva White.

Cairo, *March* 1903.

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WHO SHOULD EMIGRATE TO CANADA?

BY A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BRITISH RESIDENT IN THAT COLONY

TO one who had seen the prairie or the veldt, few things, I should imagine, would seem more striking upon visiting England than the need for dispersion. To fill the under-populated Colonies from over-populated Britain—that, one would think, should be a prime political duty. Canada goes into the highways and hedges of Europe and almost compels Doukhobors and Galicians and Mennonites and Finns, Jews, and proselytes, Parthians and Medes and Elamites to come in; and meanwhile the unemployed and the unhoused poor of London and other great cities are left to work out their own salvation as best they may. We call ourselves an Empire, and we make additions to our dependencies almost yearly. We make, too, strenuous efforts to retain and increase Imperial trade: differential tariffs, penny postage, bounties on sugar, subsidised steamships, all-British cables—many are the devices attempted. Yet we allow our surplus people to stream away in thousands to foreign lands. If foreign lands really offered better homes and more brilliant prospects than do British colonies to incoming hordes, some palliation might perhaps be found for this policy of *laisser faire*. But they do not. If only the stream could be diverted, it would soon enough be

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proved that in the British colonies were to be had for the asking homes and prospects the equal of any in the world—if only the stream could be diverted. It will be the object of this paper to point out in briefest outline how the stream might be diverted.

I speak only for Canada.

While taking a longish walk the other day on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, I was impressed with the spaciousness of the prospect. There is an immensity about the landscape of the New World which that of the Old World lacks. Whether it is the lucidity of the atmosphere, which permits of preternaturally extended vision: or whether it is an absence of those signs of age-long conflict with the forces of Nature so visible in every acre of trim and well-kempt England, the wide-spread potentialities of Canada's fertile soil impress both eye and brain. For, when I remembered that that fertile soil stretches for many hundreds of miles north and east and west, I conjured up visions of a time when it too would be thickly peopled and wholly productive. To-day Canada, with an area about the same as Europe's, has a population in numbers about the same as London's. Would that we could transfer some of England's teeming millions over sea! It sets one thinking to read in a Canadian newspaper, almost in the same week in which is cabled the report of the march of thousands of unemployed through London streets, that

> for some years past the cry has been growing stronger from all parts of Ontario that farm labourers are scarce; that the owners of land have to face a continually increasing difficulty in getting help. Agriculture seems to be the one industry [it continues] in which a chronic shortage of labour is complained of.[1]

Nor is the cry a recent or a momentary one. As long ago as in June 1901 the official *Labour Gazette*, published by the Department of Labour at the seat of Government, said:

> There is a general and pronounced demand for good farm help all over

[1] The (Toronto) *Mail and Empire*, Saturday, February 7, 1903, page 12, first column.

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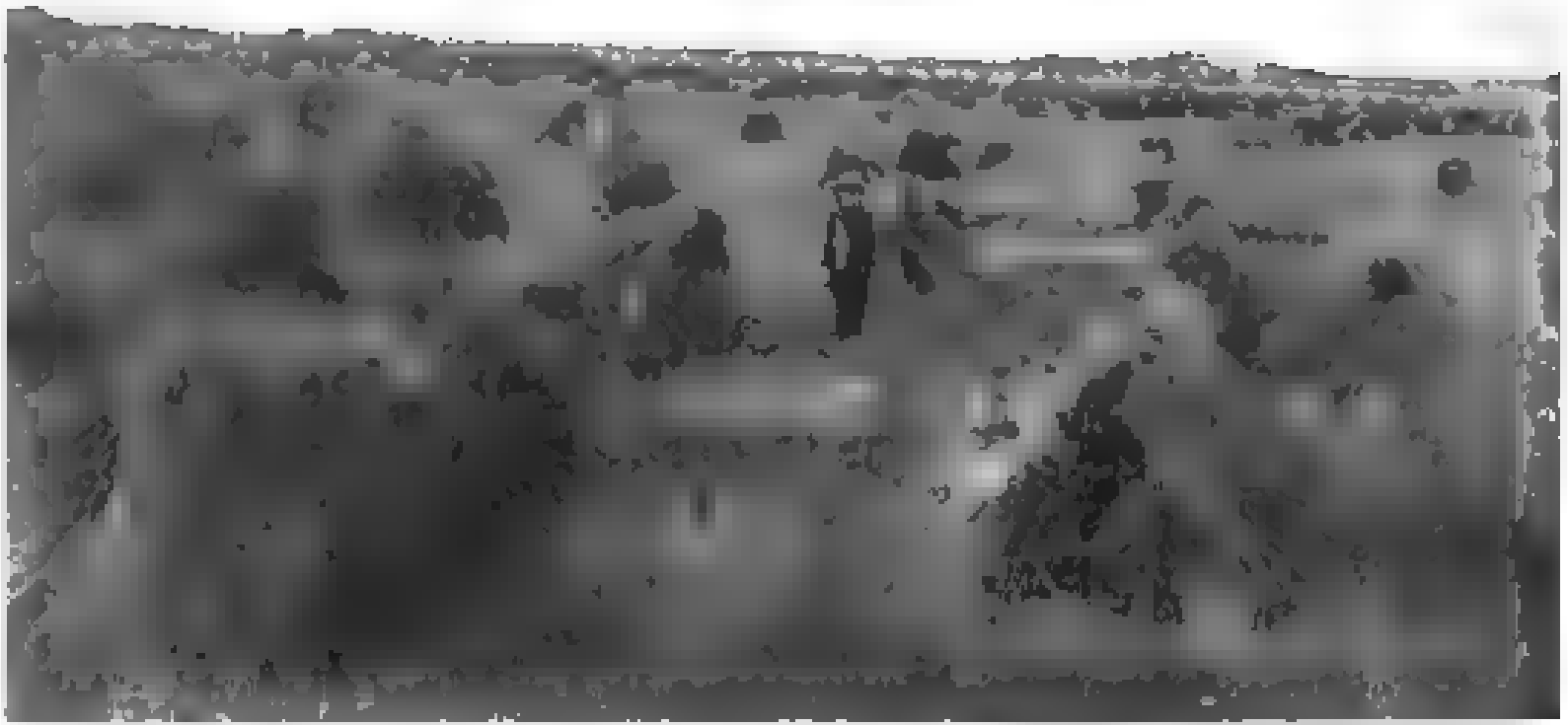

Harvesting in the North-West Territories

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the Dominion, and so difficult has it become to secure competent men, tha there appears to be a growing disposition among farmers to secure trustworthy help under yearly agreements, despite the fact that there is in almost every district a slack period during the winter.[1]

As to who should be transported, that, it must be confessed, is not so easy a question to answer. Like the transfusion of blood in surgery, the operation is not only a difficult one, but one about the method of performing which experts differ. The country could absorb its millions if they were of the right sort—about that all are agreed. But what is the right sort?

Well, first of all, we may eliminate the intellectual classes at once as unsuitable. Owing to the peculiarities of the system of education in the New World, the professional callings are crowded—crowded to suffocation. The whole tendency of the Canadian educational system is to tempt youth from manual to intellectual labour. Primary education is free—free and obligatory: for a minute weekly pittance you can get a higher education and be prepared for the University; and fifty guineas per annum will pay all your fees there. And from first to last the education seems extraordinarily literary. The upper classes of a High School which I visited on the occasion of my walk, a High School situated in a little country town in the midst of fertile arable soil, were engaged in the study of Plato's "Laches" and Tennyson's "The Princess: a Medley." No wonder the sons of farmers, freely taught things quite alien to the plough, forsake the plough for a profession—not always with benefit to the profession, nor always with benefit to themselves.

Besides, it must be remembered that the New World protects its learned professions no less than its commercial productions. No matter if you are an M.R.C.S. or an L.R.C.P. of London, you cannot practice in Canada unless you pass a Canadian examination and obtain a Canadian diploma. Nay, more, each Province protects itself against every other; so that

[1] Vol. i. page 556.

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even were you an M.R.C.S. and an L.R.C.P., and had an Ontario diploma to boot, and were practising, say, in Ottawa, you could not cross the river and attend a patient in Hull, because Hull is in Quebec.[1] And so with law. You may be a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but unless you were a barrister of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, also, you could not hold a brief in the Province of Ontario. And so throughout the Dominion.

Of the individual professional man imported to fill a particular post—a professorship in a college, the headship of a great school, a pastorate, or a vicarage—I do not speak here. This, of course, is quite a different matter, a matter for the individual's own determination. But I should say, Go by all means, if you are contented with a stipend of from three hundred to a thousand pounds a year, with an opportunity of running back to England for a month or so every now and then. The usual fate of him who does go is to marry a handsome Canadian wife, build a fine house, and settle down in the country for good. And there are worse fates.

The intellectual classes then, I say, may be eliminated. So may be eliminated that semi-intellectual class which, knowing nothing whatsoever of farming, nevertheless comes out "to farm:" a hapless class, gifted with all the refinements of gentle nurture, but ignorant of the rudiments of a life of toil, and but ill adapted to alien surroundings and uncongenial companions. Perhaps if any one thing more than another has hampered emigration to Canada it is the emigration of the refined stripling sent out "to farm"—the very phrase has become a byword and a hissing.

Leaving out of view, then, the intellectual classes of every kind, we come to the manual. Manual labour is in demand. The rate of wages is proof enough of this. The roughest pick-and-shovel demands—and gets—its six or seven shillings

[1] It is but right to add, however, that there is now a Bill before the Canadian House of Commons substituting a Dominion qualification for a Provincial one.

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Lumbering on the Ottawa

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a day in the densest areas; in sparsely populated areas it gets much more.

To give some idea of the wages paid to manual labour in Canada I have compiled a tabulated statement from the latest official figures obtainable. The variety will perhaps atone for the paucity of the occupations enumerated, for I have been careful to include only those definitely and authentically cited.

Undoubtedly manual labour is in demand. "Canada," says the Toronto *Ups and Downs*,

> is just now on the flood tide of prosperity, and her one cry is for men—men to lay railroads, men to build engines, men to erect buildings, miners to dig coal, axemen to cut timber, above all, farmers and farmers' men to open up and till the wealth of agricultural lands. Men of skill and men of sinew, there is room and work and need for all.[1]

And even as I write, more than a mere rumour reaches my ear that the Council of the County of York in the Province of Ontario is getting up a deputation which shall wait upon the Prime Minister of that Province, to urge upon him the necessity of sending some one to "The British Isles" to find and persuade to emigrate to Ontario the farm-hands of which Ontario is so much in need. If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry? If these things are done in a settled Province, what shall be done in an unsettled?

Certainly manual labour, that is if it is steady and intelligent, is in demand. If it is neither, it had better stay at home, since shiftlessness and ignorance come to grief much more rapidly among strange circumstances than among those familiar. As to what sort of manual labour should emigrate, upon that point experts differ. The numerous labour- and trade-unions, of course, do not want any immigration at all. British Columbia's strenuous, not to say quixotic, endeavours to exclude Japanese is a straw showing which way the wind

[1] *Ups and Downs.* Published quarterly under the auspices of Dr. Barnard Homes, Toronto. January 1903, page 6.

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TABLE OF RATES OF WAGES IN CANADA IN JUNE 1902.[1]

Occupation.	Locality.	Rate per Hour.		Rate per Day.		Rate per Week.		Rate per Month.		Hours per Day.
		Canadian Money.	English Money.	Canadian Money.	English Money.	Canadian Money.	English Money.	Canadian Money.	English Money.	
		Dollars.	s. d.	Dollars.	s. d.	Dollars.	£ s.	Dollars.	£ s. d.	
Bakers	Toronto	0.25	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Barbers	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	15.00	3 3[2]	—	—	—
Bricklayers	British Columbia	—	—	4.50	18 8	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.42	1 9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Winnipeg	0.52½	2 2½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Building Trades (indoor)	Toronto	0.38	1 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Carpenters	British Columbia	0.37½	1 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	9
	Ontario	0.30	1 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Nova Scotia	0.26	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Prince Edward Island	—	—	1.50	6 2	—	—	—	—	—
Carriage Builders	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	24.00	5 0	—	—	10
	Nova Scotia	—	—	—	—	12.00	2 10	—	—	10
Carters	Quebec	—	—	1.50	6 2	—	—	—	—	—
	Winnipeg	—	—	4·00	16 8	—	—	—	—	—
City Labourers	Ottawa	—	—	1.50	6 2	—	—	—	—	9
	Toronto	0.20	0 10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Deck-hands	British Columbia	—	—	—	—	—	—	30 to 40	6 5 0 to 8 6 8	—

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Letter-carriers		—	—	1.25 to 2.25	5s. 2d. to 9s. 4d.[3]	—	—	—	—	—
Moulders	Toronto	0.25	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Painters	British Columbia	0.33½	1 5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Ottawa	—	—	2.00	8 4	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.30	1 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Paper-hangers	Ottawa	—	—	2.25	9 4	—	—	—	—	—
Plasterers	Nova Scotia	0.36	1 6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.38	1 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Plumbers	British Columbia	—	—	4.00	16 8	—	—	—	—	8
	Quebec	0.25	1 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Ontario	—	—	2.50	10 6	—	—	—	—	9
Printers (job)	Winnipeg	—	—	—	—	17.00	3/10/10[4]	—	—	48 hours per week.
Stonemasons	Quebec	0.30	1 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Toronto	0.41	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

[1] Compiled from a statement regarding "Spring Changes in Rates of Wages in Canada," printed in the official *Labour Gazette : The Journal of the Department of Labour.* Ottawa : *June* 1902.

[2] And a conditional share of profits. [3] Throughout Canada. [4] This is the minimum.

NOTE—It is impossible to tabulate in the space at my disposal the rates of wages of farm labourers, inasmuch as these vary considerably, not alone in different areas and at different periods, but also according to the various methods by which farm hands are hired—whether by the day, week, month, or year; whether with or without board and lodging; whether separately housed; and so forth. But for a very complete synoptical tabulated statement of the wages of farm labourers throughout Canada the reader may be referred to the *Labour Gazette* above cited, vol. i. pp. 562–567, published in June 1901.

blows. Skilled labour is just as jealous of invasion as are the professions, as Canada's Alien Law[1] and as Toronto's ill-disguised efforts to tax Chinese laundries prove. This is an obstacle that will have to be taken into account; and, if British colonies are to be properly populated, it will have to be very seriously taken into account by a broad Imperio-Colonial policy free from petty local jealousies. A good deal of difficulty, I fear, will be met with in New Zealand, and the Commonwealth of Australia. Yet as regards the importation of labour for the raising of cattle or crops, this at all events should be free from petty local jealousies, inasmuch as the prices for meat and corn are not regulated by local markets, but by the market of the world. An Ontario farm does not compete with a farm in Quebec, nor does a Texan ranche compete with one in Alberta. However, putting on one side the details upon which experts differ, it seems to me that the manual labour which, without any changes, at all events in Dominion or Provincial legislation, Canada could at once readily and without delay absorb is of three kinds:

First: Quite young men and women for the more settled Provinces, lads and lasses who shall for a few years be content to earn little but learn much;

Secondly: Grown men, for farming, navvying, mining, "lumbering," building, and manufacturing in its thousand branches;

Thirdly: Men of a higher class, of the highest even, men with some capital, more knowledge of farming or stock-raising, and a still greater zest for a full, free, open-air life, but men who are able and willing to work with their own hands also. And for the encouragement of this superior class I may say that the opportunities for sport—for shooting (from the biggest game to the smallest wild-fowl), fishing (salmon, trout, maskinonge, and bass *abound*), riding (there is some splendid polo: the North-West broncho makes a capital pony)—are in Canada all but unrivalled. It would be tempting to insert

[1] 60 & 61 Vict. c 11.

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here an excursus on Canadian sport; but there are books and to spare on the subject.[1]

The first class must, of course, be personally conducted. And for them there should be erected at the Government Model Farms dairies, creameries, agricultural colleges, &c., spacious domiciles strictly managed, where youths may learn something, not only of the occupations but of the manners and customs of the country. That some such scheme is both practicable and feasible the brilliant success of Dr. Barnardo's Homes and farms abundantly shows.

The second class should be paternally looked after. And for them should be erected, at Montreal, Halifax, and Winnipeg, domiciliary labour bureaus where they may be temporarily housed, and where application for hands may be received: at Montreal because that is the summer, at Halifax because that is the winter, port of debarcation; at Winnipeg because that is the threshold of the West.

The third class must be practically advised. It is important to know where to settle. Certain belts of country are adapted only to certain occupations. But this need not detain us. This third class will receive no pecuniary aid; and Government centres of information abound. A note addressed to the Canadian High Commissioner at 17 Victoria Street, S.W., will, I warrant me, receive scrupulous attention.

[1] "Moose Hunting, Salmon Fishing, and other Sketches of Sport: Being the Record of Personal Experiences of Hunting Wild Game in Canada." By T. R. Pattillo. Toronto, Briggs; London, Low; 1902.

"The Ounaniche and its Canadian Environment." By E. T. D. Chambers. New York, Harper; 1896.

"The Badminton Library: Big Game Shooting." By Clive Phillipps-Wolley and others. Vol. i. London, Longmans; 1894.

"Salmon Fishing in Canada." By a Resident. Edited by Col. Sir James Edward Alexander. London, Longmans; 1860.

"American Game Bird Shooting." By John Mortimer Murphy. New York, Judd; 1882.

"Bear Hunting in the White Mountains; or, Alaska and British Columbia Re-visited." By H. W. Seton-Karr. London, Chapman; 1891.

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A fourth class might be added, that of domestic servants, of which Canada is in dire need. But this is a question altogether *sui generis*. You cannot import an unknown girl from England and set her down plump in an unknown family in Canada; and the machinery by which all the difficulties which that impossibility entails are to be obliterated will be a delicate and an intricate machinery indeed. Not that some such machinery is not already being devised. But the ladies of the Empire must deal with this. The Primrose League might do worse than take it up. Upon my word I should like to see its Dames devote their energy to planting for this purpose Habitations over-sea. There is in Canada a highly Imperialistic and aristocratic Order known as the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. I think I might venture to promise that the Daughters of the Empire would cordially co-operate with the Primrose League. For this fourth class there must be erected temporary training and distributing homes on both sides of the Atlantic, with paid matrons and rigid inspection. Why the State should not aid them I do not see. Many a householder would gladly pay the State a fee for a good servant.

But all this will require not only a large initial outlay, but a large yearly expenditure. No doubt. That must be faced. As to how such yearly expenditure at least may be refunded in actual cash to the State, upon that point I shall touch presently. Meanwhile let me lay stress upon the fact that Canada has not hitherto hesitated to spend enormous sums in the encouragement and aid of multifarious projects. Take her railways, for example. Up to June 30, 1901, Canada had paid for railways, by Dominion, Provincial, and Municipal loans, bonuses, and promised aid, $228,839,890[1]—say forty-seven

[1] Report of the (Canadian) Minister of Railways and Canals for 1901. From the report of an Address delivered before the East York Farmers' Institute, by Mr. Walter D. Gregory, printed in the (Toronto) *Weekly Sun* of March 26, 1901, I learn that this sum "includes the amount that we have expended upon the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island railways (*i.e.*, State-

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million pounds; a large sum for a poor country. But railways, I shall be told, are a condition precedent to colonisation. True. And Canada has not complained of this enormous outlay on railways. The logical sequence to this outlay is a machinery to bring population to the regions the railways have opened up. Canada has, very literally, put her hand to the plough, and then looked back. She must now look forward. Consider too what sums Canada has extracted from the pockets of her people for the encouragement and aid of her numerous manufacturing industries. For the last quarter of a century—since 1878—every single purchaser of every single protected commodity has paid an *ad valorem* or other duty of from five to thirty-five per cent. And little town after little town has, supererogatively as it were, bonused or aided by exemption from taxation (or both) industry after industry. Indeed, the extravagant expenditure of some Canadian towns on things utterly unconnected with Canada's crying demand for folk—sowing, reaping folk—is really extraordinary. Toronto the other day erected an elaborate and gorgeous City Hall at a cost of $2,500,000. The Provincial Parliament buildings erected in the same town, and equally elaborately and gorgeously, cost a like sum. Toronto's Public Library, in which the circulation of fiction is more than forty per cent., costs the town $31,000 yearly—a sum statutorily imposed upon the ratepayers. Are we to swallow all these camels and

owned railways) for construction and equipment, and to meet the annual deficits during the period of operation, but does not includes the land grants or the value of the exemptions from taxation." (Page 8, first column.) Mr. H. J. Pettypiece, Member of the Provincial Parliament of Ontario, writing in the *Canadian Magazine* of February 1903, computes the grand total of the amount of aid given by people of Canada to the 17,000 miles of railway owned by private corporations as follows:

Cash subsidies and bonuses	$225,000,000
Loans and subscriptions	27,000,000
Land (at $2 per acre)	104,000,000
Lines already built	35,000,000
Total	$391,000,000

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strain at an emigration gnat? We have filled the rich with good things, and the hungry we have sent empty away. People is what we want now. Long enough have we protected products. Our producers of commodities have waxed fat and kicked. Let them be mulcted for the producers of cattle and crops.

Canada suffers in more ways than one from the propinquity of her great and growing neighbour to the south; forgetting that that powerful neighbour receives from Europe millions of new immigrating producers and consumers yearly; forgetting also that she herself suffers a certain leakage yearly, in that numbers of her own producers and consumers cross the line to swell the ranks of her rival.

The fact is, the manufacturers, by combining and by contributing to an "election fund" (a sinister phrase, that), have created a formidable political phalanx, which almost dictates to the Government what shall be the policy of the country. Indeed, the protective policy inaugurated by Sir John Macdonald in 1878 went by the name of the National Policy, and everybody knows that the manufacturers were the instigators of that—at least everybody in Canada knows. The manufacturers have even dictated to the present Liberal Government. The present Liberal Government came into power on the strength of reiterated promises of a reduction of duties. But they had not been in session long before they changed their tune, and, under the cover of the phrase "stability of tariff," the protective tariff remains pretty much as it was. Indeed, Jeshurun continues to kick. Even now "some complaints are made," says the Special Canadian correspondent of the *British Empire Review*, "by a few of the manufacturing industries that the tariff is too low,"[1] a statement verified by the fact that on February 10 last, to quote from a Canadian daily newspaper, "Three members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association saw the Premier and several of his colleagues to ascertain what prospect there is of

[1] For January 1903, p. 212.

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Ploughing in Manitoba

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higher protection being granted this Session to the interests their Association represent."

As reply to my objurgations on protection, I shall be told that the multiplication of factories has provided occupation for thousands. Doubtless, doubtless. But methinks the pockets of the manufacturers have been disproportionately filled. The very face of Canadian society has been altered by the incursion of manufacturing magnates. And so has the face of the country, for few things are more significant than the centripetalisation into the cities during the last twenty years. However, I am not girding at protection; I am girding at a one-sided protection. When I look at the fattened cities, I think of the fallow acres. Might not the fattened cities now pay a little for the filling-up of the fallow acres? It is not centripetalisation—it is centrifugalisation that is the crying need of the Empire. Fill up the veldt, the bush, the prairie, and the cities will fill up of themselves. Fill up the unpeopled areas and you will get larger families, healthier lives, more robust frames, less excitable temperaments, sturdier minds, less corruptible voters, steadier and less pleasure-loving communities. If only the Empire would devote itself to this task! For surely it is an Imperial task. For, believe me, the secret of Imperial Defence is Imperial Dispersion. Double the population of your several colonies and you will get double the number of colonial contingents in the next war.

But remember, transplantation requires supervision, and growth in a new soil requires careful husbandry. It is not to be expected that an English family shall pluck itself up by the roots and get itself planted in fresh soil without encouragement. Those who have not done it do not know what it is to leave everything—everything—friends, home, ties, habits, comforts, chances, and land suddenly in a strange land, with strange faces and strange ways, especially if no friends have preceded it. To walk down the slippery gangway of a steamer and set foot, in drizzling rain and in the dark, on a noisy wharf in a foreign land, with tired women, squalling children, and

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agglomerated piles of goods and chattels—that quenches much ardour. To many a father of a family,

Fixed by no friendly star,

the future must have looked dark on landing. Loneliness is poignant amid strange surroundings. Newness and the unknown affright all but the stoutest hearted. To such, Government could and should act as its friend, and not alone by speeches and advertisements or so-called emigration "literature."

There is yet a fifth class which might be mentioned. I refer to the paterfamilias with moderate means but a large family—the retired Army officer, the Indian official, the possessor of a few hundred pounds a year, who "does not know what to do with his children"—pathetic phrase, and, in Carlyle's language, "significant of much." A large class that. To such paterfamilias Canada can be confidently recommended—provided, provided, and this is highly important, such paterfamilias is ready and willing not to look in a colony for such amenities of life and society as he has been accustomed to "at home." Canada, he must make up his mind, is thenceforward to be the home of himself and his children. He must be as earnest in his emigration as his fellow settler the farm labourer; otherwise he will pine for clubs and companionship he cannot get, and his children's acclimatisation will be deferred. And the more rapidly the settler—of whatever class—is acclimatised the better. But if such paterfamilias will accept the new conditions, send his children to the schools and universities which he finds at hand (and these are really excellent in their way), accustom his boys to battle for their livelihoods with the boys with whom they are brought into contact (and these will not be the sons of independent *patresfamilias*)—then he and they will succeed, no matter where he settles. As for his girls—well, there are hundreds of refined young Englishmen in the North-West wanting wives. Personally, I think Canada would be the better for multitudes of this class. They import an element of refinement that the country needs. If the

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colony will pardon my saying so, there is a crudity in Canadian life impossible to eradicate but not impossible to remedy. A Canadian professor complains of "our rawness and lack of culture";[1] a Canadian newspaper candidly admits that "our Canadian youth are not too conspicuous for good manners."[2] This fifth class will not leaven the whole lump, but it will have its influence. The more numerous such centres of influence the better.

As a simple matter of undisputed fact Canada wants men and women, and wants them, as they say there, "badly." Especially do her North-Western territories want men and women, and many are the inducements held out to get them. "Manitoba and the North-West," says the Prime Minister of the latter,

> Manitoba and the North-West are now the only parts of North America where free grants of one hundred and sixty acres of land, which can be cultivated without being cleared, can be obtained. . . . . Our law provides that every head of a family can obtain a free grant of one hundred and sixty acres of his own selection; and within my own experience there are an enormous number of instances of men who have started with small means on such free farms, who are now well off, and have purchased additional land, and are annually producing large crops and becoming rich men. Should immigrants prefer to go in for dairy-farming or stock-raising, they can obtain a homestead in those portions of the Territories where dairying and stock-raising is the chief industry, and have the privilege of grazing their cattle at large on the public domain without any charge. . . . For female domestic servants there is a splendid opening in all the populous centres of Western Canada, and good servants are perfectly sure of immediate employment at wages of from two to three pounds a month. . . . The class of immigrants required in Western Canada are steady, hard-working, thrifty people who desire to become land-owners, and intend taking up agriculture or stock-raising as their business. Such immigrants, especially if they have any previous knowledge of farming, are sure to do well if they are industrious; and they need not possess any large amount of means to make a beginning. For farm labourers there is a splendid opening. . . . The Dominion Government takes a paternal care of British emigrants from the time that they reach Canadian shores until they find situa-

[1] Professor Adam Shortt in the *Canadian Magazine* for May 1898.

[2] The (Toronto) *Mail and Empire* in a leading article on Friday, February 6, 1903; p. 4, second column.

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tions or are located on farms of their own. . . . What the new-comer wants to know when he gets to our country he will have no difficulty in learning, for in Western Canada every man tries to help his neighbour, and the agents of the Government spare no pains to make things easy for any one wishing to settle on the land and form a home.[1]

The filling up of Britain's colonies, then, is a political necessity. Why not make it a part of the political machinery? We put the Presidents of the Boards of Trade and Local Government into the Cabinet, surely a President of a Board of Emigration would be as important a Minister. We talk of creating a Secretary of State for Commerce; let us create a Secretary of State for Emigration. The Colonial Office has in recent years done wonders in knitting together the Colonies and the mother land; an Emigration Office, always in close touch and co-operating with the several Colonial Governments, might do more. Raise emigration to the dignity of a Department of State, and whereas now a Dr. Barnardo sends his one thousand boys and girls to Canada yearly, a Lord Rosebery might send his hundred thousand. I beg leave to suggest this opening for Lord Rosebery's Imperial Liberal Unionism; to judge from the speeches of the visiting Colonial Prime Ministers on the occasion of the Coronation, he would not find this a lonely furrow. If an Imperial—not a Royal—Commission were appointed, with British, Canadian, Australian, and South African members, to inquire into every branch of this important subject and design some practicable Imperio-Colonial emigration machinery—methinks I see a cure for hooliganism here, and a resource for time-expired Tommy Atkinses, and a remedy for agricultural depression, and a safety-valve for Irish disaffection, and an antidote to many another canker in the State. There is an antiseptic property in the air of prairie and veldt and bush.

But, I shall be reminded, each colony already possesses emigration machinery of its own. I know. I know, too, that

[1] The Honourable F. W. G. Haultain in the *Manchester Guardian*, September 1902.

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they are sadly inefficient. They are inefficient because they are independent. The donkey-engines which unload a vessel's hold should be fed from the vessel's boiler. Let each donkey-engine have its foreman; but let Lord Rosebery stand below at the throttle.

Am I advocating further abreptions from the Imperial Treasury? By no means. Were each colony to put a bounty upon every carefully selected immigrant, such bounty to be regarded as a loan repayable in instalments and secured by a first lien on land[1] or by garnishing of salary, I take it such investment would in course of time be repaid in cash. A settler is an asset. It is for the statistician to compute what sum could be profitably invested in tempting such asset to settle. A pre-eminent Canadian authority with whom I have privately corresponded on this subject has, indeed, made such computation, and the result at which he has arrived is that

> the value of any person to the country is, broadly speaking, to be measured by what he produces over and above what he consumes—what he consumes of his own productions and the productions of others; and measured in this way, the value of a family cultivating a farm in the Canadian North-West is not less than $600 a year. . . . I estimate (he continues) that in the case of a family of five, $1050 will bring them from Great Britain to the North-West, provide a comfortable four-roomed house, two horses, two cows, and a stable therefor, and will provide the necessary waggon, harness, and such tools and household furniture as the immigrant would not find it worth while to bring with him; will cover the cost of breaking twenty acres of land and preparing it for a crop, and will provide seed and a year's food to the family and cattle.

There is food for much thought in that computation. However, I must again disclaim any intention of discussing detail.

It is curious to remember that, in an agricultural country like Canada, the agricultural labourer seems to be the last person that is encouraged by donations from the public purse. The farmer asks for bread; we give him a stone in the shape of a hundred and sixty acres of land. The manufacturer asks

[1] For this hint I am indebted to the Canadian authority I am just about to quote.

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for bread: and we give him bread and jam in the shape of a prohibitive tariff. Is it not time that the manufacturer did something for the farmer? The West has paid the East well in high prices for protected agricultural implements. Suppose, now, the East paid the West a little in bounties for assisted immigration. We have nursed our factories: let us nurse our farms. In time our farms will feed our factories.

In conclusion. The day is past in which the power and prestige of a nation are to be left to fortuitous circumstance. Popular government now furthers popular enterprise. Legislation comes to the aid of individual effort. Nations go to war for open doors and spheres of influence. The flag now follows trade. Anything that claims to make for the power and prestige of a State, claims and obtains State aid. Well, would anything, I ask, add more to the power and prestige of such a State as Imperial Britain, with her all but infinite expanses of unpeopled lands, than a policy which peopled them with her own flesh and blood? It is a most serious question this. For, once more, believe me, in the last resort *the secret of Imperial Defence is Imperial Dispersion.*

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

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CHARLEMONT HOUSE MEMORIES

THE Honourable Mrs. Caulfeild, the accomplished lady whose combination of shrewdness and observation with vivacity of expression is so apparent in the ensuing pages, represented a social and political tradition which has now almost vanished from Ireland. It would be difficult at any period of Irish history to find any individual in whom were united by descent or connection more of the diverse strains which have contributed to form the gentry and aristocracy of that country. The daughter of a Mayo squire, Mrs. Caulfeild belonged on the father's side to an old Anglo-Norman stock, on the mother's to that offshoot of the O'Donel sept which continued in distant Connaught the ancient lineage of the dispossessed chieftains of Tyrconnel. Brought up near Armagh by her maternal aunt, Lady Molyneux, she spent her girlhood among associations which recalled the memory of one of the most eminent among Anglo-Irish champions of Hibernian independence, William Molyneux, the well-known author of "The Case of Ireland," and the friend of Locke. And united by her marriage to Henry Caulfeild, second son of the first and best known Earl of Charlemont, to one of the most distinguished of Irish Whig families, she was closely identified throughout a long life with a type of opinion and a social caste which may now be said to be entirely extinct.

Born in the closing years of the eighteenth century, and

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associated both in the house of her adopted father and in the family of her husband with that order of Irish Protestant landowners which had most vigorously opposed the Union, Mrs. Caulfeild passed her early life in the midst of a society which, while ardently attached to the British connection, was not less ardently desirous of promoting the welfare of Ireland and asserting as far as possible its title to be considered as a separate entity within the constitution. Irish politics are very different now to what they were when the nineteenth century was young, and such remnants of the old Whig families as survive find themselves in a camp they once looked on as the enemy's. But in the days when Mrs. Caulfeild, whose husband represented the County Armagh in the Whig interest for many years prior to the Reform Act, first became acquainted with affairs in Ireland, the animosities aroused by the Rebellion of '98 on the one side and the Union on the other had barely been allayed. In her middle life she lived in the midst of that section of Irish Liberals who believed, or at least hoped, that a *via media* between the extreme ideals of the Young Ireland party and the *non possumus* of the Conservatives under Sir Robert Peel might be found in some modification of O'Connell's latter-day views of Repeal.

Charlemont House in Dublin is now the office of the Registrar-General for Ireland, and a mansion once the centre of art, letters, and politics has been abandoned to statistics. In the days of Mrs. Caulfeild's early married life it still retained that stamp of cultivation and distinction which had been impressed upon it by its builder the first Earl of Charlemont, and had made it, in fact, the Holland House of Dublin. Though the second Earl of Charlemont was devoid of that active spirit which had gained for his father a position and authority which his abilities could not of themselves have commanded, he had ambition enough to support the position which he inherited; and the early traditions of Charlemont House were sustained long after the ideas represented by it had ceased to have real force in the political world. The

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blow undoubtedly struck at Dublin society by the Union was not felt immediately. For many years after the extinction of the Irish legislature—in fact down to the Famine and the beginning of the Railway era—the Irish capital retained much of its old distinction, and nowhere was that distinction so well maintained as in the drawing-rooms of Charlemont House and Marino, the suburban seat of the Charlemonts. It was in the midst of this circle that Mrs. Caulfeild's early and middle life was spent. Possessing a lively intelligence and a considerable share of what, for lack of any vernacular equivalent, is call *esprit*, she knew how to enjoy her surroundings to the full. Whether in her country home, in her visits to Dublin, or in her occasional seasons in London, where she had as an adopted daughter of the house of Charlemont the *entrée* to the best Whig society, Mrs. Caulfeild was always quick to notice whatever was best worth observing, and she formed her estimates of character with feminine acuteness and decision. In her latter days she amused the retirement of old age in recalling the persons and things which had most interested her in younger years. Her records of life in the Ulster of the early nineteenth century, and her notes on the changes of manners and fashions of which she had been the witness which she has left among her memoranda and diaries have a real value as a picture of a bygone time, and may form the subject of a further contribution to these pages. No part of this, the more serious side of Mrs. Caulfeild's reminiscences, is printed in the present paper, which is confined to lighter reminiscences; and the samples of her writing which are here given require no explanation beyond the brief notes appended to them.

C. Litton Falkiner.

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THE POET MOORE IN SOCIETY

"Tom Moore" was of the party—Moore, whose Irish songs have raised even in me all a woman's enthusiasm, and whose society I have so long and earnestly wished to enjoy. At this moment I am tempted to pray that I may never again be in company with a genius. It is said "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre." So far do I believe this true that I am convinced few amongst those who are called great can inspire the same admiration amongst their associates which they do in those to whom they are known only by their great actions or works. I was disappointed with Moore, but I cannot clearly define why, or how. It was not that he was less witty or less gay or less conversational than I expected; he was all these, but he fell short of my beau ideal of Moore. There appeared to me a constant striving for effect in his manner unworthy the dignity of true genius, whose presence will always be most felt when there is no attempt at display. This I thought I could perceive in every word and gesture of Moore's. I can only describe his manner by saying it gave me more the idea that I was witnessing a representation of Moore than that it was himself I saw and heard. I expected to find him vain, the spoiled child of fashionable society; but I did not expect to find at once an air of self-satisfaction, a restless anxiety for effect and a certain assurance of manner, with a marked deference to the opinion of rank or fashion. Yet this should not have surprised me; it is often those who rail most at aristocracy who give the idol most homage. I was also astonished at the brilliant poverty of his conversation, dwelling on and dazzling with trifles whilst he passed over those points which would have given rise to discussion or reflection. In this, perhaps, is the secret of his social fame. In thus finding fault I feel as if I was in error, as I expected too much, certainly too much from one who has lived so long in "the

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world," for what will it not spoil? Originality must be destroyed, wit may be tarnished, and sincerity—the sincerity which is what it seems—is lost by continual contact with those who have no world but society, no object, no interest beyond passing events. Once only did the conversation rest on any interesting topic. It was the character of Voltaire, as shown in his conduct to his friends—Lord Dudley[1] starting from one of his extraordinary abstractions poured forth his opinion with force and eloquence, supported by facts, and showed he spoke on a subject of which he was master. Moore replied with the manner of a person who either had not considered the matter in question or waived his opinion in deference to the person he addressed. Lord Dudley is himself a character—an oddity; he is frequently so abstracted, so absent, that he appears to forget he is in company. Yet when he enters into conversation he is agreeable, and when he engages in argument he gives his opinions with eloquence and warmth. When not engaged in conversation he is either mumbling (for it cannot be called talking) to himself, or leaning back in his chair, his eyes half closed in a state of slumber. His abstraction at times is so great that he has been frequently known to express aloud his thoughts of persons present. He is in other respects so agreeable a member of society that this peculiarity is overlooked.

Moore is most agreeable at dinner: without appearing to "tell stories" he amuses by continual anecdote. Then the expression of his face is that of real Irish drollery. At other times his countenance bespeaks pain and anxiety. He is, I am told, fond of small society, of which he is the object; and then, when at ease, sings his exquisite songs accompanying himself on the pianoforte. His voice is weak, but its tones are silvery and he throws an expression into it almost unique. His posture at the instrument is singular. He sits a little turned on one side, his head thrown back and eyes elevated, in all so much of the wrapt minstrel that it is not improbable

[1] John William Ward, 1st Earl of Dudley, Canning's Foreign Secretary.

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that he studied the attitude. Such have been my first impressions of the bard of Erin. I was less pleased perhaps because they did not agree with my expectations, and if I should again be in his society I may find that my representation has been false. I think, however, you will be interested in my opinion on first sight, and just or unjust I have freely given it.[1]

MOORE AND THE BYRON MEMOIRS

I met Col. D'Aguilar last night[2] at Lady Morgan's. He is remarkable as being the author of the letters which appeared at the refusal of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey to allow all that was mortal of Byron to be interred amongst England's honoured dead. Col. D'A. is an enthusiastic admirer of Byron's poetry and character, and the expectation excited that the forthcoming volume of Moore's life would throw much light on the mystery in which Byron's life was involved caused the conversation to turn to the destruction of the original memoirs. Col. D'Aguilar being the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Leigh as well as a voluntary champion of Byron, his statement is of course most interesting, and I will repeat it as nearly as possible in his words.

[1] It is but fair to Moore to give his own account of this dinner, as recorded in the poet's Diary:—"April 30th, 1830. Dined at Lord Charlemont's. Company: the Caulfeilds, Lady Davy, and Lord Dudley. Lord Dudley's dialogue with himself, and silence of the rest of the company during dinner, very awful and damping" (Moore's Memoirs, vol. vi. p. 113). Moore's unattractiveness on this occasion was probably due to the presence of Lord Dudley, whom he disliked. Of Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of soliloquising, referred to by Mrs. Caulfeild—and described by some one as "Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward"—Moore has given the following account in his Diary:—"His mutterings to himself; his fastidious contemplation of what he has on his plate, occasionally pushing about the meat with his finger, and uttering low-breathed criticisms upon it—all is on the verge of insanity; but still very brilliant and agreeable." Memoirs vi. 167.—C. L. F.

[2] January 1831.

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Immediately after the death of Byron, Hobhouse, Kinnaird, Murray and, I believe, Moore, waited on Mrs. Leigh and informed her that there were original memoirs of Byron in the possession of Moore, given to him to be published at his death; but that they considered them so likely to wound the feelings of Lady Byron, so certain to injure his memory, that they had resolved to ask Mrs. Leigh's permission to destroy them. Mrs. Leigh's reply was: "I have never seen the memoirs, what passed between Mr. Moore and B. on the subject is known to Moore only, I am therefore in perfect ignorance of everything relating to those memoirs. If he wished them to be made public, I wish it also; *but* I know he had a headlong way of committing his thoughts and feelings to paper, and if you, his friends for sixteen years and the persons whom he has chosen as executors, if *you* think the publication likely to be injurious to his memory or painful to Lady Byron I will not prevent the destruction of the memoirs. I commit his memory, his fame with posterity, to your guardianship." Kinnaird and Hobhouse repeated their opinion that it would be ruinous to Byron's character to publish the memoirs. They were burnt. In two or three years after Moore called on Mrs. Leigh, told her of his intention to write a Life of Byron and requested her assistance. She replied, "Mr. Moore, we must understand each other at once. You were the depository of my brother's confidence, and of his memoirs. Either those were fit to be published or they were not. If not, they were unfit to be read: they should not have been read to the coterie at Holland House, lent to Lady Jersey and Lady Burghersh, and passages allowed to be copied by Brougham and Denman and others of your friends; and after his death, these Memoirs which he gave you to be published were destroyed as unfit to meet the public eye to which you had already exposed them to make yourself valued. Such has been the object of your conduct from first to last, your friend's wishes and fame being alike sacrificed to your individual vanity. I must therefore decline holding any communication with you." So Moore went to work alone.

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Upon the publication of his first volume Lady Byron wrote a letter in defence (nominally) of her parents, which her friend Campbell followed up by a most violent attack upon Moore (with both of which every one is acquainted). He was advised not to reply himself, but to allow Byron's letters in the possession of Moore to answer Lady Byron, and in the 2nd volume will appear a letter of Byron's which seems as if he had risen from the grave to answer Lady Byron. To it Moore has appended this note: "Whilst this has been preparing for the Press Lady Byron's letter has appeared, of which a copy will be found in the Appendix."

Of this volume Mrs. Leigh says to me in a letter received yesterday: "I have read the forthcoming volume of Moore's and am delighted with it. Doubtless there are many things which as a female I wish had not been published, as poor B.'s sister wish had never occurred; but his sad fate brought a habit of irregularities which his nature never prompted. But of the book I must say I did not think it possible any one could have so faithfully depicted him in mind and body. I thought no one knew or understood him but myself."

ANECDOTES OF THE REGENCY

Lord Lansdowne's[1] death, announced yesterday, brought Lord Charlemont's conversation back to old political times. From the Regency question he came to George 3rds family, and said his sons were quite below respectability, realising what was said by the worst of them (Cumberland), "My brothers are all liars, except the Duke of York!" Lord Charlemont returning from the H. of Lords on the unexpected postponement of a debate met the Duke of Clarence and told his R.H. of it, when H.R.H. said "then I will turn back with you," an honor not coveted by him. Lord C. expressed a hope that the accounts of His Majesty (George 3rd) were good. "I

[1] Henry, 3rd Marquis of Lansdowne, the well-known Whig statesman, died Jan. 1863. Lord Charlemont died in December of the same year.

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can't tell you," said the Duke, "that damned B . . . . my Mother wont let any of us see him, or know what the case is."

Lord C. mentioned that when very young he had dined at the Pavilion and was quite shocked at the rudeness of every one to the Princess of Wales. The Prince was then the idol of the Whigs, and thought to be "the finest Gentleman in Europe" so when Lord Caulfeild (as he then was) wrote to his father the impressions made by his dinner at the Pavilion he received a parental rebuke in return, saying he was quite too young to judge. It was well known that the Prince of Wales disliked to see ladies eat coarsely, and even some things he thought they should not eat. These were the things which if the Princess asked for, attention was directly drawn to by the mischievous party about her. "Her Royal Highness wants more fat" and such observations—In after years Lord Charlemont saw a great deal of the Princess of Wales, as the Whigs rallied round her. Her recklessness of appearances was most extraordinary. On one occasion he took the liberty of remonstrating and awkwardly said "H.R.H. should be afraid of the construction which might be put on her conduct." Striking her heart, she said, "I am a Brunswick, *I* am not afraid." Upon another occasion, when she lived in Connaught place he called—knocked repeatedly—no reply. At last a window opened; a head appeared and was quickly withdrawn. Even by this glance he thought, but could scarcely believe his sight, that it was H.R.H. Presently the hall door was opened, and absolutely by the Princess! She said gaily, "I am the only one at home, I have let everybody out to see the Show." (It was the Kings Birthday, when in those days there was a procession of mail coaches in their new turn out for the year.) She added "when I saw it was you I thought I might open the door." To be the visitor under such circumstances was not agreeable, nor scarcely safe, as the Princess was under constant espionage.

Lord C. reverted again to the Princess of Wales. He

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evidently thought however faulty her after life, however true the Neapolitan stories, that the circumstances of her reception in England by the Prince's coterie, and the conduct which she as a young woman witnessed at Carlton House were enough to exasperate and to pollute her feelings. Lord Charlemont said he witnessed the extreme rudeness exercised to her; any awkwardness or faulty expression creating such a "titter of laughter" from the Prince and Lady Jersey, that it was painful to others to witness it, and the more so as the Princess, at that time, seemed not to comprehend what was going on.

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SHERIDAN

March 12th, 1872.

I have heard today of the sale of the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Sheridan by Gainsboro' which I have gazed at so often over the library fire place at Delapré Abbey, and that it brought £8000; Baron Rothschild being the purchaser. I think it well to note that I heard from the father of the late Genl. B., known as Squire Bouverie, the manner in which the picture came to the family. Sheridan was at the time in great money difficulties, and living next door to Lady Robert Spencer, Squire Bouverie's mother, when a seizure was made by the Sheriff. Sheridan's servant knew the value his master set on this picture of his beautiful wife, and he managed to detach it hurriedly from the frame (a very large one) and to get it over the wall into Lady Robert Spencer's garden. Poor Sheridan was glad to save the picture from his creditors and to leave it in a friend's hands, from whom he got advances of money until he should redeem it. That redemption never occurred, and so it became Bouverie property and has now realised £8000.

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VICEREGAL CONVIVIALITY A CENTURY BACK

Lord Charlemont spoke of the disposition to potations deep down to the Duke of Richmond's[1] time, whose habits and that of many of his staff proved that the habit was not confined to Irish blood. His Grace was not to be recalled from table by any messages from his Duchess, whether at home or abroad, "to join the ladies" until his appearance was no longer fit for the drawing-room, and then he was carried to his carriage or his bed. On one occasion the Duke was invited to dinner by some Scotch official famous for being able to drink almost to any extent without visible effects; Lord Charlemont was present, and next to him Admiral Sir Thos. Pakenham. In due time this "excellent fellow," as Lord C. called him, found himself overcome, and could just say, "*Charlemont, tow me out of line;*" so Lord C. supported him from the table and propped him up in a corner where he was soon fast asleep. But the Lord-Lieutenant "stood it" for many hours longer—worthy fellows all!

PLUNKET AND ROBERT EMMET

I took occasion to speak again to Lord Charlemont, on the subject of Emmet's trial, and asked him to let me write down his recollections for him to sign but he declined it, yet he repeated what he had previously said to me of the incident at the trial, he said that nothing could be stronger than the impression that the speech was uncalled for and ungenerous, the case was clear against Emmet without it, and as Plunket had been the associate of Thomas A. Emmet and of Wolfe Tone previously it was considered a proof of bad taste on the part of Plunket. "We were proud of him," said Lord C., "from his transcendent oratory, but he was never loved as Grattan

[1] Charles Lennox, 4th Duke of Richmond. His Viceroyalty lasted from 1807 to 1813, and covered the period of Sir Robert Peel's Chief Secretaryship.

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was, nor had he the convivial talents which in those days were appreciated and kept men together." I told Lord C. how at a dinner at Archbishop Whately's Lord Plunket, who sat next to me, asked who my son Henry was who was sitting opposite, and noticed his family likeness to the first Earl, "to my first Benefactor," were I think Plunket's words. "Well," said Lord C., "I am glad to hear that, for though Plunket and I have always been good friends, I always thought he was cold on the subject of my Father's part in bringing him forward and might have been a little more genial towards me; but it may be that he was shy, seeing that he so early left the Irish Whig Party, to which I remained so warmly attached." Now this is just the sort of feeling I remember expressed by those I heard speak about him and the Anti-Union set at Sir Capel Molyneux's, always a sore feeling towards him for the readiness with which he became *imperial*, and certainly the love I remember always expressed for Grattan seemed to have no parallel in the feeling towards Plunket.

I remember in 1820 walking with Mr. Caulfeild in Piccadilly. We were joined by a grave gentleman who walked with us for some time. When he separated I asked who he was, not having caught his name. "Plunket," said Mr. C. "Plunket," said I, "that cold mannered, cold visaged man, Plunket, impossible!" "Yes," said Mr. Caulfeild, "that is his manner in society, always chills one, but if you heard him speak he is all fire." Well, I did hear him speak on presenting the Petition of the Catholic Hierarchy. It was the night before the Catholic Debate and it was neither expected or desired to have any Debate upon it; but some one, I forget who, I think Sir Robert Inglis, said something offensive to the R. C. Bishops, and Plunket made an impromptu reply of the greatest fervour and indignation. It was said how much more charming he was when thus warmed than in his declamations, however eloquent. (I think it was the same night I heard Charles Brownlow reply to a taunt of his change being for interested motives, his voice quite faltered when he said in his

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varnished way that his change of opinion was coeval with no earthly good or prospect and cost him some of the most cherished associations of his life.) Plunket's regard for Wolfe Tone seems to have been the brightest spot in his character, he was intimate with him and it is believed he would have done his best for him; but why so gratuitously wound Emmet, unless to take the first occasion to stand out from his old associates.

After the official lawyers Plunket made, as is well known, a very violent speech against the prisoner. Lord Charlemont had formerly told me that he heard Emmet say: "My father nourished a serpent in his bosom to sting his son," alluding to the fact that Plunket had been assisted in his early career by Emmet's father. This fact and Emmet's observation have both been denied by the Plunket family, but I have no doubt of having heard Lord C. mention it *often* in speaking of those times and his own presence at the trial. Lord C. said that on the last day of Emmet's trial he was officer of the day as one of the Yeomanry Corps then on active service (Goldsmith's Corps); he went from the court after the trial with the Judge (Norbury). Nothing could have been better or more dignified than Emmet's conduct throughout. I mentioned to Lord C. to-day that a controversy had arisen on the subject, and asked could he state what occurred positively. He replied that he had no doubt on his mind that Emmet made an observation on Plunket's uncalled for speech, and that it was tantamount to what has been recorded, but that at this distance of time he would not take upon him to assert what the words were, and that he had such a regard for Lord Plunket, and knew all the family so well that he would be sorry to leave a record to pain them, that he would only say Emmet made a bitter observation on a certainly unnecessarily harsh speech against him, and that what the words were, of course was generally known at the time.[1] He, Lord C., said that Emmet was exceedingly

[1] That Emmet referred with severity in his speech to Plunket's action in appearing for the prosecution, and that this part of the speech was omitted from

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terse and epigrammatic in any thing he said; for instance the Attornies Corps (of Yeomanry) was on duty in the Court —the crowd was of course great, and even the prisoner was pressed on; he remonstrated, and not being attended to, he spoke pretty sharply to the Attorney officer who was at hand, and who resented it, saying in a swaggering way, "Do you know who you are speaking to?" "Perfectly," replied Emmet with great calmness, "to a rogue in black and a coward in scarlet."

AN EVENING WITH O'CONNELL

In 1844 W. S. O'Brien had a house at the Black Rock (Lisaniskea). There I met Mr. O'Connell at dinner—the only time I was ever in his company. The party was made at my request by W. S. O'Brien to give me this opportunity. It consisted of Mr. O'C., his son John, and Mrs. O'Connell; Tom Davis of poetic memory; Dean Hudson;[1] Mr. Fitzgerald, a young lawyer;[2] my son James;[3] Zoe[4] and myself; and the O'Briens. At this time O'Connell had begun to fail, and there was nothing of the buoyancy and boyishness about him which I had heard of; on the contrary, he seemed serious and oppressed. I had known that, before this, he had indirectly tried to get Lord Charlemont to join in the Repeal Movement, and had expressed a wish to have done with the political labour he was going through, and to leave its political machinery in safe hands. At dinner I sat between him and

the official reports, is unquestionable. But the actual language of the passage published in popular versions of the speech, in which Emmet is represented as referring to Plunket as a viper, has no authority. Moore, who was Emmet's cordial friend and admirer, did not believe it to be authentic.—C. L. F.

[1] Very Rev. Edward Gustavus Hudson, Dean of Armagh 1841–1851.

[2] Perhaps Francis A. FitsGerald, afterwards a Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, 1859–1882.

[3] Afterwards 3rd Earl of Charlemont.

[4] Mrs. Caulfeild's daughter, afterwards the wife of Sir John Calvert Stronge, Bart.

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W. S. O'Brien. We talked freely on general subjects, and at last O'Connell dashed into the subject of Northern Tenant-right; asked me what it was; and, when I explained, expressed the greatest astonishment, saying he had always heard the Northerners were shrewd people, but that on such terms landlords were not masters of their own estates—in short, spoke of it as the strongest opponent of the system would do. Yet on the following Monday at Conciliation Hall he appealed to the Northerns for the preservation of this cherished custom to become Repealers. He then talked of the Young Ireland party; how sadly strong it was becoming in the Association; that he could scarcely keep it within bounds; and how sad he felt to think how surely when he was gone they would break them and that many a fine young fellow "would be hanged at the College lamp-posts;" that the only chance was for some person of high social position, and who had claims on the confidence of the people, to take the lead; that *the man* was Lord Charlemont, and was there a chance of this? I said I feared not, that though he had been an earnest Anti-Unionist he considered the decision of 1800 final and would not now attempt to reverse it. O'Connell said: "Be that so—but is it not a means to an end to advocate it? May we not thereby render its success unnecessary? May we not get equality of education and of religion, fair representation, everything that Lord C. would advocate, and why not make use of the power thus raised?" In short, O'Connell evidently talked for me to repeat to Lord Charlemont. He made use of some very strong expressions relative to the Young Irelanders—said "For myself I have ever been loyal, I have ever wished to preserve British connection. I do not want independence—I want equality *under* the British connection—but these honest-hearted enthusiasts will be run away with and will end in seeking independence, will spoil all fair prospects and will get themselves hanged." When we went upstairs Mrs. O'Brien expressed to me the greatest alarm about William; said he was quite blind to the tendency of the party

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who opposed O'Connell; that they were positive rebels and she felt most unhappy, most insecure. When the gentlemen came up, James went into the window recess to look at some prints where Mr. O'Connell followed him and, as if still looking at the prints with him, said (as James repeated the matter to me) "I give you credit for the way you answered O'Brien and the others after dinner—follow my advice, have nothing whatever to say to them!!! As we sat at the fire some one said, How can it be accounted for that the Presbyterians, so eminently republican, take no interest in the restoration of the Irish Parliament? &c. &c. &c.—After some time I said, If or no other reason, because they think that the Association is disloyal to the Crown and that you seek to excite rebellion." On this being denied, I took from the piano behind me the "Songs of the Nation," and, opening it at hazard, I read and said, What can sober people think otherwise of such writing as this? "There it is Davis," said O'Connell, "I often told you nothing but mischief can come of poetry and music, people never know what they are saying when they give way to them"—a strange remark this from the man who so perpetually repeated from poets—at least took from them such passages as "Hereditary Bondsmen," &c. On the whole the evening disappointed me, for O'Connell seemed so depressed, and I thought there was a general weight over all.

I regret that amongst Lord Charlemont's papers no letters have been found from Mr. Anthony Blake[1] on the then political position. As well as I remember he conveyed to Lord C. Mr. O'Connell's wish to resign to him—but I saw at Roxbro' Mr. O'Connell's letters to Lord C. urging it, and saying he would serve under him with the most entire obedience. It is impossible not to think that O'Connell desired to retire and was free from disloyalty, from personal ambition, and that he worked in pure patriotic spirit; for certainly the rent so freely given was for the cause not for himself—I heard from

[1] The Right Hon. Anthony Richard Blake, a well-known Whig politician in O'Connell's time, and known in his day as "the back-stairs Viceroy."

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Dr. Robinson that so completely was it expended that for very long he could not make up the renewal fines for Derrynane to the College, and it was not until the 20th year that Fitzpatrick who managed the money matters got together the necessary funds. When I remember the enthusiasm of the people for O'Connell then—the thousands on thousands who followed him daily to his house—I feel ashamed of my countrymen who literally left him so long even unburied and the expenses of his funeral unredeemed.

I saw O'Connell on only one other occasion and long previous to this—Mr. Caulfeild and I walking on the Quay saw the gathering for the weekly meeting at Conciliation Hall, and we went in. O'Connell did not speak, but Sheil did. The impression most strongly made on me by O'Connell's countenance was of intense good nature and fun.

I heard from Mr. Robert Hutton who was then in Parliament and very much connected with the Irish Liberal Party that he had been employed by Mr. O'Connell in connection with others to make a proposition to Government with a view to the abandonment of the Repeal Movement—He, Mr. Robert Hutton, enclosed to Mr. Caulfeild the pith of the 7 requirements which were proposed by O'Connell—from all that came to my knowledge at the time I am persuaded that he was sincere—the proposal was stopped as a whole by the determination of the then Whig Government not to alter the position of the Church Establishment in Ireland and by their conviction that the payment of the R. C. clergy could not be obtained from Parliament or the English people, and therefore whatever the opinions of the members of the administration they would not peril a Whig Government by proposing it.

[As appears from the foregoing anecdote Mrs. Caulfeild was on terms of close intimacy with the luckless patriot, William Smith O'Brien. The following letter addressed to her from

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Richmond Prison on the eve of his departure to a penal colony throws an interesting light on his character.]

Dublin, Richmond Prison.
July 2, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. CAULFEILD,—As we scarcely can anticipate that any circumstance will occur to delay our departure for a penal colony, I may assume that the time has come for bidding adieu to those friends to whom a few farewell words may be acceptable. Shall I place you in this number? Do your loyal susceptibilities shrink from the conversation of a "Traitor"? I will not offend you by asking an answer to this question. I am persuaded that none would have rejoiced more than you if I had been able to realise *my* designs for Ireland—not those which have been imputed to me—and I will not believe that my failure, whether it has arisen from my own want of sagacity or from the conduct of others, has produced any change in your feelings towards me except the substitution of a sentiment of regret for one of exultation.

I am not about to trouble you with a long exposition of the feelings called forth by the circumstances of the present hour, still less to indulge in any mock heroics upon the present occasion. I will not affect to deny that I feel very deep pain in leaving this country, which notwithstanding all its faults and miseries I love with passionate attachment, and in being separated from friends whose affection I never prized at its just worth until it had been tried by adversity.

I need not say that I never supposed that I could undertake an enterprise such as that of last July without undergoing the most severe penalties in the case of failure. I staked liberty and life upon the issue; but when I found that circumstances rendered it difficult for the Government to execute the extreme sentence of the law, and that there appeared to be no alternative provided by law except death or imprisonment, I confess I ceased to regard transportation

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as a contingency for which I ought to be prepared. I should have been content, for the sake of my family, to have remained in prison for several years rather than undergo expatriation in any form. The measure adopted by Government, which appears to me unconstitutional in the extreme as an *ex post facto* enactment, is under existing circumstances more formidable than death. To one who loves the sea, and a life of adventure as much as I do, it would be a rather agreeable change from imprisonment; if I could forget altogether the wife and children I leave behind. But transportation involves either their transportation for life to a settlement which I certainly do not desire as a home for my family, or separation from them for an indefinite period. Indeed I shall feel it a duty as long as there remains a prospect of my being able to settle myself elsewhere, to prevent them from following me to the other side of the globe.

Having presented to you the most gloomy parts of the position, let me now assure you that notwithstanding all such reflections we are enabled to view our position with wonderful calmness and cheerfulness. I have had at least an average amount of happiness since my imprisonment, and I am resolved to receive all future inflictions with the spirit of one who is sustained by the conviction that he is suffering in a good cause.

I must not forget to tell you that it gave me much pleasure to find the name of your son, as well as that of our friend Colonel Rawdon in the minority against the Transportation Bill. Considering the feeling which prevailed amongst the English Members, it required no little moral courage upon the part of one circumstanced as he is to give such a vote. I trust that he will never have occasion to regret it.

Finding that I have violated the promise which I made at the beginning of this letter to guarantee you against a long effusion, I must conclude by assuring that I shall not cease in a distant land to recall with pleasure the recollections of a

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friendship which has lasted more years than either of us care to reckon. Nor will you object that I should add the expression of my conviction that if all Irish *men* were animated by sentiments as patriotic as those of Mrs. Caulfeild, it would not now be my lot to traverse the ocean for having faithfully endeavoured to serve Ireland.

With kindest regards to Mr. Caulfeild and the other members of your family.

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF JAMES MARTINEAU

"USQUE ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?" The quotation is hackneyed. I am reminded of a friend who chose it for the text of a sermon which he preached to the clergy at the mature age of fourteen in the columns of a provincial newspaper. Like many another layman he felt himself for ever doomed to hear the grounds of religious faith stated for him, too often in language adapted to a supposed ignorance, in the pulpit or the volume of sermons. Might he not have his say also? And my friend who preached to the clergy must allow me to remind the reading public that he has since published a volume of sermons with the title "Lost Labour." The point is this. Any statement of the grounds of religious belief, though it be Martineau's own, is really beside the mark for those who already believe. "Theirs not to reason why." On the other hand, such statements are either studied with suspicion or ignored as beneath notice by those who are not subject to the "folly" of belief, the folly of which St. Paul boasted.

Nunquamne reponam? we must have our say. Lost Labour it may be; let it pass as a Labour of Love.

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James Martineau was born in 1805 and died in 1900. The three greatest of his works were all published between

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his eightieth and his eighty-fifth years. Their titles are "Types of Ethical Theory" (1885), "A Study of Religion" (1888), and "The Seat of Authority in Religion" (1890). If Martineau must be treated with the indignity of a denominational label, we must call him a Unitarian. To those of the faithful who suffer from a timid orthodoxy, if there be any such still lingering among us, we hasten to add that there is nothing in the first two of the books just mentioned which is likely to induce in them any symptoms of the pleasurable feeling that the Truth once delivered to the Saints is possessed by them but not by the author.

One of the most interesting chapters in the "Life and Letters" of James Martineau recently published, is that which describes what he himself afterwards referred to as his *palinodia*, a complete change in his line of thought: for Martineau began his great career as thinker and teacher, a convinced Utilitarian. This, be it remembered, was in the "twenties." Utilitarians are still with us; the name remains, the ideas have changed—and changed for the better, as any one may see by thinking first of James Mill and then of Henry Sidgwick—*quantum mutatus ab illo.*

It was, however, not only a Utilitarian theory of Ethics, but a "Necessarian" or Determinist doctrine of the will to which Martineau was at the beginning of his life under bondage. It was only by a gradual intellectual process that he escaped from what must always have been an uncongenial atmosphere to a man of his temperament. It is difficult to realise that he could ever have closely followed Priestley's lead. For Priestley at least is commendably frank; "a Necessarian," he writes, "who, as such, believes that *nothing goes wrong* . . . cannot accuse himself of having done wrong in the ultimate sense of the words . . . he has, therefore, in this strict sense nothing to do with repentance, confession, or pardon." In the process of expounding and applying some such doctrine as this Martineau "became aware," as he himself said, "of the distortion which it gave to the whole group of moral conceptions."

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Moreover, he was at the outset of his philosophical career disposed to admit the arrogant claim to ultimate validity made for the conclusions of physical science. It was not long before he began to suspect that "in Causation there was something behind the phenomenal sequence traced by inductive observation," a conclusion to which an increasing number of people are now, whether willingly or unwillingly, compelled. But there are still thousands of people who, like Martineau, in their "fondness for physical science," have "accepted its fundamental conceptions and maxims as ultimate," and remain, as Martineau did for a while, "unconscious of the metaphysical problems which lie beyond."

Martineau, then, set out on his pilgrimage of thought with an inclination to accept the maxims of natural science as ultimate; with a doctrine—it can never have been a conviction—that all sin may be referred to some source beyond ourselves; that is, to antecedent habit, itself the product of hereditary tendencies which we are powerless to divert or obstruct; and with a conviction, if we may judge from the vigour and distinctness of his early statements, that there is no conceivable mark by which we can know the Will of God but by that of happiness. "This," he wrote in early days, "is the divine signature by which alone Providence has made intelligible the oracles of human duty. In the mind of every theist who admits the benevolence of God, the religious definition is coextensive with the utilitarian"—and the religious definition is derived from the utilitarian, which it "cannot be permitted to supplant."

It would be difficult to find three terms less appropriate to Martineau's mature thought than "Naturalistic, Utilitarian, Necessarian." We have no time to describe at length the stages of his deliverance. As to what is now called "Naturalism" he soon saw that the whole notion of Causation required clearing, and the work he accomplished in this all-important matter of detail is one of his most notable contributions to the *scientia scientiarum, prima philosophia.* Before many years

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have passed we find Martineau expressing with his amazing lucidity (which Dr. Forsyth has aptly compared with John Henry Newman's) a view of "Force" as used in physics which deserves more attention than it has yet received from controversial writers like Mr. Arthur Balfour or Mr. Mallock. For, as he says, what Science calls "Force" is a mere abstraction from the idea of self-conscious Will—it is "Will *minus* Purpose." It is evident that when he had reached this conclusion there was little common ground left for Martineau and any naturalist to stand on amicably. What, then, are these *purposes* which underlie physical "forces," in the view which Martineau developed after his escape from Naturalism? He said plainly that the production of the interpersonal relation between God and His rational creatures was the supreme purpose for the gradual realisation of which the vast eras of physical and psychical evolution were called into existence. The expression is Mr. Upton's, but no reader of Martineau's three great works can for a moment doubt that this is implied throughout them, besides finding frequent and forcible expression.

As to the bondage of the Necessarian theory of the human will, Martineau came to see that "the sense of individual accountability—the sense of sin, in fact—was, notwithstanding the ingenuity of orthodox divines on the one hand, and Necessarian philosophers on the other, impaired by all reference of the evil that is in us to *any source beyond ourselves*." He always wrote of Determinism with a passionate eloquence. "In the secret history of every noble and inquisitive mind there is a passage darkened by the awful shadow of the conception of Necessity." He spoke of his deliverance as "an escape from a logical cage into the open air. . . . I breathed more freely. . . . I could use the language of men—of their love and hate, of remorse and resolve, of repentance and prayer, in its simplicity without any *subauditur* which neutralises its sense."

It remains to give an indication of the conceptions which

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ultimately displaced in his philosophical system the utilitarian theory of Ethics which he inherited. In spite of all the modifications and attenuation which that theory has undergone—"watered down," says Martineau, "in order to wash out its blots, into a comparatively flaccid condition"—it is still true of it that it assumes happiness as the ultimate end of right action. It is a little difficult to describe what Martineau came to regard as the ultimate end of right action without entering upon a discussion of his metaphysical and religious conceptions, which must be described later. "Follow the higher of the two alternatives" would be a good summary of his Ethics, so far as he aimed, like Sidgwick, at developing Ethics as a *practical* science. There are always two alternatives, because "sense discerns its object singly, conscience only in pairs." He held that "when the same occasion calls up simultaneously two or more springs of action, immediately in their juxtaposition we intuitively discern the higher quality of one than another. . . . When the whole series of springs of action has been experienced the feeling or knowledge with ourselves of their relative rank constitutes the individual conscience." He went further (and here, as both acknowledged in correspondence, was a fundamental difference between him and Sidgwick); he held that "all human beings, when their conscience is faithfully interpreted, as infallibly arrive at the same series of moral estimates as at the same set of rational truths"; so that "it is no less correct to speak of a universal conscience than of a universal reason in mankind." He held that on this community of nature alone rested the possibility of ethical science. The higher of two alternatives, choice being entirely "free" (for, as we have seen, he had rejected Determinism *in toto*), is discerned intuitively by the individual, and this intuition of comparative worth or merit is the same in all individuals.

But how, it will be asked, are we to test the validity of our own intuitions? Well, in the first place, we habitually test our own ethical judgment by the ethical judgment of others. Having ascertained that our own judgment is in general agree-

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ment with the deliverances of the "universal conscience" we may assume that it is a right judgment. This may be described as the practical outcome of Martineau's conception of the "universal conscience," though as his concern is really with the religious and metaphysical issues of Ethics, he is not at much pains to state merely practical conclusions.

But the intuitions even of the "universal conscience" are still only the intuitions of an indefinite number of individuals "writ large." We are still without a criterion of ethical truth. Well, Martineau is no timid thinker, and he deliberately dispenses with a criterion. It is with him an axiom, "that we must accept as veracious the immediate depositions of our own faculties, and that the postulates, without which the mind cannot exert its activity at all, possess the highest certainty." He "asks no more than this on behalf of his ethical psychology."

Some philosophers will be disposed to reply, "No more indeed, I should think not." Let them strike—but hear him. Duty or obligation, the deliverances of the conscience, our sense of right, these are of their nature imperative. Imperative authority must always imply a law above and beyond the nature summoned to obey it.

> Nothing [he writes] can be *binding* on us that is not higher than we; to speak of *one part of self imposing obligation on another part* . . . is to trifle with the real significance of the sentiments that speak within us. Conscience does not *frame* the law, it simply *reveals* the law that holds us. . . . It is an inversion of moral truth to say, for instance, that honour is higher than appetite, *because* we feel it so; we feel it to be so, because it *is* so. This "*is*" we know to be not contingent on our apprehension . . . but to be a reality irrespective of us, in adaptation to which our nature is constituted.

In morals, then, as in perception or sensation, we are to "accept as veracious the immediate depositions of our own faculties"; and among these depositions there is the clear witness of our moral faculties to the reality (irrespective of our judgment) of the scale of comparative worth which is intuitively discerned when a choice of alternatives is before us. But Martineau goes further than this. He introduces us here

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to one of those "postulates without which the mind cannot exert its activity at all"—a postulate in fact which has "the highest certainty."

> For without objective conditions, the idea of *Duty* involves a contradiction. . . . A system which disowns all reality outside the mind and resolves everything into a subjective dream . . . excludes the *objective given conditions*, indispensable to the problems of a moral being. It is clear then that, in order to reach a real ground of obligation . . . it is necessary that our psychology should be dualistic in its results, recognising, as in its doctrine of perception, so in its doctrine of conscience, both a *self* and an *other than self*. In perception, it is *Self and Nature*; in morals, it is *Self and God*. . . .

II

We have here a proof of God's existence, personality and holiness drawn entirely from the psychology of Ethics. The thought has of course been expressed before; J. H. Green's sermon "The Witness of God," contains it in its title as well as in its text; and Cardinal Newman meant no more when he said that if it came to drinking toasts, he would drink to Conscience first and to the Pope second. But in Martineau's works it finds, I believe, its first complete philosophical expression. In the first place let it be made clear what is meant by a proof of God drawn from the psychology of Ethics. It means that on a consideration of the idea of Duty or Obligation as it exists, independently of our intellectual judgments or social environment, in the mind or soul of each of us—on a consideration of the human conscience, and the sanction of infallibility which its deliverances seem at least to carry with them, we are led to postulate a something higher than ourselves. One part of self cannot impose obligation on another part—"one impulse or affection," as Martineau says, "cannot play the god to another."

This obviously suggests that psychologically we "know more than ourselves." There is no very startling appearance in all this, you will say. But "what is the lurking assumption

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that suggests a doubt of it? No other than this—which is the standing snare of all philosophies—that like alone can be known by like, thought by thinking. . . . It is continually said that by our consciousness we learn nothing but our own 'ideas' . . . that we can never tell how far an external world corresponds with those."

This assumption—the notorious ὅμοιον ὁμοίῳ—has been a snare from the first, and is still a snare. It has always afforded a convenient basis upon which to construct a system to solve what Greece and Germany agree in regarding as the great problem of all philosophy, "to find a common medium between existence and thought whereby they may communicate with one another. For it is assumed that if Matter and Mind were different throughout, they could have nothing to do with each other . . . the fact that instead of this, they are on such terms of constant intercourse . . . implies (it is supposed) that there is something which may be predicated of both."

We must follow this clue a little further, for without his rejection of the assumption that "like only can know like" Martineau's system could never have come to maturity. In what I judge to be his most penetrating piece of criticism, the essay on Sir William Hamilton's philosophy,[1] he writes as follows, "There are three possible objects of our cognitive faculties, namely, (1) Ourselves, (2) Nature, (3) God." Respecting the first of these it has been supposed that the mind can scarcely fail, since it is always "present with itself," to become at home there. It is easy for the mind to become "cognisant of its own events, especially as those events are just of its own sort . . . the old familiars of consciousness turned out before the eye of self-consciousness." Hence it is that self-knowledge alone "has been regarded as inherently intelligible." But

to know Nature is for mind to apprehend matter—for incommensurable things to measure themselves against each other. To know God is for the

[1] "Essays, Philosophical and Theological," Vol. II. Trübner & Co. 1875.

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finite to take in the infinite, for a relative act to achieve the absolute. From the world the soul would appear to be cut off by contrariety of essence, though akin to it in limitation of scale; from God, by disproportion of scale, though allied to Him by congeniality of essence. Either by qualitative or by quantitative incapacity, we seem to be detained at hopeless distance from all that lies beyond ourselves. To remove the first of these impediments is the purpose of every doctrine of perception; to remove the second, of every theory of ontology.

There is probably no other statement in our language of the primary problems of epistemology which can be compared with this for point, lucidity, and exactitude. Martineau goes on to show that our alleged "qualitative incapacity"—the contrariety of essence between ourselves and Nature which is supposed to preclude us from knowledge of "things"—rests on the assumption that "like only can know like"—

a maxim which, consciously or unconsciously, has never ceased to control the processes of philosophy. . . . There are but two ways of possible escape from the difficulty: to deny the maxim, and dispense with all likeness between subject and object as a condition of knowledge; or else, retaining the maxim, to destroy the *prima facie* unlikeness. By a perverse aberration, philosophers have, with few exceptions, struck into the latter path, and have exhausted the varieties of ingenuity to cancel the primary antithesis of all intelligence.

Then follows a brilliant passage in which some prominent varieties of this "perverse aberration" are examined. Berkeley and Fichte, idealists who either abolish the given object or, like Fichte, "abrogate the reality of the subject too by . . . . treating it as a mere train of phenomena"; Mill, whose system resolves all supposed perception of an outer world into groups of simultaneous sensations, and "self" into a passing phenomenon of consciousness, "resolving all things into clusters, and persons into files"—the comparison of these systems

affords an instructive example how the same false postulate, simultaneously manœuvred by material and by ideal thinkers, will work its way from these opposite ends of the diameter of being, and fall at the last into the same gulf of negation.

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The next variety of the "perverse aberration" to come under Martineau's review is that "more favourite and less daring way of destroying the antithesis between mind perceiving and matter perceived," by leaving the two terms standing and denying their opposition. This, the way of Hegel and, in the last resort, of Spinoza, is really a device less philosophical than the other, inasmuch as

> the only ground for affirming the existence of these two terms (*i.e.*, constituents of perceptive knowledge) is furnished by the very same act of consciousness which equally pronounces on their opposition.

Systems which introduce a third term above the subject and object to serve as a point of unity for them deduce mind and matter, as mere phenomenal opposites, from a common substantive being—"a speculation on which Pantheism must ever look with filial affection." Roughly speaking, it is "form" which is invested with this reconciling function in Plato's system; "motion" in Aristotle's. Form (εἶδος) is recommended to choice "by its mental character, as at once a physical condition of body and a geometrical object of fine thought"; motion by the ambiguity of the word (κίνησις with Aristotle, *bewegung* with Trendelenburg) "which is used of mental modification as well as of local change." Lastly, there is a still further refinement in the choice of the *tertium quid* that is to reconcile "the primary antithesis of all intelligence." This is the theory which "seizes on the *idea* of the object and insists that this, imparted by the object, and contained in the act of perception, is the only thing present to the cognitive subject and known by him." This medium, the idea of the object in the mind, "stands indeed in closer kindred to the percipient subject, but proportionately further in estrangement from the object it pretends to represent. It is certainly easier to negotiate with *thought* through an *idea* than through a *motion* . . . .; but just in the same degree does the negotiation with *reality* become more difficult."

And when we ask what in the last analysis has called

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these multifarious systems into existence, there is only one answer: They have sprung up, merely to humour the maxim that "like only can know like." To write the history of this "crotchet of philosophers," as Sir W. Hamilton calls it, would be to write the history of philosophy since Empedocles. Although it is, as Hamilton says, "contrary to the evidence of consciousness, and consequently not only *without* but *against* all evidence," it has been held almost universally that the relation of knowledge between mind and matter inferred the analogy of their existences, which must, it was assumed, be either similar or the same.

To Martineau as to Hamilton "the largest collapse of error was not a terrible or destructive phenomenon"; both had "the eye pure to discern the disengaging forms of truth." They reverted to the simplicity of nature, they went back to common sense. (One is tempted to suspect any writer who spells common sense with capital initials of a defect in the quality he thus honours.) They declared that

> in perception the mind, with equal immediateness, knows itself as subject and an outward reality as object, and in knowing this, knows their relation to be one, not of analogy, but of antithesis. . . . Consciousness . . . cannot give us the precipient *self* except in simultaneously giving us the perceived *other-than-self*; and we are as directly cognisant of the one as of the other.

A man is not surer of his own existence than of anything else; he is simply as sure of it as he is that something else exists. "The certainty he feels in either case is precisely the same; and is the very highest that can be had."

And now, if it be asked, "What is this but mere common sense, spoiled by metaphysical jargon?" Martineau will reply—

> Be it so; if only it supersede a much more voluminous amount of nonsense not better phrased, the gain is undeniable. But it claims a higher praise. It is the glory of philosophy to end where common sense begins, to evolve as knowledge (ἐπιστήμη) that which had existed as true opinion (ἀληθὴς δόξα); to find and lay bare the ground of all derivative beliefs, and sweep away the clouds that hang around the margin and make it indistinct."

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Between them Hamilton and Martineau "restored the modest empire of natural dualism." It is surprising to think how modest that empire still is, but at least we may count Mr. William James, the most distinguished thinker now living in the United States, as one of those who have abandoned Monism, though he prefers to style himself paradoxically a Pluralist rather than a Dualist.

REGINALD BALFOUR.

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A PEACE ODE

FOR JUNE 1, 1902

[The system on which the following verses are written claims that, if the English were spelt as it is or should be pronounced, then the syllables would scan according to the laws of Greek prosody. The adaptation of the Greek rules was made by William Stone, in an essay now published with my "Milton's Prosody" at the Oxford University Press. In that book, and in my hexameter poem "Now in Wintry Delights," published this year at the Daniel Press, the curious reader may find the whole literature of this experiment; and in the latter book there is a page of phonetic writing, in a new manner, which exhibits the scansion to the eye.

The writer's object is, of course, to delight readers, whether they are familiar or not with the model. His difficulty with the scholars is that there are a good many minor points that can only be decided by the experience and general approval which must in the first stages be wanting; and this poem, now a year old, is an early attempt. Against the objection raised to such an experiment, that it is an attempt to fix the value of syllables which have changed and are constantly changing, and to arrest the language at an arbitrary point, there is a ready answer, namely, that all languages are and always were in this very condition of change: the Greek when its prosody was founded, the Latin when it imitated the Greek, no less than is ours to-day. The objection might equally well be alleged at all times against all kinds of verse.

Note that no elision is allowed by Stone in English between words, and H is generally a consonant.]

NOW joy in all hearts with happy auguries,
And praise on all lips; for sunny June cometh
Chasing the thick war-cloud, that outspread
Sulfurous and sullen over England.

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Full thirty moons since unwilling enmity,
Since daily suspense for hideous peril
Of brethren unrescued, beleagur'd
Plaguestricken in cities unprovided,

Had quencht accustom'd gaiety; from the day
When first the Dutchman's implacable folly,
The country of Shakespeare defying,
Thought with a curse to appal the nation:

Whose threat to quell their kinsmen in Africa
Anger'd awhile our easy democracy;
That, reckless and patient of insult,
Will not abide arrogant defiance:

They called to arms; and war began evilly.
From slily forestor'd, well-hidden armouries,
And early advantage, the despot
Stood for a time prevalent against us:

Till from the coil of slow-gathering battle
He rancorous, with full money-bags hurried,
Pedling to European envy
His traffic of pennyworthy slander.

For since the first keel launch'd upon Ocean
Ne'er had before so mighty an armament
O'errun the realm of dark Poseidon,
So resolutely measur'd the waters,

As soon from our ports in diligent passage
O'er half the round world plow'd hither and thither
The pathless Atlantic, revengeful
Soldiery pouring on Esperança:

Nor shows the Argive story of Ilium,
With tale of ancient auxiliar cities,

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So vast a roll of wide alliance
As, rallying to the aid of England,

Came from the swarming counties accoutering,
And misty highlands of Caledonia,
With Cambria's half-Celtic offspring,
And the ever-merry fighting Irish:

Came too the new world's hardy Canadians,
And from remote Australia champions
Like huntsmen, and from those twin islands
Lying off antipodal beyond her,

Under the old flag sailing across the sea:
For mighty is blood's empery, where honour
And freedom ancestral have upbuilt
Inheritance to a lovely glory.

Thee, France, love I, fair lawgiver and scholar,
Thy lively grace, thy temper illustrious;
And thee, in all wisdom Diviner,
Germany, deep melodist immortal;

Nor less have envied soft Italy's spirit,
In marble unveil'd and eloquent colour;
But best love I England, wer' I not
Born to her eyrie should envy also.

Wherefore to-day one gift above ev'ry gift
Let us beseech, that God will accord to her
Always a right judgment in all things,
Ev'n to celestial excellencies:

And grant us in long peace to accumulate
Joy, and to stablish friendliness and commerce,
And barter in markets for unpriced
Beauty, the pearl of unending empire.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

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REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

VIII.—HERODOTUS' "HISTORY OF ENGLAND"

WHAT makes the histories of Herodotus so charming is his inveterate habit of discursion. When he set out to write his "History of the Persian War," he discursed into all the lands that lie round about Greece and Persia. He himself had wandered about these lands; and so, in fact, in the same way his pen wanders about his subject. In his own melodious Asiatic Greek he tells us of all the pleasant things which he has seen; and very pleasant is the telling. The Persian War was an important affair, because a Persian triumph would have changed the whole course of European civilisation. We trace back the stream of that through Rome to Greece; and, if the source had been contaminated by an oriental despotism, we should have had no independent occidental civilisation. The line of demarcation between East and West would not exist. But though the subject was so important, the "History of the Persian War" is a history of a small affair, the incidents of a few years. Therefore, it lent itself admirably to Herodotus' discursive method.

The "History of England" is both important and large; and it is the size which has made the work of Herodotus almost a failure. He has no idea of accurate chronology; and English History without dates is bewildering. He synchronises

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centuries. In criticising this work, it is important to keep that point clear. Herodotus simply knew nothing about dates from Julius Cæsar to Edward VII.; nor did he care about them. He wrote from a different point of view. He learned nothing from books; everything from personal experience. And, in all his extant writings, there is not a single reference to modern English authorities. He came to England, and wandered about asking questions, especially of the vergers of cathedrals. Then he wrote his "History".

The outline of his scheme, therefore, is geographical. He began with King Alfred and Winchester and the Navy. The story of the cakes is admirably told—but it was unfair of the verger to give him one of the cakes to eat. The incident troubles our historic sense. It was so much over-cooked. There also can be little doubt but that Herodotus is wrong in deeming the colossal statue, at the bottom of Winchester High Street, to be a contemporaneous work of art. His intimate acquaintance with Greek statuary ought to have taught him that there was no art in it at all. His admiration of the Gothic architecture of the cathedral is reluctant. He finds it cold, and lacking in harmonious symmetry. But we note with pleasure and approbation the epithet *πάγκαλοι* which he applies to the Norman transepts.

He gives a good account of the Britannic Navy, running Sir William Allan very close in the matter of special knowledge of the boilers of ironclads; but he does not appear to be quite accurate in stating that King Alfred built the Spanish Armada as a flying squadron, wherewith to intimidate Queen Elizabeth, because she desired to contract a matrimonial alliance with the Emperor Napoleon. If Elizabeth really desired that marriage, it is almost certain that Chaucer would not have failed to mention it. But Herodotus gives a grand account of Trafalgar. After the battle, he says, Raleigh sailed westward, and discovered an island, whence he brought back the wonderful new herb nikotiana. Raleigh sat on a rock in the ocean-stream, and smoked; and all the world hired

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galliasses, and came to see. This leads to a fascinating discursion on the use of tobacco among the ancient Greeks. It is only here that we find that delightful picture of the three greatest dramatists of Greece. Aischylos with a pipe (bull-dog briar), Sophokles with a cigar (cabaña), and Euripides with a cigarette (gold-tipped Egyptian). There is something very convincing about this legend. Homer, he says, used snuff (ῥαπτή), being unable to enjoy the sight of the curling smoke. Sokrates smoked a home-made mixture of blackberry leaves and tea-leaves, when he was unable to come by ship-tobacco honestly. Alkibiades used a cigarette-holder for the sake of his rose-onyx finger-tips; and Plato was a non-smoker. No student of Plato could possibly hesitate about accepting the last statement.

At Oxford, Herodotus, of course, takes an enthusiastic Hellenic interest in athletics. In fact, he seems to admire the good looks and "fitness" of the undergraduates more than the architecture of the colleges. After an enchanting discursion on the river—he appears to have gone down in a κανάδηρ, *viâ* Long Bridges and the backwater to Kennington Island, and thence to Sandford Lasher—he comes back to more serious matters, and gives a very full account of the history of Oxford during the Civil War. His explorations of the City Walls in New College Gardens are full of adventurous details. The whole narration, however, of the Civil War is interesting. It must have been quite an intelligent verger. Besides, Herodotus clearly has great sympathy with Charles, a sympathy which, indeed, is shared by all charming people who had not the misfortune to live during his reign. Fortuitous mention of Balliol College leads our author to a long discursion about Scotland; but its value is discredited by the facts that he obtained his data from a Welshman whom he calls Ἀπρής, and that he deals solely with the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. He has nothing but praise for the former king, who led so valiant a crusade against the Keltic Barbarians. For Edward II. he has a sympathy quite

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Greek no doubt, but hardly justifiable. His curled beard seems to have fascinated Herodotus. The assertion, however, that the Skotoi are so-called because of their clandestine habits, and the obscurity of their intellects (due to over-indulgence in whisky), is very ingenious.

From Oxford Herodotus wanders to Salisbury and gives a delightful account of that exquisite village. Much of this is due no doubt to a certain peripatetic named Τάτυμ whom he encountered there; and with whom he had several unprintable conversations, he says, with truly Hellenic candour. But he gives us a detailed account of St. Osmund and a disquisition on religion in England. This is somewhat didactic, and we should be pleased to see it omitted in the second edition. Herodotus realises the paramount importance of religion in the development of the English character, and is surprised at it. In fact he finds the greatest difficulty in reconciling the businesslike activity of the race with their pre-occupation over the multitudinous forms of Christianity. Having no sympathy either with Catholicism or with Protestantism, he is puzzled at the difficulties which men of the two faiths find in speaking civilly of one another. He himself finds the distinction trivial; but he perceives that other men find it very far from trivial. It is interesting for us to watch a highly cultivated heathen mind making a genuine attempt to grasp the problem. Indirectly it may teach us much, being unconsciously an argument in favour of apostacy. And that is a very curious conclusion to a dissertation which began with St. Osmund.

It is impossible to follow Herodotus in all his wanderings through the south and west of England. He seems never to have been further east than Winchester. Undoubtedly he never was north of Oxford, and, of course, the result is that his "History" is quite inadequate as a history. To those who are seeking an accurate knowledge of affairs, it cannot be recommended. But this is not a condemnation; it is hardly a fault. It is not the earnest student who needs encouragement. He

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flourishes without help. It is the seeker after beauty who needs to be encouraged; and to him Herodotus appeals. He gives us pictures, not photographs. The colouring is always exquisite, the morbidezza subtle, though the contours are not the contours of South Kensington. There is, indeed, much of the true painter's spirit in Herodotus. His "History" is just a picture-book connected by a slender thread of letterpress. It is not an unprofitable task to find out where the pictures begin and end. The book might be printed from two founts of type, like Bacon's "Shakespeare," to distinguish the connections.

Finally, we must express our gratitude to the eminent Greek writer for his kindly appreciation of our English character. It is always difficult for an ancient Greek to see the good points of other people, because he naturally contrasts them with his own countrymen. This makes it all the more satisfactory for us to observe that he treats England as almost on a level with Greece. Not that he ever loses his proper sentiments of patriotism in an undignified enthusiasm for things foreign. There is, indeed, a pleasant touch of condescension running through his book. Well, it is just this reticent self-respect which makes his appreciation so valuable to men of discrimination. And, after all, no one who is not a man of discrimination is ever likely to read his "History of England."

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IX.—PLATO'S "DIALOGUE ON THE MUSIC OF WAGNER"

TO note the inconsistencies of great men is a task which has its proper fascination for inferior minds. As a point of fact, consistency is not a distinguishing mark of the great. The great feel strongly; and of course they do not always have the same feelings. They are therefore more inclined to be inconsistent than the vulgar man. This, perhaps, is one reason why they are so charming; for the charm of inconsistency can hardly be denied. Nevertheless, people with inurbane views upon the nature of the larger veracity frequently attempt to explain away inconsistency by calling it development. Really, inconsistency and development have nothing in particular to do with each other. So, if settlement were reached on the question whether Plato wrote his appreciative "Dialogue on the Music of Wagner" before or after the well-known passage in Book VII. of the "Republic," in which he condemns (at least by implication) all instrumental music, it would not point to a development either of a liking or a dislike for such music in him. The inconsistency would remain equally valid in both cases. The truth is that he was merely feeling strongly about different things when he wrote the passages in question; and that is permissible, even commendable—if we can permit ourselves the use of such terms in regard to Plato. Also, it is here necessary to distinguish between Plato and Sokrates. In the "Republic" Plato was dealing with the educational value of music. We are inclined to think that he rather over-estimated the power of music upon the young—using "music" of course in its narrower sense, and not in the large Hellenic conception which can be given to the word. In this Dialogue, on the other hand, Plato has dealt

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with musical beauty as it touched his own soul. That is why this Dialogue has a peculiar personal value.

It has been doubted by certain critics whether Plato was in a position to write with full appreciation of the music of Wagner. We are prepared to admit that he has described Sokrates as professing not to have heard an adequate performance of any of the operas; but that description can be taken as merely corroborative detail calculated to give literary verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing dialectic. Readers of this Dialogue will note that, at the commencement, Zoïlos says that he has just returned with Philokles from the festival at Baireuthos. Sokrates proceeds to interrogate them concerning what they have heard. In extravagantly commonplace terms, they at first express sentiments of admiration for the Meister; but it is soon discovered that they cannot give any reasonable explanation of their appreciation. Philokles confesses that he has heard other music which he prefers. Zoïlos ultimately suggests that perhaps the very incomprehensibility of the music is the chief cause of the charm which it exerts over many. Sokrates, with ironical surprise, pretends to find out that the majority have only the power of parrot-like or sheep-like imitative appreciation. Then he proceeds to give a splendid disquisition on the reasons why, for him, the music of Wagner stands apart from all other music:

> No longer bird sings unto bird, child unto child, to the delight of listening man, as in other times and seasons: but man at last has found a new and intellectual form of utterance, transcending tongues, whereby soul may speak to soul.

The passage in which Sokrates is made to speak of this new language of the soul is very luminous. He dwells curiously upon the utilitarian properties of vocalisation in the continuance of species; and suggests that all musical sounds are of erotic origin. Then, touching lightly on the difference between the love-making of birds and that of civilised man—in the spirit of true Sokratic irony he tells us that there is

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something very likable in our manner of producing thus unsuspectingly the humours of animal nature—he leads up to the grand comparison between the music of the singing-birds and the music of Wagner. Music, he declares, ought to be a means by which soul can unite itself to kindred soul, can commune with it, can love it with a love which is absolutely incorporeal.

On the whole we are inclined to select the passage where Sokrates argues that, in the capacity of Tone-Poet, Wagner has no successor, as being perhaps the most valuable in this Dialogue. It is valuable as a specimen of that "mental midwifery" which is the salient note of the Sokratic dialectic; and it is extremely valuable as a contribution to our knowledge of the exact force of the second count of the indictment upon which Sokrates was condemned to death, viz., the contemning of the national deities. Oudiades (an admirably drawn piece of portraiture in the best manner of Mr. Henry James) says that, unlike Philokles and Zoïlos, he has made pilgrimages to Baireuthos and Koinobioukepos not once but many times, and has gone through all the operas over and over again, assisted by the expert opinions in the programmes and certain up-to-date newspapers. But Wagner, he says, is as dead as Queen Anne; and, in this enlightened twentieth century, is held to be the *ne plus ultra* of musical expression only by gerontomaniacs who are no longer *ἐν τῷ πνήματι*.

"We have, indeed, in our journey left behind us that Wagnerism which Max Nordau, when the last century was waning, called the most momentous aberration of the present moment. Wagner is a back-number."

"One would imagine from your discourse, O Oudiades, that a successor to Wagner had arisen, to whom we ought now to pay respect?"

"Yes, Sokrates, for you must know that the best authorities, such as the *Daily Telepath* and the *Clerkenwell News*, have denominated Mr. Richard Strauss as the successor of Wagner."

"Critics, who have to earn a legally honest living, are obliged to pander to a public ever avid of some new thing. But what, O Oudiades, is your personal opinion of this Mr. Richard Strauss's music?"

"I have not heard it myself, not having been in the neighbourhood of Queen's Hall at the time owing to a prior engagement."

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"With a man?"

"With a man."

"About a dog?"

"Yes, Sokrates, about a dog. But surely, surely, the progressive order of nature and all that sort of thing implies that a greater than Wagner must arise, and therefore has arisen."

Sokrates pursues the new argument with delightful inconsequence.

"Admit," says he, "that a greater than Wagner must arise, although mere successorship was all that was claimed at first. Then, by what signs may this greater than Wagner be recognised?"

"I think, Sokrates, that the applause with which the tone-poems of Mr. Richard Strauss have been received is a sufficient sign."

"I will remind you, O Oudiades, of that apophthegm of Charles Reade where it is written, *Popularity is the breath of a mob—stinks of its source.* Have you no other sign but that?"

Oudiades in some confusion stammers, "No, but——."

Then Sokrates sums up p.d.g. Quoting the aphorism of Anaxagoras, Ὅτι τοιαῦτα αὐτοῖς τὰ ὄντα, οἷα ἂν ὑπολάβωσι, he says that he has no wish to depreciate opinions conscientiously formed by qualified persons who actually have studied their subject: nor would he be understood to deny the possibility of a successor arising to Wagner. But Oudiades has admitted that he has done no more than run round in a vicious cycle. He fell in with the admirers of Wagner, ran till he had left them behind, arrived at the point where the managers of Mr. Richard Strauss were starting on their course; and, from sheer mental indolence, fell in with them. Sokrates gives due weight to the dog which prevented the formation of an unbiased personal opinion. Oudiades confesses that he has not heard Mr. Richard Strauss's music; it would not matter if he had, seeing how prone he is to shout with printed shouters. He is absolutely unable to give any reason at all for the faith that is in him that Mr. Richard Strauss is the successor of Wagner. And the obvious conclusion is that Wagner so far has no successor, and that Oudiades (with West

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Kensington and De Vere Gardens) like sheep have gone astray. This contempt, as well for the god of the fifth and sixth-rate cognoscenti as for the said *soi-disant* cognoscenti themselves, is an excellent example of Sokrates' custom of displaying the Nonconformist conscience which won for him the privilege of a martyr's suicide. If these really were the dogmas with which he corrupted Athenian youth, we are bound to admit that the prosecution made out a case of a kind against him. But that Plato should have reported so tremendously compromising a conversation is a little more than remarkable, considering that Plato was the friend of Sokrates. The true inwardness of "Save me from my friends" is perhaps exemplified more often in literature than in any other branch of human action. After all, Plato was not less the friend of Sokrates than Henley was the friend of Stevenson.

It would not be unnatural for us, after reading this Dialogue—perhaps the latest of the great Platonic Dialogues—to compare the series of Wagnerian operas with the series of Platonic Dialogues, placing the *Lysis* side by side with *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and advancing from them to *Parsifal* and *The Laws*. Indeed, the analogy is so clear that we can scarcely conceive of the one as having been written before the other. If this be so, it gives us an exceedingly interesting sidelight upon the operation of Plato's brain. He must have realised the analogy between his own work and that of Wagner. With a sound and indisputable belief in his own genius, it was but natural for him to proceed to a laudation of Wagner's compositions. The bond of a common genius held them both. And yet, to an inferior man than Plato, it no doubt would have been galling to find any such bond. Wagner was a German, a member of that race which eventually would presume to take upon itself the task of emending the Platonic Text. Plato's mental attitude towards Germany must have been one of most acerb and most meritorious indignation. Every Englishman ought to be able to understand that. To see

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his most subtile specimens of grammatical asymmetry ruthlessly carved to fit the requirements of school-boys' grammar-primers, to see his most exquisite anakoloutha padded out with unambiguous particles—oh! no, Plato's feelings towards Germany cannot have been kind-like. But they were generous. He never disparages Wagner because an accident of birth made the latter a German; and it is to be noted that he is discreetly silent about the German nation in this as in the other Dialogues. Ultimate contempt is inexpressible in words; and there is something very beautiful, very affecting, in the precedent admiration that thus arose so strangely between these sundered magnitudes.

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THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XII

FATHER SKIPTON, and a number of the guests, had, after last night's dinner, been apprised of the punctual advent of Sir Roderick Harborough's yacht, and had duly floated away, with its owner, into the night and the moonlight. The others were now collected in a nook of the sea-ward garden. It was late in the afternoon. The air was hot with summer; but was freshened by a breeze which made the waves in the distance leap against an island rock like a pack of fawning hounds.

Lady Snowdon and Mrs. Vernon were knitting. The men had been reading newspapers—all but Mr. Hancock, who, looking very happy and dapper, was now approaching the group with a little bundle of documents.

"Here are the notes," he said, "the agenda paper of our opening conference."

"Sit down there," said Lady Snowdon, with a placid air of command. "That is the secretary's table. Everything, you see, has been got ready for you."

Mr. Hancock obeyed, and the others drew their chairs round him in a semi-circle.

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, giving the table a few facetious raps with a pencil, "are you all ready? Then, ladies and gentlemen, I declare our first conference opened. And now let me say a few words about the subject of it. We agreed,

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as you may remember, that before we went further into the new views of life which modern knowledge is more or less forcing on all of us, we ought to consider, as clearly as we can, the reasons which are making the world—or at least the more educated classes in all civilised countries—with one accord, as it were, completely give up the old views—views which in the days of our parents were still practically supreme. I confess that the various expositions and defences of those old views, which we have been privileged to hear so lately from the lips of four typical clergymen, seem to me of themselves quite sufficient to explain why these views are no longer tolerable to any sane and educated person. But Mr. Glanville insists—and no doubt he is right—that when we allow ourselves to talk of the educated world beginning to reject abruptly a religion which has lasted so long, we ought to make ourselves quite clear as to what we mean. We ought to see in what this rejection of the Christian religion consists, and what are the precise causes of it. The question, then, before the meeting is this: Why have the thinking and intellectual classes in all Christianised countries simultaneously lost, within the last generation and a half, every vestige of that faith, which was previously all but universal, in traditional Christianity—or Christianity as a special revelation?"

"May I," said Mrs. Vernon, "put in one word of protest? Have all educated and intellectual people lost their traditional faith in this startlingly complete way? I don't deny that we, most of us, have ceased to believe in some things—such as Noah's ark, and Jonah's whale, and so on; but there is surely an immense mass of educated, sensible, good, and devoted people who believe in the great events which are commemorated at Christmas and Easter—people with whose entire lives and characters these beliefs are interwoven, and to whom a doubt of their truth has never even occurred. You, Mr. Glanville, must surely admit this. Look at the new churches that are every day being built, and the congregations which, any Sunday, you may see pouring into them."

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"There is something in what you say," replied Glanville, "but I could mention you several answers to it. In spite of your churches and congregations, statistics go to show that, at this moment, in England, only one man out of twenty is in the habit of going to any place of worship at all: and of those who do go, don't you know from experience that a very considerable number only go out of habit? But I won't insist on that, for I'm quite ready to admit that the mental air of our time is still full of Christian sentiment. The sole question which we now propose to discuss is how far this sentiment is still associated with that definite system of belief from which it was once inseparable. And even as to this point, I am willing to grant you a good deal. Many people, no doubt, are still convinced believers; but are they people whom this new knowledge of which we speak has reached? If they are not, their belief is of little significance. We can't close our eyes to the fact that this knowledge is extending itself. It is rising like a flood; and the situation is not altered by the fact that dry-shod believers to-day are still numerous on mounds which it is perfectly certain will be under water to-morrow. Still, if you like it, we will alter the wording of our question. We will put it thus: It being an admitted fact that in all Christianised countries, large and increasing numbers are simultaneously rejecting Christianity, what is the precise content of the rejection, and what are the precise causes of it?"

"Well," said Mrs. Vernon, "nobody can object to that."

"This little discussion," said Mr. Hancock, "shows how much to the point is the inquiry we are about to undertake. I confess that at first, as I said, I inclined to think it superfluous. Anyhow, the ground being now clear, I'll go on. Since we propose," he continued, turning again to his notes, "to talk about our attitude towards traditional Christianity, the first thing to do is to make ourselves absolutely clear as to what the distinctive marks of traditional Christianity are. We shall do no good if we keep on talking at random. I

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have, therefore, at Mr. Glanville's suggestion, put down as briefly as possible the four fundamental doctrines on which Christianity, in its traditional form, rests. They do not represent the spiritual fare which it offers us, but they constitute the legs of the table on which the banquet is spread. If we take these away, or take away any one of them, the table and the banquet both fall to the ground. Now, ladies and gentleman, shall I read?"

"Do," said a chorus of voices, and Mr. Hancock began.

"Traditional Christianity, reduced to its simplest terms, differs from a natural theism saturated with Christian sentiment, in the fact that it asserts four events, or four groups of events to be, in the strictest sense of the word, historical, and will not, and cannot tolerate any real denial of them. These groups of events are as follows: I give them in their chronological order.

"First group: The human race is descended from a single pair of progenitors. This pair of progenitors came into the world perfect. They were only not civilised, because they were above civilisation. Their religion was a pure Monotheism, based on, or rather consisting in, a direct vision of God. But though created without sin they were invested with a freedom to commit it, and of this privilege they took very prompt advantage. They were at once plunged from beatitude into a condition of sorrow and wickedness, and they transmitted to all their descendants the curse they had entailed on themselves.

"Second group of events: From the date of the Fall, for at least two thousand years, the human race, as it multiplied, grew more and more degraded, and the primal religion had been very nearly forgotten, when God selected a single Asiatic family, and made, in the strictest confidence, a new revelation of Himself to them.

"Third group of events: As the family in question grew into a small tribe, God's private and confidential revelations to this handful of human beings continued, and were recorded in

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a series of writings known as the Old Testament. These writings, unlike any other works of antiquity, were composed with the aid, and under the guidance, of God himself. Their authority is unique; in substance they are absolutely true; and much of their information, as the newspapers say, is exclusive. They begin with God's own account of the origin of the human race; and also contain a number of definite, though cryptic, predictions that a fuller revelation still in the course of time was to follow.

"Fourth group of events: After another period of about two thousand years, during which the mass of mankind were left groping in their natural darkness, this ulterior revelation was accomplished by an act even more astonishing than the creation of the universe itself. The Creator of the Universe assumed the form of a man, becoming through a mortal woman the immortal father of himself. In this condition he died the death of a thief, for the sake of the disastrous victims of his first creative experiment. He then came to bodily life again, and taking His body with Him visibly rose in the air, deserting the earth's surface, and somehow or other, in some unexplained way, united His body, which was able to eat ordinary food, to the spiritual and eternal Omnipotence which created the stars and will survive them.

"Here, then," continued Mr. Hancock, "you have four groups of events which traditional Christianity presents to us as actual facts of history, and any denial of which must make the whole scheme collapse; and the world's rejection of traditional Christianity to-day resolves itself into a denial that these groups of events really possess the historical character claimed for them. Thus to ask the reasons of the world-wide rejection which we speak of is to ask a particular, not a general question. It is to ask why these special events are ceasing to be accepted as credible; and what the reasons are Mr. Glanville has undertaken to point out to us. I now," said Mr. Hancock, with another touch of facetiousness, "call upon Mr. Glanville to address the meeting."

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Glanville took up a paper of notes and began: "The main reasons for our disbelieving in these events are three. I'll begin with the most familiar. We get to it at once by considering the ground on which we have been asked to believe them. This has been the authority of the Bible, regarded as a miraculous book, the substantial accuracy of whose statements is admittedly beyond all doubt; and the world's most obvious reason for not believing in these events any longer begins with the fact that modern literary criticism has completely deprived the Bible of its old supernatural character. It has shown us, by the most laborious and astonishingly minute analysis, that all the Biblical writings have been just as much conditioned by the temperaments and the circumstances of the writers as the histories of Livy and Herodotus, or as Dante's vision of hell. Thus, to take the classical case of Genesis, this book was assumed popularly, till the middle of the nineteenth century, to have been written by Moses, under the direct dictation of God, about fifteen hundred years prior to the birth of Christ. Well, not only sceptical scholars, but Christian scholars likewise, admit now that it is a patchwork of different pre-existing legends—and of legends, moreover, which embody different and conflicting mythologies. Even Jeffries has managed to pick up as much as this at Newmarket."

"But," interposed Mrs. Vernon, "it is possible, surely, to argue that the Bible may still be true, though it may not have been written miraculously?"

"Yes," said Glanville, "it no doubt may, so far as merely literary criticism is able to prove the contrary. That's what I'm now coming to. Literary criticism by itself hardly does more than this—to destroy every vestige of the old presumption that it *must* be true; and leaves us to ascertain whether its statements are true or not in reality by inquiries of a different kind. Now of the four groups of statements with which we are alone concerned, let us begin with the first. These are the statements contained in the Book of Genesis, to the effect that we are the fallen descendants of parents

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originally perfect. Do these statements, which criticism exhibits to us as a legend, embody, as some legends do, any objective truth? To answer this question we must turn from literary criticism, as I said just now, to other sources of knowledge; and it so happens that, along with the development of criticism, a mass of knowledge has been developing during the past fifty years which bears on the very point at issue. And what does this knowledge show us? If all modern methods of study are not an absolute illusion, it shows us that the legend of Genesis is, in the present respect, absolutely false—that the first human beings were not, as Genesis says they were, transcendent creatures more like angels than men, but were on the contrary only a little better than monkeys; that instead of falling, they represented a rise; and that, since their death, their descendants, by slow and irregular steps, have, on the whole, continued to rise also. Thus, so far as the first of the four cardinal statements of traditional Christianity is concerned, the knowledge of to-day—a knowledge which we cannot escape—simply turns, at one blow, the whole Christian scheme topsy-turvy. And now," said Glanville, "having done with group of statements number one, let us go on to group number two. These need not keep us long. What they come to is this—that God, when revealing himself afresh to his lost and unhappy children, took every precaution that none of them should hear his message, excepting the family of a single obscure sheik, who proved his pre-eminent fitness for this stupendous favour by his willingness to murder his son and roast his limbs on a bon-fire. This story again has no other source than legend. Genesis is its origin also. Now, waiving the fact that, if Abraham was an historical person at all, magnificent civilisations, having lofty religions of their own, had been flourishing at the time when he lived for some eight thousand years, can we believe, on the authority of a legend comparatively modern, that this story of the election of Abraham is any truer than that of the Fall with which, in the Christian scheme, it is expressly and inseparably connected?

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That is what the world is asking, and there cannot be much doubt about the answer. There can be less doubt," Glanville continued, "when we come to the third group of statements—statements that the eternal God dictated to Abraham's children a series of books which abound in every kind of error, and which—as even our friend the Bishop of Glastonbury told us—are in many places revolting to our commonest ideas of morality. But this is the very point with which we have all along been dealing. We have practically taken Mr. Hancock's third group of statements first."

"Well," said Lady Snowdon, "now go on to the fourth. It is the most important of all."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Brompton. "Excuse me for one moment. Mr. Glanville has hardly done justice to the miracles of the Old Testament, and the question of how far they are credible. Let me take the two most remarkable of them. The Old Testament tells us that the course of the solar system was once brought to a standstill, and once absolutely inverted; and I ask you, if you please, why? In order, on the first occasion, that one little tribe might complete the murder of another; and, in the second, in order that a curiously incredulous gentleman, who was none other than our good friend Hezekiah, might be assured that a poultice of figs was a good prescription for a boil. A child would laugh at such miracles if it found them in Grimm's fairy-tales; and in point of credibility they are all on the same footing—Jonah's whale, the talking ass of Balaam, the fiery chariot of Elijah, the two bears specially sent by Jehovah to gobble up some poor little children because they giggled at Elijah's successor—in short, the whole blessed bag of tricks."

Lady Snowdon drew herself up at these last remarkable words as a protest against the irreverence offered by them, less perhaps to the Bible than to herself. "Mr. Glanville," she said, "please go on."

"Well," said Glanville, "our fourth and last set of statements are those which assert the miraculous birth of Christ,

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his bodily resurrection from a tomb in a certain rock, and the visible ascent of his body from the earth's surface. It's the same story over again. For these, as we know, the sole documentary evidences are the various accounts of them in the narratives of the New Testament; and with these narratives of the New Testament criticism has dealt as it did with those of the Old. In especial it shows that the accounts of the events we are now considering—the very hall-marks of Christ's divinity—are pious additions tacked on to the original memoirs, and additions which, regarded as evidence, hopelessly contradict one another. But, good gracious! what am I talking about? As this fact was urged on us yesterday by a dignitary of the English Church, it is surely unnecessary for me to say much more about it. The upshot of it all is this. The documentary evidence for the events has lost all its old force; and we are left again to face Mrs. Vernon's question of whether they may not be true, though the Biblical evidence for them is defective. We can then, only fall back on our judgment of what is probable; and if the world rejects, as it does reject, the fall of the old Adam as a fable, we have Dr. Pusey's word for it—and a very true word it is—that the miraculous stories of the new Adam, of his birth, his resurrection, and his ascension, must at once be rejected as fables also. Here," said Glanville, "in its now familiar outlines, is the most obvious of the world's reasons for disbelieving in traditional Christianity—the reason which arises directly out of our new knowledge of the Bible. But there are two others, distinct from this though connected with it, and, I think, on the whole, more powerful."

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon; "let us hear them."

"One," said Glanville, "is our new knowledge, not of the Bible but of the other religious books, and the other great religions of mankind. In these books and in these religions, instead of finding only nonsense, degradation, and darkness, we find much that is common with the loftiest ideas of Christianity; and when we consider that these other great religions had been lifting the hearts of millions before Yahveh spoke to his

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thousands, and that from one of these religions the Jews first learned a secret, and certainly not a trivial one, which Yahveh had forgotten to confide to them—I mean the secret that the human soul is immortal—the entire perspective of religious history is changed for us. Whatever truths the Christian religion may contain we see that it possesses them—if I may use the language of business—as the results of free competition, not of supernatural monopoly. The supernatural theory becomes one to which, in the words of Carlyle, '*the human soul got into other latitudes cannot now give harbour.*'"

"And the third reason," said Lady Snowdon. "You have still to tell us about the third."

"This," said Glanville, "is a wider reason still, and bears the same relation to the last—wide though the last was—as that which the effreet, corked up in the bottle, bore to the effreet let out of it. I mean our modern knowledge of the Universe, as apart from mere human history. The truest Christian criticism which has yet been made on that knowledge was the criticism of the Churches themselves at the first hour of its dawn—a criticism which they made not through their books only, but through their fears, their curses, their fetters, and their murdering fires. I say the Churches, for it was not Catholicism only, but Protestantism also and equally, which shuddered at the doctrine that the earth was not the centre of the Universe, and anathematised those who taught it. And they did so with good reason. 'If the earth be merely an insignificant star, in a family of countless worlds, it becomes incredible that God should have died for man.' This was what was said, almost in these very words, by Lutheran, Calvinist, Cardinal, from one end of Europe to the other, when Giordano Bruno was burning, and the father of astronomy was in chains; and what the world outside the Churches is saying about the matter to-day is merely a repetition of what the Churches had said already; only now the sermon is preached from a very much ampler text."

"True—true—true!" cried Mr. Brompton, sitting up in

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his chair. "The Churches which made a burning torch of Bruno have been to knowledge what Nero was to the Churches. But in the reason which they gave for their conduct—little as they then knew it—they pronounced their own condemnation. The world has caught up the one true word they ever uttered, and is withering them with their own argument."

"I think, Mr. Brompton," said Lady Snowdon, "you're a little too vehement sometimes."

"Ah," said Mr. Brompton, drawing a long breath; "you haven't suffered under it—you haven't suffered under clericalism—as I have done."

"May the secretary," said Mr. Hancock, "put in a word here? According to my paper of agenda we still have got one point more with which Mr. Glanville is to deal; and it happens, as I take it, to be the point which Mrs. Vernon just now raised. It is this. How does traditional Christianity meet the reasons which are urged against it?"

"Well," said Glanville, turning over his notes, "I shan't keep you much longer. We've already gone over the three principal reasons why traditional Christianity is being rejected by the world to-day. Now we are coming not exactly to a fourth reason, but rather to a proof of how cogent the foregoing reasons are; and this is the manner in which the Church endeavours to meet and get out of them. In order to illustrate this, I needn't go very far. We have heard, during the last two days, what our friend the Bishop of Glastonbury is pleased to speak of as the mind of the Church of England, utter itself through the voices of four typical representatives; and each utterance of this mind was in absolute contradiction to the others. Two of these voices—Mr. Maxwell's and Father Skipton's—told us that the mind of the Church meets the reason we are considering by simply turning its back on them—by ignoring them altogether, and by continuing, according to Mr. Maxwell, to assert what Father Skipton calls heresy; and by reviving, according to Father Skipton, what Mr. Maxwell

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calls idolatrous blasphemy. The other two did their best to meet reason with reason, and with what results?"

"I think," said Lady Snowdon, "I could tell you the results in Canon Morgan's case. I took notes of the good man's sermon. Mr. Brompton, you spoke just now of your own experiences of clericalism. I am myself the proud sister of two clerical brothers. One is a Cardinal, the other is an English Broad Churchman. Canon Morgan is simply my Broad Church brother over again, except that the Canon is braver, and very much more sentimental. He's like all these Broad Churchmen, who, with greater or less decency, give the whole case away which they have sworn, and which they are paid, to defend: and that stuff about a Redeemer who has risen in the form of the example he sets us, and about the Church which ascends till it is lost in the general constitution of the Universe, and which certainly in that case loses itself so well that we can none of us find it, is merely the denial, dressed up in a surplice, of everything special and distinctive that traditional Christianity means. Forgive me, Mr. Glanville, for interrupting you; but I feel as if Canon Morgan was so nearly my own brother that I have the family privilege of treating him as he deserves. I won't, however, deprive you of the Bishop, though I think he has given his case away almost as much as the Canon."

"Yes," said Glanville, "but he doesn't think he has; and that makes his case more interesting. He, no less than Mr. Maxwell and Father Skipton, is determined to maintain that the events we have just been considering are facts of history, just as the Norman Conquest is; but unlike them, he doggedly sets himself to do this in the face of a mass of knowledge which, through only grasping a part of it, he admits to be as genuine as the world does. And how does he perform his task? Most of the Biblical miracles he throws to the wolves as fabulous; but out of the collection he picks a small number, identical in kind and intimately associated with the others, and declares that these are the supreme facts of history. Thus, though he knows as well as we do that the Book of Genesis is legendary, he still

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hankers after the idea that, in two or three of its verses, the Deity dictated to somebody an abridged and inaccurate prospectus of Lyell's Geology, and of Darwin's Origin of Species. Good heavens, what incredible folly! And this work of picking and selecting, on the right direction of which its whole value depends, is directed by what? By the mind of a Church so divided against itself that it preaches from the same pulpit these different religions, as we all of us here know, in the course of the same Sunday. Your late Church, Mr. Brompton, is in a better position than ours. It has tradition to go upon, and all its doctrines are organised."

"Yes," said Mr. Brompton. "Theoretically that is the strength of my late Church. Practically it is its supreme weakness. Protestantism is a raft of logs. Break this up, and each of them for a time may support a swimmer. But the barque of Peter is a vessel built of iron. Make one hole in it anywhere, and down it goes to the bottom."

"I confess," said Mrs. Vernon, "that I could no more believe in Rome than Mr. Brompton can, who knows it from within so thoroughly. As Dr. Arnold said, I'd as soon believe in Jupiter."

"If that's your opinion," said Glanville, "I'll come back in a moment to a question you put to us before we began our discussion. But first let me give you one example more of the straits to which sensible men like the Bishop are driven when they attempt to defend the reality of Christian miracle in detail. I shall take my example not from the Bishop himself but from a popular luminary of his school, whose words, to use the Bishop's own felicitous phrase, often echo through the arches of our grand national Abbey. I refer to Archdeacon Wilberforce. I was looking before luncheon through a volume of this great thinker's sermons to find the passage to which the Bishop alluded in his discourse; and whilst doing this I came on the Archdeacon's defence of the Ascension. Well, how do you think he defends the supreme miracle? He begins by reminding us that the old idea of a

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heaven situated above the earth is an absurdity now for all of us. '*What is up in Galilee,*' he said, '*would be down at the Antipodes,*' and the '*literal physical departure of a body through trackless space,*' would be perfectly meaningless even if it were not incredible. What then, according to him, was the miracle of the Ascension in reality? It was an optical illusion, he says, to which Christ in his Omnipotence resorted, in order to teach his disciples, who knew nothing of science, that, his temporal work being over, he was returning to the bosom of the Eternal. The utmost the Archdeacon can do in his desperate struggle for orthodoxy is to offer us two alternatives: The Ascension was either a fable or the trick of an Indian juggler. Now, Mrs. Vernon, which do you believe yourself? You asked whether, though we rejected many of our miraculous beliefs, we might not still cling to some. If our belief in the Ascension—the crowning miracle of them all—can be only defended in ways like the Archdeacon's, do you really retain that? Or, how many do you retain of the others?"

"Not many, I am afraid," said Mrs. Vernon gravely. "But it takes one's breath away to have it all put before one."

After this there was silence for some moments. It was presently broken by Mr. Hancock, who said in his alertest manner, "Well, since it seems that we are all of one opinion, and have answered the question which we set out to discuss, namely, the question of why the world, which apparently includes us all, is no longer able to believe in the traditional religion of miracle, I may, I suppose, declare that our first Conference is ended."

"Alistair," exclaimed Glanville, turning round to Seaton, "why have you said nothing? Why has the oracle been dumb?"

"I have said nothing," replied Seaton, "because I agree with all that has been said. But I don't see why Mrs. Vernon need regret the beliefs she has lost. In getting rid of the long legend of miracles, we are only getting rid of a system of sublime symbolism; and our knowledge that it was merely

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this seems, I confess, to me a stronger witness than any actual miracles to the inner reality of the truths which the nature of man thus symbolised. That men should have imagined for themselves the clouds and thunders of Sinai bears witness to the Divine law very much more impressively than the mountain itself could have done had it smoked like all the chimneys of Glasgow. That men could have imagined God dying for their own sins is far more significant than any such actual death; and nothing can show more strongly their affinity to the soul of the Universe than the fact that they invented the story of the Fall themselves, to account for their division from that towards which they are always striving."

"Admirably—grandly said!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton with enthusiasm. "The whole thing is so simple—so straightforward—so nobly and completely satisfying, the moment we escape from theology to the healthy *terra firma* of ethics."

The conference, however, was here finally closed, not by the fact of its having come to its logical conclusion, but by something still more decisive—the advent of the servants with tea; and by another advent also—that of a feminine figure, escorted by Glanville's confidential attendant, Jackson. The figure was graceful in the extreme, and was draped in a coral-coloured dust cloak, which spoke of a recent journey. Glanville at once recognised it. He had seen it at the railway junction not many days ago. "Ah," said Mrs. Vernon, "here is my niece Stephanie." Lord Restormel turned round in his chair, with an indolent look of inquiry, and his eyes, judges of women, made him for the time forget the nature of alleged revelations, and the fate of traditional Christianity.

XIII

Miss Stephanie Leighton, when first she lifted her veil, revealed a face which was older and less beautiful than Glanville had been led to anticipate by his sight of her at

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their previous meeting; but the charm of her manner and movements produced on him a new impression which, though different from that which they dissipated, was in another way equally pleasing. There was nothing in her that suggested any conscious assertion of independence; but, whatever her age might be, she had the indefinable air of a girl or a woman who is mistress of her own experiences; and the thought of a chaperon in connection with her would have somehow seemed an absurdity. Her expression in repose was pensive; but her smile and voice when she spoke had all the light and softness of a ripple on a brook in summer.

What everybody felt about her was that she was a social addition to the company; and after that last serious discussion her presence was a relief and a stimulus, by giving the conversation a totally different turn. She was questioned about her rest-cure, the results of which had been quite satisfactory. She laughingly criticised the novel which Glanville had lent her on her journey. She told Lord Restormel that she had had with her a volume of his early poems, and gave an amusing account of how, yesterday, on the pier at Ballyfergus, she had encountered Sir Roderick Harborough sunning himself with an English bishop. Lady Snowdon looked at her with eyes of marked approbation; and Lord Restormel presently classed her in his own mind as the kind of woman to whom men always attend, though she does not make, nor require to make, any effort to gain their attention. She did not, indeed, move him in a very tempestuous manner; but retaining the relics of certain vice-regal ideas of his right to the first enjoyment of any new feminine sympathies he managed, when tea was over, to secure the young lady to himself, and exhibited to her the riches of his nature in the course of a confidential walk. Just as every Jewish matron hoped to be the mother of the Messiah, so did Lord Restormel hope that every woman he met would prove to be, for himself, the poetic ideal of womanhood; yet of all

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the countless women whose favour he had thus courted, the only one whom he preferred to all the rest was his wife; and Lady Restormel continued to entertain for him in particular an affection as constant as that which he lavished on her sex at large.

Glanville meanwhile took occasion to inquire of Mrs. Vernon whether the *maxima reverentia* proverbially due to the young would make the presence of Miss Leighton interfere with the freedom of their future conferences; "because," he said, "much as I value the truth, there are certain forms of error which I often feel to be sacred." Mrs. Vernon was inclined to reply to his question in the negative; but frankly confessed that she had not thought about the matter, and suggested that by talking to her niece he might find out how the land lay. But though dinner-time had arrived before he could speak to her in private, she partially reassured him by the ease with which she walked into the drawing-room, and even by the cut of her dress and her way of pulling on her gloves. She was evidently a person who never experienced a doubt as to what to do next, or how or where to dispose of herself. At dinner she sat next him, and he listened to her conversation carefully. She never obtruded an opinion, but whenever her opinion was asked she gave it with an air of suave unconscious decision, or else with equal decision confessed that she had not formed one. Once or twice some incident or some topic was referred to belonging to sides of life of which girls are supposed to be ignorant, and of which an exhibition of knowledge is, in their case, rarely becoming. On these occasions Miss Leighton's words were few, but it seemed that her placid reticence was the reticence of complete understanding, as if she had watched the breaking of all the turbid waters, but had not herself been touched by them, though they possibly had approached her feet. She complained to Glanville, for example, not without a touch of amusement, of the want of tact exhibited by an elderly American lady, of untold wealth, with whom she had visited

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Nice. This hospitable friend had taken her to dine at a restaurant, whose patronesses were almost exclusively the flower of the *demi-monde* of Europe. She was still half annoyed and yet half amused at the incident, "and the worst of it was," she said, "that I had on a beautiful hat, which I hated from that moment, for I felt it had ruined my character." From Nice to Monte Carlo was a natural step in conversation; and from Monte Carlo to music was one equally natural.

"To me," said Glanville, "the music of words and metre appeals far more than the music of scores and orchestras. The finest poetry seems to strengthen those who appreciate it. What is called the finest music generally seems to weaken them."

"I'm sure," she replied quickly, "that music like that of Wagner, whatever people may say of it, appeals to the very dregs of one's nature. Do you think, Mr. Glanville, you could give me a glass of water?"

She presently spoke of the Riviera, and the charms of its air and scenery.

"Do you ever draw?" said Glanville. "You ought to. You've an artist's hands."

Miss Leighton's hands were, indeed, finely shaped, and had the dead whiteness of a gardenia.

"I once," she said, "went to a palmist; but he did not tell me that. Do you want to know what he did tell me? Well, he told me this—that I'd lately lost my husband. I could hardly keep my countenance when I answered that I was not married. But he wasn't abashed—not a bit of it, he managed to turn the tables on me. He maintained that it such was the case——" For a moment Miss Leighton hesitated, and a colour barely perceptible, rose in her cheek and went from it. "He hinted," she went on, "that some other relationship with somebody not a husband must have just come to an end. I suppose he took me for an actress."

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Glanville looked at her for a moment; her eyes were occupied with her plate, and the faintest footprint of a smile was vanishing from the neighbourhood of her mouth.

"Well," he said, "and did he tell you anything more?"

"Yes," she replied, and she now turned to him laughing. "He was so successful in flattering my line of the head, that I actually took to re-reading some dry books of philosophy, which I'd bought some years before when I used to go to some lectures, and which, when I read them again, I've been vain enough to think I could understand."

Glanville asked her, with interest, what these dry books were. "The biggest of them," she said, "was Lewes's History of Philosophy. But the one that I liked best was a nice little book about Spinoza. I took it with me to Ballyfergus, and was reading it the other day."

"My dear Alistair," exclaimed Glanville to Seaton, across the table, "you'll have to look to your laurels. Here is a young lady who has sat at Spinoza's feet, and is going to make you shake in your philosophical shoes."

"Mr. Glanville," said Miss Leighton, "I call you extremely mean, giving me away like that."

"Miss Leighton talks," said Glanville, "as if reading Spinoza in private were almost as bad in a young lady as smoking a cigar in public."

"At the worst," said Miss Leighton, "my book was a philosophical cigarette only. It wasn't Spinoza himself but only a short account of him. Does Mr. Seaton think that a woman must be very presumptuous because she imagines that she does understand a bit of it? One bit at least seemed to me perfectly clear."

"And what was that?" asked Seaton, in his grave, deferential manner.

"I flatly refuse," said Miss Leighton, "to give a philosophical lecture, but I'll tell Mr. Glanville in confidence, although

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he has already betrayed me. It was this," she went on, as she turned again to her neighbour. "The order and connection of one's ideas is the order and connection of things. That, as I gather, was one of Spinoza's sayings, and it seems that many wise men have quarrelled as to what was his meaning. I dared to think it was simple, and meant what I'd thought before—that all our thoughts and feelings and our belief in the order of nature are merely a pocket edition of the order of nature itself, printed on pages that otherwise would be quite blank; that we believe in causes because nature is a system of causes; that we believe nature to be uniform because, as a fact, it is so, just as the reflection of my own hair in the looking-glass is what it is because—well, just because, I suppose, my hair is what it is."

"My dear Miss Leighton," said Glanville, "the dirtiest sage who ever spilt his soup on his beard couldn't have put the matter more clearly than you have."

"I thought I was right," she answered, "and I'll tell you why. I once had occasion," she went on, dropping her voice, "to ask the advice of a cousin of mine, a Catholic priest. We had many talks, and I said to him what I've said just now. I forget how the point came up. Well, you never saw a man so horrified. Spinoza, he said, was an atheist; and his doctrine of our ideas was atheism. And then I'm afraid that I horrified him still more."

"What did you say?" asked Glanville.

"I said," she replied, "I didn't think that an answer. I said that we ought to square our faith with our facts before we asked if facts squared with our faith. He thought that terrible. He was a very good man, and, I think, in some ways a wise one. Priests know so much about human nature—unlike English clergymen. Hearing confessions, they must. I believe he burnt endless candles in the hope of altering my opinions; but the nonsense that he and several other priests have talked to me has put out more faith than any candles can light again."

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"Upon my word," said Mr. Hancock, when the ladies had left the dining-room, "Miss Stephanie Leighton is a remarkably clever young lady."

"Yes," replied Glanville, "I'm delighted to find that she is. I was rather afraid at first that we might find her out of place in our conferences. But before we embark on conference number two, I want to explain to her privately what it is we are doing, and make myself quite sure of how far she is fit for our company. I may as well do this now. I see her out there on the terrace. Restormel, will you look after the wine, and by the time you have all finished I shall have discovered what I want to know."

XIV

THE task of discovery he found had been considerably simplified by a little conversation with regard to the point at issue which Mrs. Vernon had already had with her niece. Mrs. Vernon, it seemed, had described to her in general terms the nature of the discussions on which the party had entered; but she was not sorry when she saw Glanville approaching, to devolve on him the duty of making the explanation complete.

Miss Leighton, with the greatest composure, at once detached herself from her aunt, as if moonlight and male companionship were a combination with which she was quite familiar, and she and Glanville where presently leaning on the balustrade alone together.

"I want," he said, "to tell you how you've fallen into strange company. I only hope that you won't be bored or shocked."

"My aunt," said Miss Leighton, "told me that you'd taken to discussing religion, and new ideas, and so on; but she wasn't very explicit. She referred to religion as if it were an improper story, which it mightn't be good for me to hear. What does she think I'm made of? If new ideas are to shock one, one ought to go and live in China. New ideas

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are everywhere. One feels them though one mayn't understand them."

"You mean," said Glanville, "ideas about the religion you're taught in church."

"Yes," she replied. "When I'm at home I generally play the organ; but all the time I'm asking myself, 'what does it mean?' What good can it be to any human being for the congregation and the clergyman to intone mutual accusations, to the effect that when one or the other of them saw a thief it consented to—et cetera? And then, all the candles on the altar, and the twilight and the unreal voices, it seems to me to be somehow like playing at night in the daylight. I feel sometimes that the daylight itself is merely a white mist; but all our rector's candles wouldn't help me to find my way in it."

"All of us here," said Glanville, "are people who feel as you do. What we want to do, if we can, is to see what the mist is made of, and perhaps blow a little of it away. We have just arranged that our discussions shall take some regular order. We had our first one this afternoon. Do we believe—or rather why don't we believe—what your rector teaches in church? That was our opening question. We had just done with it when you arrived."

"Yes," said Miss Leighton. "I expect the first question was 'Why don't we believe?'—far rather than 'Do we!' Still," she continued, "I suppose one has got one's soul; and one must do the best one can for it, in one's own way. After all, there is Nature. Above the mist are the skies."

"Yes," said Glanville, smiling; "no doubt about it, they're there. They're the very things we propose to discuss to-night. How are we related to them? How can they help or guide us? When the roof of the church falls, will the naked sky shelter us? Shall we go back to the others and see if they are ready to begin? We shall start with a short statement of the points we are going to talk about. Look—our male philosophers are just coming out of the dining-room. Mr.

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Alistair Seaton, who is what people call an idealist, and whose principal business it is to teach science its place, will try to show us that your friend Spinoza was wrong—that we get the Universe from our ideas, instead of our ideas from the Universe, and that consequently our souls will live, though all the worlds should evaporate. Well, Mrs. Vernon," he said, as they approached the portico, "the initiatory rites are over. I present you with our new catechumen."

It would be difficult to imagine a night of more romantic beauty than that whose moonlight glittered on the group which was now settling itself. The pillars and steps of the portico shone with dazzling brightness; the air was a warm bath; and the sea, strewn with silver, seemed to kiss the shore in its dreams.

Presently into this medium a brisk voice projected itself. It emanated from Mr. Hancock, who was seated by a solitary reading-lamp.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, again tapping with his pencil, "if you're all of you quite ready our second Conference will begin. Having seen that the world has outgrown the religion of supernatural dogma—its worn-out spiritual clothes, as grand old Carlyle used to call it—and having seen, moreover, in detail how and why it has done so, we are now going to turn from the supernatural to the natural—to our own minds on the one hand, and the Universe which surrounds us on the other—and to ask what sort of a religion we can get from an examination of these; or whether we can get any. Now, of course, if we're to have a religion in the ordinary sense of the word, it is necessary to begin with assuring ourselves of two things: first, that we have a soul which in some sense or other is so far independent of the body that it does not decompose along with it; and, secondly, that there is some world-soul or principle controlling the Universe, with which the soul of man is in some moral connection. These two beliefs and assurances rise and fall together, so far as the religion of human beings is concerned; but all philosophers of to-day,

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whether religious or otherwise, agree that our examination and arguments must necessarily begin with the first. We must begin with man—with the facts of our own minds. We must, in fact, ask whether there is any element in ourselves which is not derivable from the physical processes of the body—or to put the case in ordinary conversational language, we must ask whether, so far as thought and knowledge can guide us, it is possible or impossible to derive mind from matter."

Mr. Hancock, who had been reading, here came to a pause.

"Before you go on," said Glanville, "Miss Leighton wants to ask a question."

"I thought," said Miss Leighton, "that, according to science or philosophy—I don't know how to express myself—mind was a sort of living blank, on which the Universe writes impressions; but I didn't know that anybody supposed it to be made—well, how shall I put it?—of the same sort of substance as earth or water or paving-stones."

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon, "that is the sort of difficulty which most women feel when they hear these theories talked about."

"I'm glad," said Glanville, "that Miss Leighton has mentioned it. It does seem a far cry from a paving-stone in Piccadilly to a thought in the mind of Plato; but Mr. Seaton, if we only wait for a moment, will be able to put the problem for us in a somewhat different light. Now, Alistair, our souls are in your hands. Don't use words of three syllables when words of two are long enough."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, taking up one of his papers, "the first question which is before the meeting, and about which Mr. Seaton will speak, is 'What do we know of the real nature of matter,' or 'the substance of the external world!' Mr. Seaton the meeting waits for you."

Seaton thus summoned exhibited some signs of shyness; but as he continued to speak he gradually gained confidence.

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"In these days," he began, "it's the fashion to laugh at philosophy—at all events in the sense in which I understand the word. Mr. Glanville himself laughs at it; but it contains a preliminary chapter which neither he nor anybody laughs at who has once grasped its meaning. And I should like to tell Miss Leighton that what I shall have to say requires no special training or study to enable us to understand it. Nothing is required but a little careful reflection upon what our own minds do, every day and every moment of our lives. What then, let me begin by asking, do we naturally mean by matter? Let us take the sea for an example, or let us take this white stone pillar. Why do we call them material things instead of calling them mental things? The ordinary answer of all of us will be that they are outside our minds—that they are substantial, that they are tangible, that they are self-existent, that they persist. We leave this spot. The pillar and the sea remain. We come back again, and we find them just as we left them. And then again this pillar is material because it is white, and hard; and the sea is material because, though it is not hard, it presses on our bodies all round if we plunge them into it; and because it is salt and heavy, and can wash other matter away. And now let me ask a question. How do we know all this?"

There was a moment's pause. Then Glanville said with a laugh, "Come, Mrs. Vernon, can you answer the riddle?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vernon, as though doubtful whether so simple an answer could be the true one, "that we know it by our five senses. We know that the sea is salt by our taste, that the pillar is white by our eyesight, and that the sea is fluid and the pillar solid by touch."

"Precisely," said Seaton. "But now let us suppose for a moment that though we had our five senses all right we had no conscious minds. In spite of our senses we should still know nothing of matter. The senses, like postmen, might try to deliver their letters, but there would be no one to receive

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and read them. And then again, let us suppose the converse case. Let us suppose that our bodies consisted of heads only, that these heads were hollow balls of ivory with no apertures, our minds being imprisoned inside them, and that they were hung by strings from the trees, like so many pendulous wasps'-nests. It is equally evident that the mind would know nothing of matter in that case any more than in the other."

Yes," said Lady Snowdon. "I think even the feminine intellect can grasp so much. We could have no idea of anything if we had no mind to form ideas; and we could certainly form no ideas of matter if our senses gave us nothing out of which such ideas might be formed. If we could hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing, it stands to reason we could have no idea of the sea."

"Didn't I tell you," said Seaton, "that the doctrine I was to preach is a truism? Lady Snowdon has instinctively expressed it in almost the very words of a philosopher. We know material things simply because we form ideas of them; and the ideas are formed—where? They are formed in our own minds in a way almost exactly parallel to that in which a picture is formed on the ground-glass screen of a camera. In other words, when we say that we know what the sea is—and we may take the sea as a type of all kinds of matter—we merely mean that we are conscious of a certain idea which we call the sea."

"But, surely," said Miss Leighton, "we know something more than that. We can do more than look at the image of it in our camera. We can go up to it—touch it—bathe in it—paddle in it—and find out that the image has something outside that corresponds to it.

"No," interposed Glanville, "that's just what we can't do. Each sensation it gives us is merely a new element in the idea, which we get on the mental screen when the camera is in a new position. The sense of touch, to which you are alluding now, is a lens, just as the sense of sight is. If you had no

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sense of touch, you might spend a whole summer at Trouville and paddle on the beach every day in the smartest of all possible bathing-dresses; but you wouldn't, except by the look of it, be able to tell water from vacancy."

"Or, again," said Seaton, "let us put the case in another away. Scoop up the water in your hands—let it trickle in drops through your fingers. What do you know of each drop, except the look and the feel of it? You can't get inside it, or know what it really is apart from its relation to yourself. Or take this pillar, which is made out of white stone. We call it white; but it's white on the surface only. If you told that to a boy he would probably chip it with a chisel, to show you that it was white all through; but, however often he chipped, he would only show you new surfaces. The inside would always elude him."

"I remember," said Mr. Hancock, "when I was a youngster I used often to wonder what chocolate was like inside. If I broke a stick in two, the inside seemed to be a light brown. If I bit it or sucked it in two, the inside seemed to be dark. You're quite right, Mr. Seaton. We can only know surfaces; and what we know of them, as you say, is merely the ideas we form of them. Of the insides of things—regarded as the insides—we can form no idea at all; except, of course——"

"Yes," said Seaton, "except!——"

"Except," said Mr. Hancock, "in respect of the relation they bear not to ourselves but to one another. We can, for instance, know their specific gravity."

"True," replied Seaton; "but that merely means that we can know their behaviour as invariably presented to our minds. A boy throws a pebble at another boy, but he does not know what he is throwing."

"He knows," said Miss Leighton, "that if it hits the other boy it will cause the other boy a great deal of annoyance."

"Exactly," said Seaton. "He knows the behaviour of an unknown something."

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"Excuse me," said Mr. Hancock; "but, as Miss Leighton has observed, he knows another thing also. He knows that the mind of the boy who is hit will experience what it calls pain; and he knows this mind just as he knows his own. He knows it in terms of its inside, not in terms of its outside—in a way which is the precise opposite of the way in which he knew the stone."

"I had meant," said Seaton, "to come to that later on. Yes, what you say is true; and I should put the case thus: The only thing which mind can directly know is mind."

"May I," said Mr. Hancock, "here interpose a question? I can never make out where, with some of you philosophers, what we call the material universe comes in at all. We know it only through our ideas of it. True—but these ideas must be caused by something. They are found simultaneously in your mind and in mine, and are not the result of the minds' own caprices. Their cause is an unknown something, which is outside ourselves—something which, as Spencer says, is in its essence unknowable. It is a kind of mortar, or water, in which individual minds are immersed, and by means of which they communicate; and it is a big thing, this system of so-called matter, whatever it is. There is a great deal more of it than is required for the immersion of you and me. I want to know what you make of it? You must admit that it has some independent reality."

"Hegel," replied Seaton, "calls the Universe a thought of God. I don't bind myself to his phrase, but I do hold to what he meant by it. The Universe, in some way or other, is an operation of the Supreme mind. Through this all-pervading medium our own minds communicate; and it seems the same to all of us because its operation is uniform in itself, and because our minds form their ideas of it in one uniform way."

"I think," said Glanville, "we are travelling beyond our original point. It's enough for the moment to know that not

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even our good philosopher here denies that what we call matter is something outside ourselves, though we know it only as the cause of the ideas which our minds form of it. Isn't that true, Alistair?"

"Yes," replied Seaton. "We may say so, so far as our present argument is concerned; for I take it that all which I have been asked to explain is this—that what in ordinary language people would call the substance of matter, or the material of matter, which we fancy we know so well, and which we speak of as the antithesis of mind, is, so far as we know it, a purely mental conception. All philosophers, from Hegel down to Spencer and Huxley, are in complete agreement as to this. To speak of dead matter, brute matter, inert matter—though no doubt it is useful for practical purposes—is just as inaccurate as to speak of the sun rising and setting. A flint in the road is, in so far as we know it, not a dead thing, but an idea—a living thought."

"Of course," said Glanville, turning to Lady Snowdon, "it's easy to laugh at this statement. It's easy to say of a man who has been hit by a stone, that he's suffering agony because somebody has thrown a thought at him. That sounds very funny, no doubt; but it sounds so only to ignorance; for the man's agony, as he knows it, is itself but a thought also—an affection of the conscious mind. Let us only think out completely what Mr. Seaton has told us; and it ceases to be funny or paradoxical. It is merely common sense transfigured."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, "it seems, then, that our first point is settled. The stuff of the Universe is at all events so far mental that we know it only through the ideas that are produced by it in our own minds, and we can only think of it accurately by thinking of it as something that is more like universal mind than what we mean by universal matter. I think Mr. Seaton will admit that that way of putting the case will serve us, for our present purpose, as a rough working formula. And now," Mr. Hancock continued, turning again

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to his papers, "Mr. Glanville, at this point, is going to take up his parable, and will point out how, in the light of what we have just seen, our knowledge of the Universe affects our belief about ourselves, as beings between whom and the Universe any religious connection is possible."

(To be continued.)

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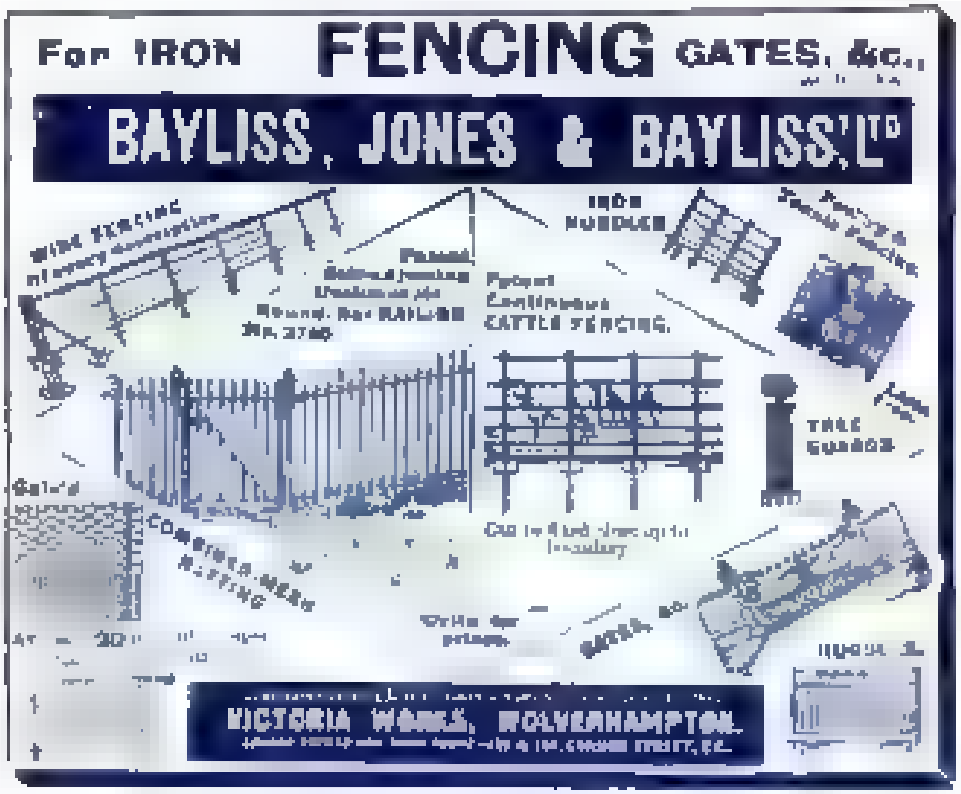

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[1] Duke of King ... vol. V. Sat. 1. Scene 1. Gentlemen ... are joined with nobility and magnificy. Sweyers = *great magnates*.

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IN THE YEAR 1804 WITH

The Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.

Whereas

The Sum assured by this Policy was paid on the death of Sir Walter Scott in the year 1832. Great improvements have since been made in the terms and conditions of the Company's Policies.

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ESTABLISHED 1815

THE

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Life Assurance Society

See Policy Accounts with the Policyholders within relating to Policies of all durations

FUNDS	**£16,500,000**
REVENUE	**£1,700,000**

The Society being a Mutual one, the Whole Funds, Revenue, and Profits belong to the Policyholders

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Policy Accounts with the Policyholders

Showing the **Working of the Society's "Compound Bonus" System,*** and its practical effect per £1000 assured *under participating policies of all durations*, from the oldest to the most recently issued, as at 31st December 1901, when the last Division of Profits was declared.

Bonuses declared.	£1000 Assured and Bonus Additions thereto under Policies issued in the following years										
	1826	1838	1845	1852	1859	1866	1873	1880	1887	1894	1901
Original Sum Assured .	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000	£1000
Bonus declared 1831 .	90	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1838 .	152	20	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1845 .	174	143	20	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1852 .	174	143	135	18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1859 .	181	148	130	116	16	...	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1866 .	188	152	128	108	90	13	...	...	...	...	...
Do. 1873 .	240	196	172	153	136	124	18	...	...	...	...
Do. 1880 .	262	215	188	166	148	135	121	17	...	...	...
Do. 1887 .	293	240	210	186	165	152	135	121	17	...	...
Do. 1894 .	328	268	235	208	185	169	152	135	121	17	...
Do. 1901 .	367	300	263	232	207	189	169	152	135	121	17
Total Sum payable . .	**£3449**	**£2825**	**£2471**	**£2187**	**£1947**	**£1782**	**£1595**	**£1425**	**£1273**	**£1138**	**£1017**

* *Under the "Compound Bonus" System Bonuses accumulate on Original Sums Assured, and on Bonuses in force as well, just as, in compound interest, interest accumulates on interest as well as principal, the effect of which is that the Bonuses become greatly larger with the increasing age of the policy than they could under the ordinary system, thus, the Compound Bonus of £2 14s. per cent. declared at 31st December 1901, computed on Original Sums alone, gradually increased from that rate on the youngest policy to £5 4s. 5d. per cent on the oldest, as shown in full detail in the Society's prospectus. In like manner*

A Compound Intermediate Bonus accrues with payment of each annual premium due between 31st December 1901 and 1908, at the rate of £1:12s. per cent on the above total sums, which will yield from £1.12s. to £5.10.5d. per cent per annum on the Original Sums Assured.

Nothing can more clearly substantiate the Society's claim to be a "Great Bonus Yielding Office" than the above Policy Accounts, while their fulness and simplicity render misunderstanding impossible.

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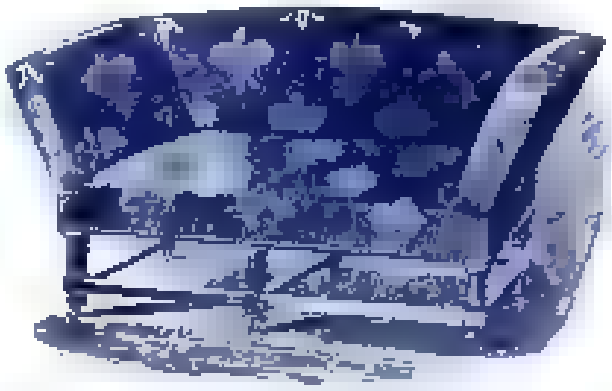

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SECRETARY

ARTHUR L. DAVIS, Esq.

The Hospital and Convalescent Home are dependent upon Voluntary Contributions to the amount of £15,000 per annum.

[illegible]

36,000 Sick and Injured Patients.

[illegible]

REQUIREMENTS FOR 1903.

Maintenance of Hospital and Convalescent Home	£10,000
[illegible]	£[illegible]
Interest, at September 1901	£[illegible]
Total	£[illegible]
Amount received to 30th April 1902	£[illegible]
Balance	£[illegible]

Annual Subscriptions and Donations

[illegible]

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